THE WORLD'S DEBT TO THE UNITED STATES

CHESLA C. SHERLOCK

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THE WORLD'S DEBT TO THE UNITED STATES

By

CHESLA C. SHERLOCK

Author of
"Homes of Famous Americans," "Tall Timbers," etc.

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To

MY GRANDMOTHERS,

MARGARET LOUISA SHERLOCK *and* JULIA ANN LONG,

BECAUSE THEY WERE SUCH

SPLENDID PIONEERS

Preface

THE United States has been accused of being a dollar-chasing, material-mad nation. Indeed, we Americans seem to place all of the emphasis upon these practical things in our everyday rush for the pelf of life.

While the American people have made prodigious contributions to civilization in the form of material wealth; while they have made industrial prowess the absorbing passion of their lives, I wish to deny that this has been their *sole* contribution.

I would point out again the great contributions the American people have made in the direction of a high and boundless idealism for the future of humanity; in the direction of a tremendous faith and a willingness to do and dare which has not been seen on this globe since the Vikings of old pushed out into the uncharted seas.

I would recall again the first phase of the American spirit—now definitely ended—when the pioneer spirit peopled and subdued a wilderness in a few short years as history goes. I would call attention to the persistent odds these pioneers faced with a tenacity that is inspiring, to say the least. I would renew their allegiance to the idealism of a hundred far-flung battlefields where they died like leaves in a fiery blast that the ideals of their simple pioneer lives might be written forever into the creed of the land they held so dear.

I would bring back again the simple creed of the fathers; the fearless facing of obstacles, the candor and honesty with which they did their stint, according to their lights.

There is no greater record in all the weary annals of history. There have been setbacks, defeats and rebuffs—true; there have been hours of dark night upon the land, when the flame of Liberty flickered and all but went out, but in the end the old valiant, courageous, surging *spirit* of the American people has emerged again to carry the hearts and the feet of men onward and upward. This is the record I would bring to your attention.

I would bring it to your attention because it is a living thing, throbbing mightily with the earnest energy of life. It has but begun. It is not the doubtful record of a people dead and turned to dust. It is the record of a people surging forward along new paths in a way never seen before on this globe!

CHESLA C. SHERLOCK.

"Sherden Hill"
Rose Tree Road
Media, Pennsylvania
15 April, 1929

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THE WORLD'S DEBT TO THE UNITED STATES

BOOK I

CHAPTER I

America Lies Dreaming

ONE bright, glorious summer morning a Traveler returned to his home and unpacked his grip. He thrilled to the sight of home, and loved ones, and native haunts.

But there was even more than that in his manner.

"I have seen America!" he exclaimed with enthusiasm. "Every nook and corner of this great land! I have been to Plymouth, to Jamestown, to Manhattan, to Charleston, to St. Augustine! I have followed Washington and Braddock over the Alleghanies to Fort Duquesne; Daniel Boone through the Cumberland Gap into the Dark and Bloody Ground and on to the St. Charles country, on the Missouri, where he breathed his last.

"I have followed Jackson over the Cumberland Mountains, thence to Mobile and New Orleans! I have ridden the Overland and Santa Fe Trails by pack and covered wagon; I have fought with Buffalo Bill in a dozen hand-to-hand combats with Redskins; I have been with Wild Bill in Dodge City, Deadwood and Abilene; I have lived in a sod hut on the bleak plains of the West and fought the grasshoppers, then pushed on into the Land of the Setting Sun, looking in the sands of the American River for the gold I saw in its slanting rays at nightfall!

"I have been to Sutter's Fort on the banks of the Sacramento, and have dreamed on The Heights behind Oakland with Joaquin Miller! I have tracked the treacherous Apaches through a dozen canyons in Arizona, and

stood in mute helplessness on the rim of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado! I have heard the whispers of a thousand forests, the murmur of falls and rapids and cataracts without number!

"I have been in a thousand factories—from the belching, roaring steel mills of Pittsburgh and River Rouge, to the button factories of Muscatine, the flour mills of Minneapolis, the furniture makers of Grand Rapids, the sugar mills of Louisiana, and the studios of Hollywood!

"I have dined in Montmarte Café at Hollywood, on a hundred roof gardens from Boston, to San Antonio, to San Francisco. I have seen America Today at work, at play, at home!

"I have seen and met America!"

But the more he thought about it the more his wonder grew. That afternoon, stretched out in a hammock, the miracle of America persisted in his mind:

Less than four hundred and fifty years ago . . . Columbus, anxious, perturbed, peering into the crisp darkness of an October night. . . .

"What shall we do, Brave Admiral?"

Anxious, perturbed, but never flinching in his faith! "Sail on! Sail on, and on, and on!"

The dawn, and land luxuriant with semi-tropic vegetation sparkling in the brilliant sunshine.

The beginnings. Other tiny tubs rocking their uncertain way into the Western Sea, coming to see for themselves and, perchance, to gather unto themselves a bit of glory, a sovereign's smile. Americus, the first publicity expert. John and Sebastian Cabot. John Smith. Myles Standish. Lord Baltimore. General Oglethorpe. Ponce de Leon, weary of joint and seeking the fabled Fountain of Youth. Cortez. Balboa. Others. Swarms of them, then.

But, wait. How easy it is now to run it all over in mind. A few minutes at best. So easy to recall the story that we miss something. We forget the real perspective of it.

Columbus (1492) to Plymouth (1620) seem close together to us now. The Pilgrims are as far back as we usually go when we want to touch the very beginnings in this country. But keep in mind that between Columbus and Plymouth one hundred and twenty-eight years elapsed—four normal generations of men had come and presumably gone in that interval.

America was here, great, unknown, sleeping America! From the "stern and rock-bound coast" of New England, with its scant soil and pine-clad hills south to the Sound and Manhattan, an island of solid rock almost straddling the Hudson, on south to the low-flung shores of Maryland, the sheer forests, the glens, the beauty of the sleeping wilderness of Pennsylvania, the pine-covered red clay of Virginia and the Southland, the dim-rimmed sand and swamp flats of Florida; the crescent of the Gulf-lapped Mississippi coast-line where the sun kissed the waves in an eternal embrace of summer; the muddy, chocolate-hued mouth of the Father of the Waters; the greater crescent of the Texas shore-line—slumbering, dreaming, unstirred, inert.

America of the back-lands, likewise dreaming! Hearing only the sounds of the wilderness, the eternal, persistent, relentless strife of Nature! Sounds of her waters, sighs of her myriads of trees, cries of her packs on the chase, stings of her frosts, the sure disintegration of her damps and heats.

Her savages, sufficient unto themselves—predatory

like her beasts, preying upon one another, dreaming in the numb inarticulateness of forest codes. Asleep at the summons of Destiny! Basking before a tepee, chasing an enemy with a stone ax, stalking provender with a flint-headed arrow. Asleep, on the morning of Fate!

And it is less than four and one-half centuries from THEN until NOW! Not quite *fourteen* generations, perhaps the lifetime of less than ten men!

And that, from the very beginning, the first glimpse! From the Pilgrims and that chill December day, when in sheer desperation they determined "to set on the mainland," but a scant three centuries have elapsed.

After that there was a period of failure, a grim struggle for mere survival. A long, anxious time when every fury of Fate was visited upon them, upon the settlements all the way to Charleston—disease, famine, discouragement, desertions, massacres. Somehow, they held on. A mere handful. Sixty years dragged their painful way across History's bloody page before the issue was won, before they were, indeed, secure. Before even a tiny handful could sustain their fragile hold on life.

The record, then, lies within the limits of two and one-half centuries. Sixteen hundred and eighty to date. The record of what? The progress of America.

But, wait! The record only from the first fringes, from the first tiny roots that sought nourishment in our soil. It was another fifty years before settlement had advanced one hundred miles inland along the shores and up the rivers and had been consolidated to any extent. And forty more years elapsed before the population of the whole thirteen colonies of His Britannic Majesty numbered as many as those who live on Manhattan Island today.

From that period until today is just one hundred and

fifty years, roughly equal in time to that first period we mentioned, from Columbus to Plymouth.

More than a record. A movement, a mighty surging tidal wave that has suddenly swept into the civilized world and left its mark on every interest, on every institution, on every concept of thought.

A spirit, a faith, a cause that we need to know!

CHAPTER II

The Real Beginnings

LONG years ago as man counts time, for it is more than three centuries from our time, a little band of English expatriates in Old Leyden, Holland, gazed off to the West over the North Sea. In their hearts stirred the most terrible emotion known to mankind, for they were homesick—sick with the age-old longing of the wanderer.

Almost ten years had rolled down the stormy corridor of Time since they had lifted anchor on the Humber and sailed away in high dudgeon from the realm of King James I. Their most dread sovereign could give them a *Bible* but he could not find it in his heart to give them a right to interpret it according to the dictates of their own consciences. And so they sailed away!

They went with the bold self-sufficiency of the voluntary exile. Better to give up homes and loved ones; better never to set foot again on the soil of their fathers; better to wander through this earthly scene, their Bibles in their hands and their faith uncompromised in their hearts, than to bend the knee and renounce that which was right!

Ten years! Hard, grim, unbending years. Years with gentle, soothing, sighing spring months in them, when the tulips nodded, phalanx upon phalanx in the gardens along the canals. Years when the summers were one perpetual panorama of dreamy skies and silver-rimmed clouds; summers of labor, summers of memories and secret longings. Ten years! Years that dim the memory and weaken

the will until there is a restlessness of heart that never leaves one!

Oh, but they were successful, they had won! Heaven had smiled on them and they had found comfortable sanctuary in the Land of the Dutch. Industry and piety had given them comfortable homes. They were unmolested at their worship. They had found that which they sought. Liberty, freedom had been theirs.

But it wasn't like the old days. It wasn't right, this damp climate where one lived a foot above the water all the time. Where these infernal jabbering Dutchmen were always at one's elbow or clumping along the paths and highways in their clumsy wooden shoes, looking like so many land owls!

This was no place for Englishmen! Why, the children were already talking and acting like the Dutch! What would happen in a few more years?

And so, Time the great Healer stole into their hearts and before ten years had rolled around they were gazing off into the West and feeling the pangs of homesickness —the most terrible emotion known to mankind. Dreaming of England, of the old hearthsides, of the old customs and habits and laws of Old England!

"We are Englishmen! We must never forget that we are Englishmen!" The thought first whispered itself in an ear or two and, in time, came to be openly discussed among them. "If we stay here we will soon all be Dutchmen and then what good will our exile do England?"

Ah, England! Ever the Englishman, even the exiled Englishman, comes around to that thought. England must not be forgotten, England must not suffer. Sovereigns may be narrow and bigoted; parliaments may put a price on one's head; princes may turn a deaf ear to one's supplications, but England must not suffer.

Where ten years before their restlessness had been caused by the Englishman's demand for freedom of action and thought, now their restlessness came again but this time as the Englishman's demand to preserve his own identity as an Englishman; to be known as an Englishman—to live under the old flag once more.

What to do? One could not go back to the old haunts, back to the old shores. That was out of the question. There was pride to consider—the pride of the Englishman! And there were consequences to be considered. They had sailed away without the permission of King James I. They were, in the eyes of that sovereign, traitors and rebels. To go back, even if pride and the taunts of old neighbors might be endured, was likely to prove disastrous.

The more their homesickness grew, the more the matter was debated. And the more the matter was debated, the more their restlessness grew. And out of that restlessness was bound to come, sooner or later, action.

Someone thought of America. *That wild, uninhabitable wilderness?* One could tame the wilderness; it would be hard, but God would aid their cause. It would be hard, but there they would not only be free but they could be Englishmen. Their children would not lapse into alien ways and soon lose all of the great heritage the Mother Country had stored up for them.

In America they would extend the realm of His Britannic Majesty, King James I, and perhaps that sovereign would then be moved to extend his gracious hand in pardon!

Whoever exploded that thought in the midst of the Church of Leyden, built better than he knew. It was the long lever that was in time to move the whole New World. It was a thought that lodged in the breasts

of every member of that homesick congregation, and it moved them to action.

And so it came to pass that in the year 1617 John Carver and Robert Cushman were sent to England as ambassadors from the little congregation to pray for permission to go to the New World and establish there an English settlement.

The managers of the London Company listened with attentive ears. They were interested in settlers because settlers meant profits, but they were discreet politicians and they did not listen too attentively. They hoped and they wished, perhaps, but not out loud. The same reception, to all intents and purposes, was had at the hands of the Council of Plymouth. Very interesting, very interesting, indeed! And a most worthy ambition this, to want to extend His Majesty's strength in America! But . . . ah . . . hem . . . beyond our jurisdiction. . . .

The baffled emissaries turned at last to the Court of King James. That monarch, with all the stubborness and stilted pride of the Stuarts, listened civilly enough but what his avarice desired his lips would not frame. He grudgingly made a roundabout statement to the effect that if the members of the Church of Leyden went to America they would not be molested by him!

Perhaps, he dreamed of cruel revenge with no blood upon his own hands. Perhaps he considered it a good joke on these rebellious exiles from the Established Church, as did another Stuart when he settled his debts with William Penn by paying him in wilderness land!

Carver and Cushman returned to Leyden. If they did not go with positive success, they at least did not return with positive prohibition for their pains.

What mattered permission, anyway? What good would a charter from King James do them in America? The

best that could be said of it was that it could be violated by King James when that crafty old monarch desired. Were they not just as well off without it as with it. After all, the only powers they could trust or look upon for aid were the power of their own hands and the aid of Almighty God.

With their own money and some furnished by friends, they purchased the *Speedwell,* a ship of only sixty tons, and hired for the voyage another vessel, the immortal *Mayflower.* The *Speedwell* carried the emigrants from Leyden to Southampton, where they were to be joined by the *Mayflower.*

It was on the fifth of August, 1620, that the two vessels lifted anchor and sailed out of the harbor of Southampton. For a few days all went well. The weather was favorable, but the rolling seas soon battered the rotten old hulk of the *Speedwell* to such a condition that it was necessary to turn around and sail back to the harbor or lose all on board.

There was a temporary halt at Dartmouth where the leaky old hulk was repaired and after six days' delay, they again put out to sea. But before long the captain of the *Speedwell* faced the inevitable and informed them that it would be impossible to cross the Atlantic in such a hulk.

One can well imagine the feelings of that band of men and women when it was necessary to turn back once more, this time to Plymouth, where most of the emigrants transferred to the *Mayflower.*

A month of precious time had been frittered away. It was now the sixth of September and every moment that passed was bought at dear price. They must hurry, if they were to be established in the New World before the grim spectre of winter hovered over them.

Just one hundred and four souls were on the *Mayflower* that September day when the last dim outline of land, their native land, faded into the horizon of the leaping sea. What must have been their emotions? What must they have thought? What question must have leaped into their eyes when it was, at last, necessary for eyes to meet?

Storms. Grim, cruel, furious, lashing storms. It is doubtful if ever the angry sea was so angry and unruly before. It seemed determined to bring down upon them, among the first really seeking the Western shores for home-making purposes, all the pent-up hatred of centuries of aimless groping for human prey. Others had rocked across in their tiny tubs, but they had come with other motives in mind, and had been lucky after their kind.

But these Pilgrims were different. They came not for gold, not for pelf and pelts, fame or glory—they came that they might set up homes, the homes of Englishmen!

Sixty-three days of storms, of tossing and buffeting, of being swept off the course and driving like a leaf before the tempest. Sixty-three cramped, dismal, heart-breaking days. Then land. Then the low-lying, disappointing barrenness of Cape Cod, instead of the verdant and hopeful shores of the Hudson. Cape Cod swinging its encircling arm around them in quiet mischief and cutting them off from a more clement climate. And winter upon them, cold, bitter, relentless New England weather.

On the ninth of November they came to weary anchor in the bay and wisely decided, before any determination as to the future location of their colony had been made, to draw up an agreement which should govern their future relations. It wasn't a very extensive document;

indeed, its simplicity is its greatest strength and has caused it to be pointed to in pride all the years that have intervened.

They declared, first of all, their loyalty to the Crown; then their determination to live in peace and accord, one with another; and they bound each other to obey all the laws passed for the common good. Thus, for the first time in America a written article of government was solemnly drawn up and signed by the free men who framed it. The heads of the forty-one families represented in the Pilgrim band set their names to the Compact and the first important business of the venture had been performed.

Then, they looked to the shore and got out the boat, but it was found to be rotten and unsafe. Nearly three weeks were spent in repairing the boat before it was possible to venture from the vessel. Valuable time, exceedingly valuable time.

It was in December—the sixth, to be exact—before the boat was ready and the fighting men of the group, composed of the governor and some fifteen of the men, were able to go ashore.

The weather had settled down to that eternal fury known only in that part of Massachusetts. Alternate wind, rain and snow made the business of exploration very difficult and reduced the men to such a state of physical exhaustion that heavy toll was soon to be exacted of them.

They camped near the shore that night, and early next morning a new terror broke upon them. They were attacked by the Indians. By a stroke of great good fortune they were able to escape to the ship without any losses, where thanks were fervently rendered the Almighty.

Apparently this was no place for a peaceful colony to set. They lifted anchor and steered to the south and west

hoping to find their way to the Hudson Valley, which, thanks to the continual storms on the passage over, they had missed.

Then began the real tragedy of the Pilgrim story. The delays suffered from the first sailing at Plymouth back in August commenced to exact their toll. In their wanderings and delays around Cape Cod, most of the Pilgrims had contracted colds and coughs; the poor food and the long enforced sojourn on board the *Mayflower* caused scurvy to break out among them; William Bradford's wife had fallen overboard and been drowned.

And now, as they sailed along to the south and west, the fury of the storm reached such proportions that the rudder was wrenched entirely away! It was only by sheerest accident that the *Mayflower* safely entered the sheltered harbor on the west side of the bay.

Perhaps they breathed easy again. But not for long. The insidious fate that seemed to have pursued them was not yet satisfied. On the twentieth of December the men in the shallop, or small boat, who had been exploring up and down along the coast-line in an effort to find a suitable location, left the *Mayflower* to "take a better view of two places which we thought more fitting for us. . . . After our landing, and viewing of the places as well as we could; we came to a conclusion by most voices to set on the mainland, on the first place, on a high ground where there is a great deal of land cleared. . . ."

The storm lashed up the waves again, even in that sheltered harbor, to such an extent that it was impossible for all of the men in the shallop, twenty-four in number, to get back to the ship or for those on board to come ashore until Christmas Day, five days later. In the meantime, the men on shore occupied themselves as best they could felling trees and getting ready to build houses.

Anyone who cares to walk into any good library and look up the intimate detail of their heart-breaking struggle as revealed in "A Relation, or Journal, of the Beginning and Proceedings of the English Plantation settled at Plymouth, in New England," published in London in 1622, will soon discover that the landing of the Pilgrims was no picnic. It was a race with famine, with death. And it was by the hand of Fate, by the sheerest accident that they did in fact finally settle on Plymouth Hill.

There is probably no climate in all Eastern America quite so severe and unreasonable as that found in winter in the vicinity of Plymouth. We must remember that the Pilgrims were not accustomed to any such severity of the elements. They came originally from England, where it seldom is colder in winter than twenty degrees above zero, Now they were suddenly, in a few weeks, plunged down into a biting, unreasonable temperature, where the wild, untamed winds swept down the coast-line in unbroken fury.

Their tools were crude and unsuited to wilderness timber. They must cut logs, draw them by hand to the shores of Town Brook, near the precious coast-line, and there, by back-breaking effort raise them into crude cabins. At best, these could only be rude sheds, the merest sort of windbreak compared to the comfortable and well-built houses they had left behind them in Leyden and Plymouth. And this in winter, at Christmas, in New England!

After awhile, with the hardest possible kind of labor, a few cabins were erected and chinked after a fashion against the elements. The chimneys were also of logs chinked in clay, which had to be laboriously thawed out over fires and used before it could freeze.

And then, just when a breathing spell was about to be

won, the cabins commenced to catch fire from the poorly chinked flues and go up in smoke. All this in the face of their anxiety to shut out the elements first and gain time to be about the business of building the fort to protect them against the menace of the savages.

If this were only all! For Death rode the storm and beckoned a bony finger, first to one and then to another. At first, only one grave had to be dug in the frozen ground each day, then two and three and sometimes five. For the human body cannot endure all; some in their very weariness closed their eyes and never opened them again. Others, racked by disease, by malnutrition, by exposure, were doomed from the start.

According to the monument erected on Cole's Hill, which overlooks the marble canopy that now shelters Plymouth Rock, I made out the names of the following Pilgrims who died *within ninety days* after landing—one-half of the total—swept away like leaves in the blast!

OF THE ONE HUNDRED AND FOUR PASSENGERS THESE DIED IN PLYMOUTH DURING THE FIRST YEAR

John Allerton
Mary, First Wife of Isaac Allerton
Richard Britteridge
Robert Carter
John Carver and Katharine His Wife
James Chilton's Wife
Richard Clarke
John Crakston Sr.
Sarah, First Wife of Francis Eaton
Thomas English
Moses Fletcher
Edward Fuller and His Wife
John Goodman
William Holbeck
John Hooke
John Langmore
Edmund Margeson
Christopher Martin And His Wife
Degory Priest
Ellen More and A Brother (Children)
William Mullins Alice His Wife and Joseph Their Son
Solomon Prower
John Rigdale and Alice His Wife

Thomas Rogers
Rose, First Wife of
Myles Standish
Elias Story
Edward Tilley And
Ann His Wife
John Tilley And
His Wife
Thomas Tinker
His Wife And Son
John Turner
And Two Sons
William White
Roger Wilder
Elizabeth, First Wife of
Edward Winslow
Thomas Williams

In spite of these soul-breaking losses, in spite of the heart-rending labor, in spite of the low food supply, in spite of the continuous storms and maddening fear of the savages—their high resolution held and they stood fast!

In time, where there is grim determination, even the dead can be buried, burnt cabins rebuilt and the fort completed. No sooner had the fort been erected and their ordnance mounted, and they had commenced to breathe a little easier, than two or three Indians appeared on Watson's Hill.

Captain Standish and a few of his men boldly advanced towards them, determined to know whether they came as friend or foe. The savages, however, fled at their approach and the anxiety in the little settlement mounted to even a higher pitch that night.

Before long, came Samoset and Massasoit, and a little later Squanto who rendered such valuable service in teaching the Pilgrims to fish for eels, plant corn, and conceal their dead by obliterating all trace of the graves and planting crops over them.

Then there was Tisquantum, whose treachery all but wiped out the little settlement. Tisquantum was the original villain among the American Indians and I daresay his name will not be erased from History's page as long as the story of the Pilgrims remains.

An early spring came, the first favorable sign that had

appeared to the Pilgrims from the moment they had set sail from Plymouth in England the preceding August. It saved, for the moment, the settlement which must have been wiped out had the storms and the frosts continued much longer. As it was, the food supply had fallen so low that it was only by the most rigid rationing that enough grain was set aside for the planting of the first crop. One shudders to think what the fate of the colony might have been had those who died survived to draw their share from the slender stores!

In time the first crop went into the thin and stubborn soil. Squanto procured some maize for them and showed them how to plant the seed in hills, using a fish or two in each hill. That kind-hearted but ignorant savage thought it was a peace offering to the gods of the harvest. The Pilgrims obligingly humored his insistence, probably not realizing then the extremely poor fertility of the soil in which they were attempting to farm. It amazes one even today that it was possible for them to sustain life on that cheerless and barren shore.

It was during this period that they learned from Samoset the real reason why they were not molested by the Indians they had feared so much. A season or two before a large tribe of Indians, said to number as many as two or three thousand, were encamped on the very spot selected by the Pilgrims.

There they had been for generations. But a plague, said to have been smallpox, had visited them and wiped out practically the whole tribe, only a small handful had retired panic-stricken to the interior, surviving. This explained why the Pilgrims had found "considerable land cleared."

But all was not serene, even though summer had come. It proved to be a year of drought, which all but destroyed

their precious corn crop. Finally, in desperation, a day of public prayer and fasting was set aside. The corn was withering in the heat and drying up.

The Indians, friendly and otherwise, watched this experiment with a great deal of interest. Imagine the impression made upon them when a gentle rain commenced to fall *that night* and lasted for upwards of two weeks—a moisture-soaking rain which completely revived the parched corn and saved the colony. The Indians were tremendously impressed, remarking that when they prayed their gods for rain their prayers either went unanswered entirely or they were visited with such hurricanes that their crops were destroyed.

It is little wonder that Winslow returned such fervent thanks to the Almighty.

As soon as the food supply seemed assured, the Pilgrims turned their attention to the Indians. Accordingly, Massasoit was induced to come in state to Plymouth. It appears that the Pilgrims took care first to get him drunk, for the account reads: "After salutations, our Governor kissing his hand, the King (Massasoyt) kissed him; and so they sat down. The Governor called for some *strong water,* and drank to him; and he (Massasoyt) drank a great draught that made him sweat all the while after."

At any rate, a solemn pact was entered into between the Pilgrims and the Wampanoags which lasted for fifty years, or until the outbreak of King Philip's War. It is not necessary to enter into the details of that agreement or to point out the reasons for Massasoit desiring an alliance with the Englishmen. It is sufficient to point out that this was the first real effort to adjust by agreement and treaty any differences that might arise with the Indians, and that the Pilgrims, like William Penn, came desir-

ing peace and understanding. Elsewhere, as in Virginia, a different attitude prevailed from the first—an attitude which was to mean bloody warfare and continual skirmishing as long as a single vestige of power remained in the hands of the Red Man.

In another season, a new load of emigrants joined the pioneers at Plymouth and the future of the colony was definitely assured. Soon others came to spread out up and down the coast-line, until by 1643 the population of Plymouth was three thousand and that of Massachusetts was fifteen thousand.

The democratic ideals that first found expression when the Pilgrims drew up their Compact in Cape Cod Harbor, continued to govern the colony. As long as it was practicable, the whole town sat in at the meetings and constituted in the main the governing body. When the population became too large to make this feasible, a system of representation was adopted which still preserved the essential features of a pure democracy.

Much of the subsequent success of the Massachusetts settlements was due to factors rooting in this attitude. The Pilgrims and the Puritans were here on what might almost be called a deadly mission. It was necessary for them to succeed in taming the wilderness, whatever the odds, or they must perish. There was no alternative. They could not crawl back to England. It was do or die. And when one finds that sort of a situation facing a people, one invariably finds a strong spirit of democracy in the air.

JAMESTOWN

As early as 1607, another English experiment in colonization was being undertaken far to the south in Virginia, at Jamestown. In that year, one hundred and five men set out with Newport for the New World. Among

them there were only twelve common laborers. Perhaps we need say no more. There were four carpenters and six or eight masons. A goodly list of forty-eight gentlemen added tone, but little else to the company.

Did they come actuated by any high and lofty motive? Did they come because it was only in coming that they might continue to live as Englishmen in this world? Did they come because of a principle—a *religious* principle?

They came actuated by baser motives. The rumor had spread about that gold was to be found in Virginia at little effort. Each man, with the exception of perhaps a dozen or two, came for none other than the most selfish of reasons. Gold—gleaming, glistening, shining, subtle gold—lured them on.

Of course, the gentlemen in the party refused to indulge in toil but spent their time sauntering around the countryside looking for gold. Captain John Smith, the foremost man in the colony in point of ability, immediately plunged into a series of exploration trips. The suspicion obtains even at this late date that he was not above playing a little politics, even on the frontier, and that his frequent and lengthy absences from Jamestown were more than mere accident.

In a short time sheer necessity drove the "gentlemen" to engage in work, and it is needless to say that there was much muttering and dissension in the colony. One governor after another seems to have been tried, until at last the choice, by necessity, fell upon Smith.

He immediately revealed that in spite of his boasting he was an able administrator and executive. He put the survivors to work without reference to previous standards of caste. "Gentlemen" toiled on the buildings of Jamestown and in the fields along with the indentured servants. He put the emphasis where it belonged; neces-

sity laying the foundation for the first real expression of what was to be the American ideal towards labor.

Of course there were mutterings and plots and conspiracies. Smith knew not what hour might be his last, for there were vagabonds and idlers in the colony who would stoop to anything in order to escape earning their daily bread.

In the midst of these trials, Newport returned with another cargo of human riffle, supposed to strengthen the colony. In this group there were thirty-four "gentlemen," crooks and criminals released from prison on their promise to settle in Virginia. Smith was well-nigh discouraged but held the colony together by his rigid discipline until spring.

Immediately the gold fever broke out anew and men who had formerly worked refused to do so, strolling around the countryside looking for gold. Smith conveniently departed to explore the upper reaches of the Chesapeake.

More emigrants were arriving from time to time, emigrants of a character that added to the problems of administration rather than to strength of the colony. The largest shipment, some five hundred in number, departed from England in the summer of 1609, and after some losses and adventures on the way, finally arrived on the James.

A short time thereafter Captain John Smith met with a serious accident. He was asleep in a rowboat, and a parcel of powder nearby exploded and burned his flesh so painfully that in his agony he jumped overboard. He was rescued but suffered so much from lack of proper medical attention that he was forced to return to England.

Affairs immediately went from bad to worse. That winter, famine produced by the refusal of the able-bodied

men in the colony to work and raise a crop the previous summer, resulted in the death of all but sixty of the colonists. There had been four hundred when winter set in! The entire colony would have been wiped out but for the timely arrival of Sir Thomas Gates and his companions.

This succor, however, only tended to increase the discouragement of the settlers and they determined to abandon the New World and return to England. Gates delayed the project as long as possible and even prevented the settlers from firing the cabins and buildings when they finally did embark.

Happily Gates had reckoned correctly, for while still on the James, the returning settlers met the ships of Lord Delaware, the new governor, who was bringing more settlers, supplies and equipment. That night the village and cabins were inhabited once more. And Lord Delaware by his mildness and matchless honesty tided the struggling colony over the danger period.

When I visited Jamestown I was very much interested in a collection of gravestones which have been uncovered in the last twenty years in the old churchyard. It is said that their presence was not known even at the time of the Jamestown Exposition. To the rear of the Old Church (which has now been restored), I found a gravestone with this inscription: "Heare lyeth ye body of Wm. Livingstone, Gent., who departed this lyfe in his fifty-fourth yeare—A great sinner, awaiting a joyful resurrection."

I smiled when I read that. I remember that I could not help thinking, "What in the world was there that he could do in Jamestown to earn such a reputation?"

But since reading again the old records and stories of that trying time, since seeing it as it really was in the light of these old accounts, I am moved to congratulate

who ever framed that epitaph, for his fairness and restraint!

The Jamestown experiment, however, was destined to continue in uncertainty until a very important concession was made to the settlers. It came shortly after Sir Thomas Gates returned to Jamestown with a new fleet of six ships laden with more emigrants and plenty of supplies.

Up to that time all of the settlers had been working on the basis of common ownership of property (when they worked at all). All crops produced and all supplies gathered were placed in a common storehouse, where they were under the authority of the governor and his council. This produced a lack of energy and enthusiasm on the part of the colonists, a tendency to shirk the common responsibility, and hatred and dissension.

Sir Thomas Gates revealed a real grasp of the fundamentals of human nature when he recognized the right to private property in the colony. Furthermore, he parceled out the land so that each settler received three acres of ground on which he could plant his own garden, lay out orchards and no one was allowed to harvest the crop save himself! Thus, the right to private property was early asserted and recognized on the part of the administrative authorities. And the first experiment in communistic living in America ended in failure.

CHAPTER III

Groping For The Way

IN the next few years several events took place at Jamestown which were to exert a profound influence upon all subsequent history in Virginia and the English colonies.

The first of these resulted directly from the fraud, oppression and tyranny of the governor, Captain Samuel Argall, who came into power in 1616. He possessed only one virtue if, indeed in his case it can be called such, and that was an absolute fearlessness in the face of any personal opposition. He was in every respect the first American tyrant and he ruled with an iron hand.

Stories of his tyranny soon got back to England with the result that people ceased clamoring to come to the new country. Lord Delaware sought to calm these fears and correct the abuses by coming to Virginia personally, but he died on the high seas, and Argall remained in power until 1619.

Sir George Yeardley was sent out to save the colony. The first thing he did in order to appease the wrath of the settlers was to divide the plantation into eleven boroughs and call upon the settlers in each borough to elect two representatives to assist in the government of the colony.

This important event occurred on July 30, 1619, and the representatives met at Jamestown for the purpose of taking up their duties. It was in this wise that the famous Virginia House of Burgesses came into existence. It was the first representative colonial assembly to be organized

and it was to continue to exert a powerful influence for liberty until the Constitution of the United States was adopted in 1787.

Of course in the beginning the House of Burgesses was little more than a courtesy entity. It had no real power. It could discuss whatever it pleased, pass all the laws it desired for the benefit of the colony, but it could not enforce them.

It was really a political sop thrown to the inflamed planters and settlers to retrieve the good will of the people towards the proprietors of the colony, which had been destroyed by the high-handed methods of Argall. It was deemed an innocent expedient on the part of those in England, but they little realized that in one particular they were laying a foundation that some day would overwhelm them.

I refer to the one undisputed right which the members of the House of Burgesses enjoyed. It was the right of *freedom of debate.* Freedom of speech was thus recognized as early as 1619 on the American continent and it was never to be completely surrendered again. It, alone, was sufficient to guarantee the ultimate complete emancipation of the people of America from tyranny and oppression.

Another very important innovation was brought about by the encouragement given the settlers by the London Company to engage in the planting of tobacco, and the discouragement given the production of a more diversified produce.

In a very short time the Virginia colonists rushed as wildly into tobacco culture as they had earlier evidenced an interest in gold-hunting. It is said that the streets of Jamestown were plowed up and planted to the precious weed.

This tendency to become planters to the exclusion of all else, even to the production or manufacture of many of the little necessaries of life such as the New Englander learned to depend upon himself for, was, in a century or so, to bring about profound economic changes that greatly influenced subsequent history.

The first settlers at Jamestown were a profligate, worthless lot. They had some high and mighty notions about the dignity of their social status, even in the wilderness faced with starvation. They depended entirely upon the Mother Country for the little manufactured necessaries of life. They would not sit down and whittle out a spoon or a wooden bowl, as the Puritan did.

They would not plant corn, take lessons from the Indians as to its culture or grinding into meal, as did the Puritan. Such garden produce as was produced was raised by indentured servants, of whom there were not enough to support the colony. We have already seen how it was kept alive during the first ten years by the timely arrival of provision ships from England.

Later, with the coming of a better class of emigrants, the tendency to specialize on one crop so early instilled into the customs of the community tended to keep alive this feeling of dependence upon the Mother Country.

The lack of manufacturing, the lack of need for it in the thinking of the colonists, the comparative ease of plantation life and the habits that grew up under it, tended to prevent the formation of cities and towns. This, too, laid a foundation of a state rooted in definite economic tendencies which was to have a marked influence upon our history down to the Civil War itself.

Attempts were made even at the earliest times in Virginia to compel by law the location and the settling of towns and cities, but these usually resulted in failure.

County seats were established by the fiat of the legislative assembly but until long after the Revolution they did not amount to more than court houses and two or three other buildings. The chief source of wealth—tobacco, and later cotton—tended to keep the population on the plantations; tended to make it a rural people rather than an urban people; tended to make it a dependent people rather than a self-sufficient people.

Right on the heels of the establishment of the House of Burgesses in 1619, and the definite commitment of the community to the planter's life, came the introduction of negro slavery. A Dutch vessel sailed up the James and offered twenty Africans for sale. These were purchased by some of the settlers and indentured for life.

Thus, almost as soon as the tiny roots of a permanent society were beginning to take hold in Virginia soil, an aristocratic ideal of life was caught up and adopted. The first tendencies towards caste and station, survivals from the life across the water, which had been obliterated by necessity, were now revived. And this practice was likewise to produce profound changes in subsequent history and exert its full share of influence upon the ideals of the future.

Within two years the colony had reached a very flourishing condition. The settlements extended for nearly one hundred and fifty miles up and down the James and far into the interior. The settlers were making progress in every way and when a year or two before, the London Company had secured two shiploads of young women of good breeding and manners and sent them on to Jamestown, the last doubt as to the future of the venture was removed.

But the London Company itself was not in a very flourishing condition. It had sunk more than four hundred

thousand dollars in the Virginia venture and the colony was rapidly getting out of hand. In a final effort to placate the settlers and keep them within bounds the Company gave one more concession which was to cause some trouble on the other side of the water in the years to come.

It gave Virginia a written code of laws and a constitution modeled after that of England. The House of Burgesses was officially recognized and it was specified that the Council and the Burgesses were to sit together in the formation of all laws. These, when passed, were to be signed by the governor and referred to England for approval. The real interesting part of the matter, however, was the provision which gave the House of Burgesses the power to veto any objectionable decision rendered by the Company! Thus, in effect, for the first time in America the local representative assembly was given full power in governing the people it represented.

The liberality of this constitution was the last straw so far as the English government was concerned. It immediately instituted proceedings to ascertain whether the charter of the London Company should not be revoked. Of course, His Majesty King James having revealed his hand, many sundry ways were found in which to gratify his whim. If ever the wish is father to the deed it is in the case of royalty. King James had been watching the growth and the increase in power of his American grants with a very jealous eye. He was not only a cunning Scotsman, but he was a religious bigot and the goings-on in America he considered a direct threat at the security of what he considered his prerogatives.

So in 1624 he cancelled the charter of the London Company and it ceased to exist. In other words, he withdrew his grant of his property now so valuable in his eyes and there were none to say him nay.

But he forgot, as do all royal bigots, one important item. He could not erase the memory of the people on the banks of the James. They continued to assert long after King James had been gathered to his fathers the rights which had been granted them under the constitution of 1621.

And the other royal colonies in America, seeing and remembering the rights which once had been granted to Virginia, were not slow in catching the idea and demanding nothing less for themselves. Thus a thorn was imbedded into the side of British politics which continued to force attention upon itself until 1776, and which all efforts on the part of succeeding British ministries failed to dislodge.

For awhile there was a period of lull. The royal power, having gotten control of the *title* to the colony once more, was content to rest on its laurels. The same governor was continued, the House of Burgesses was not disturbed and all moved serenely. Care was taken not to offend the colonists for the time being.

Then, in 1625, King James I, breathed his last and that stubborn, unhappy Stuart, Charles I, mounted the throne. The first thing he tried to do, when the affairs of the colony came to his attention, was to try and gain a monopoly on the tobacco trade. He was not clever enough to outwit the Virginians on this score.

Indeed, he came out of the skirmish a bad second because he was forced into a position where it was necessary for him to admit that the Virginia House of Burgesses was a duly constituted power in the affairs of the colony. Such a concession from the King, himself, was an additional peg in the search for freedom that colonists on this side of the water were not soon to forget.

In 1629 Charles sent John Harvey to Virginia as gov-

ernor. He remained in power until 1635 and was exceedingly unpopular because of his general inability to refrain from graft, corruption and dishonest speculation. The important phase of his tenure in office was the fact that the House of Burgesses assumed the authority of his removal and the appointment of another in his place "until the king's pleasure may be known in this matter."

King Charles I did not look with favor upon these proceedings. He refused to listen to the colonial petitioners and restored Harvey to his power, which only added fuel to the smouldering flames.

The King soon had his hands full of trouble at home and in 1642 the Civil War in England broke out, which ended in his death and the abolition of the monarchy. There was some trouble with Cromwell because Virginia remained loyal to Charles and refused to treat with Cromwell's government until all hope for the Stuarts was gone.

Sir William Berkeley had in the meantime become royal governor and he seems to have been received in general favor at first. In the ten years of his service, the community became very prosperous and flourishing, and in 1646 there was a population of twenty thousand in Virginia.

There was a decided recession in other directions, however. Three years before this date the statute was enacted which declared for the faith of the Episcopal Church and which prohibited any person who did not believe in the doctrines of that church from teaching publicly or privately, or to preach. All office-holders who were not of the lawful faith were turned out and most of the disbelievers were in time even turned out of their homes.

When Charles II came into power after the death of Cromwell, the House of Burgesses in Virginia immedi-

ately met in session and passed a resolution to the effect that the supreme authority of Virginia reposed in the colony and would remain there until the duly accredited representative of the King should put in his appearance. It then elected Berkeley as governor. That bigoted old gentleman probably did not realize that when he accepted the post at the hands of the House of Burgesses he tacitly recognized the authority of that assembly to convey it to him.

Whatever he might have thought, he immediately entered upon a course of persecution and tyranny that had not, up to that time, been witnessed in this country. Perhaps, he resented the treating with Cromwell's party; perhaps he thought to strengthen his own position with the new Stuart who was entering upon a career of vindication and murder in England in an effort to "avenge" his unhappy father.

The governor brought about the election of a new assembly which was royalist in its sympathies. Shortly after the biennial elections of the members, the House of Burgesses was abolished so that this royalist assembly could continue in power. It went a course of its own, passing laws and ordinances hateful to the people, while Berkeley found ways to make himself hateful in other directions.

About this time trouble arose with the Susquehanna Indians. They sent commissioners to sue for peace with Virginia, but these commissioners were cruelly murdered. Berkeley and his royalist assembly were in favor of granting peace, whereas the settlers were maddened by the atrocities the savages had already committed and demanded reprisals.

They saw in the situation an opportunity to dispose of Berkeley and punish the Indians at the same time. This

was the situation that thrust Nathaniel Bacon to the front and made his name a synonym for freedom down to our own day. He raised a force of five hundred armed men and disregarding the government at Jamestown, marched against the Indians.

Governor Berkeley immediately raised the cry of "traitor" and put himself at the head of a force of royalist militia. He had no sooner taken the field and left Jamestown, however, than another popular uprising in the lower country along the James forced him to return to Jamestown.

Thus was another valuable American ideal brought to pass in Virginia—namely, the right to revolution must ever repose in the hands of a people that would be free.

Soon Bacon returned from his campaign in victory. But he was not done, now that his ardor had been aroused. He disbanded the old assembly and demanded the election of a new one on the basis of universal suffrage—another innovation. Having secured that, he was elected commander of the Virginia militia.

Sir William Berkeley was not without his nerve, even in his precarious position. He refused to sign Bacon's commission. The latter appealed to his followers and they immediately rushed to arms and the testy old cavalier was forced to come to terms. In addition, the House of Burgesses went on record publicly commending Bacon for his loyalty and patriotism.

Berkeley was not of the temperament that would let bygones be bygones. He merely gnashed his teeth in private and bided his time. As soon as he felt he dared he withdrew to a royalist community and called for help. His followers counselled moderation and conciliation, but the man whom even Charles II was to designate as "the old fool" would not listen to such words.

He took the field. Bacon realized that it was necessary to fight and he rallied his followers and took possession of Jamestown. Just as the assembly was about to assume control of the government, word was brought that Berkeley was ascending the James with a large fleet.

Bacon and his followers decided that it was best to apply the torch to the capital, which they did. The picture that has been painted of Bacon as a ruthless pirate and brigand putting Jamestown to the torch in order to wreck his vengeance upon Berkeley is not a true one. He was not a ruthless rebel, but the decision to burn Jamestown came from his council and many of the men present applied the torch to their own homes in a spirit of sacrifice for the common good.

Perhaps, too, there had been born thus early in the minds of the Virginians that resentment for the towns which George Mason was to voice so eloquently more than a century later. Perhaps they seemed to see in this collection of buildings the embodiment of all of the evils which had befallen them, and like Mason "heartily wished themselves rid of it."

Bacon retreated up the river to a point said to be the present site of Richmond and was laying plans for a vigorous campaign when he fell sick and died. With him died the so-called rebellion.

Sir William Berkeley's pent-up fury now knew no bounds. He fined and imprisoned adherents of Bacon on every hand. Twenty-two of his followers were hanged almost before they had time to bid their relatives farewell. His career of bitter vindication continued until Charles II, himself horrified at "the old fool's" crimes, deposed him.

But in the meantime much damage had been done. The decrees and ordinances passed by Berkeley and his party almost completely obliterated all of the progress that

had been made in Virginia in the direction of freedom. The right of free speech was destroyed; the printing press was outlawed; education was forbidden or discouraged, and to criticize the government was to be fined and whipped. In short, Virginia was politically reduced to dependence upon the mercy of her rulers.

From 1675 until the end of the century, Virginia was the victim of unprincipled governors who robbed and impoverished her without conscience.

MARYLAND

About twenty-five years after the founding of Jamestown, Charles I cut off the northeastern portion of the colony of Virginia and gave it to Lord Baltimore. This nobleman had been trying for some time to establish a colony in North America, but his efforts had met with failure.

His first venture had been in Newfoundland, but the cold climate, the poor, scant soil and the attacks of the French had driven him away. He then turned to Charles who, in his free-handed way, promptly took some of the territory previously granted to the London Company and passed it to Baltimore.

But the profligate King was a bit canny in the transaction at that. He "gave" it free of restriction or price, but with the stipulation that all Lord Baltimore would have to pay for it was two Indian arrows each year!

Charles undoubtedly had good legal advice, or was up on the law himself, as the expression goes. The stipulation of annual payments to the Crown, even of two Indian arrows, indicated that the Crown was not entirely relinquishing title or control of the province to the Lords Baltimore.

Shortly after this grant had been made the first Lord

Baltimore died, but the work of colonization was pushed forward by his son.

The significant point, so far as we are concerned, in the early history of Maryland is that while the colony was Catholic in its sympathies, Lord Baltimore immediately declared for religious tolerance and encouraged settlers of other faiths to settle in his domains. And it wasn't long before the members of several Protestant Churches were living happily on Maryland soil.

Pennsylvania

The record of Pennsylvania, however, is one of the most satisfying of all to examine. For it was in Pennsylvania that the principle of religious freedom was first announced and followed in an affirmative and important way.

The story of William Penn is romance, indeed. Born the son of a rich and distinguished father, Vice-Admiral Sir William Penn, he might easily have been expected to creep into a nameless grave. But William Penn, the younger, was a "bad" boy. He had a dash of spunk in his sturdy frame which caused him to scandalize the social set to which he belonged because of some of the things he did and some things which he refused to do.

He became interested in the so-called Quaker sect in his youth; interested no doubt at first because of the ruthless persecution to which they were subjected by the King and his followers. Perhaps it was curiosity which prompted his interest at first.

From curiosity his real interest was quickened and when he learned how absurd it was to persecute them for their kindly, simple beliefs he readily became their champion. Jeered and hooted at among his own set, his blood now running high, he espoused their faith and be-

came one of their own number, and said "Thee" and "Thou" with as innocent an accent as those born to the faith.

The wrath of the courtly father knew no bounds. When his son William appeared in the presence of Charles II and neglected to remove his broad Quaker brim, he was sternly ordered to do so by the testy old Vice-Admiral. The boy stood his ground, quietly refusing to doff his lid either to his father or to his King. This was indeed occasion for great concern.

All the angered father could do was what wealth does in its crass and egotistic pride. He disowned the boy on the spot and cut him off from his inheritance. He swore a full broadside of hearty sailor oaths. Then he took a pinch of snuff to allay his wrought-up nerves, but when he exploded unexpectedly, he swore some more.

It is not recorded just what Charles II thought of this proceeding. Probably he got a deal of quiet amusement out of the scene, as the rest of us do. At any rate, he did not at that time impose any punishment on the boy and the suspicion lingers to this day that he rather liked the spunky lad, in spite of his impossible beliefs. For Charles, like his grandfather and father before him, was narrow as a blade on the question of religion.

Vice-Admiral Sir William Penn was, indeed, a close friend of his monarch. He paid dear for all of the honors that spendthrift heaped upon him, for when Sir William came to die in loneliness, Charles II was indebted to him for personal loans advanced to the extent of sixteen thousand pounds sterling, or about eighty thousand dollars in our money. In those days this was a fabulous sum.

Sir William had not been able to collect the debt. Indeed, discretion made it impossible for him to press the claim. It is doubtful whether he ever even mentioned it.

It was not the better part of good judgment to remind one's monarch of such unpleasant subjects too pointedly. That worthy might take it into his head to appropriate the balance of one's estate. So Sir William did, in truth, creep discreetly into his grave, an old and disappointed man.

It is one of the singular pranks of fate that he owes the memory of his name this day to the "bad" boy in his household, who completely out-generaled him, but dared to stand for the right, for principle, whatever the cost.

William Penn had, in the meantime, been getting a close look at the persecution business. Charles had permitted him to be lodged in the Tower of London for nine months for publicly announcing that he was a Quaker, and on another occasion he had been imprisoned in Newgate for six months.

There is no evidence to show that the monarch held any personal resentment against Penn, as he did against many of those who were unfortunate in coming under his eye. The chances are that young Penn was looked upon more in a spirit of amusement at the court, and doubtless Charles thought a few months in prison would bring him to his senses and back to the court in humble attitude.

But Charles did not well mark his man; indeed, he knew him less than the elder Penn. Imprisonment merely fanned the ardor of the youth. Prison gives one with any brain capacity at all a chance to think, to weigh the wrongs of society and to cast about for a way to remove them. It seems that the best place in the world to put a Thinker is in prison. Witness the case of John Bunyan, Napoleon Bonaparte and William Penn!

As soon as the youth was free, he immediately went to court and commenced to press for payment of the old

debt. He burned with a zeal to reform society and was determined to use his patrimony to that end.

Charles was at the moment financially embarrassed, as was usually the case, and could not pay. At this awkward juncture someone at court suggested, and I have always suspected at Penn's own instigation, that it would be a good joke to pay the boy in Western land. It was pointed out that two desirable objects would thereby be secured: The debt would be discharged and England would be ridded of an undesirable character.

If Penn was responsible for this suggestion at the psychological moment, he revealed a profound insight into the character of Charles. That prince immediately fell in with the idea as a capital thought.

But Penn was shrewd enough to add a few conditions to the acceptance of the offer, having in a sense, the advantage in position. At least, he took care to preserve the advantage his position as collector gave him and to appear to be having the grant thrust upon him, and to accept it as a favor to his King at an embarrassing moment.

He drew up his exceptions or conditions in a lengthy document, which he designated as a charter, and the king was obliged to sign it in order to carry into execution his "joke." Doubtless, Charles did grasp his quill with his tongue in his cheek and a repressed smile on his lips.

It is well to look briefly into the conditions which William Penn enumerated in his charter. The first was that he was free to establish on his land a colony for Quakers. The second point was that the right of complete religious liberty was never to be abridged. The third point was even more far-reaching and revolutionary. It provided that William Penn was to have the entire right of government of the new colony.

Thus it will be seen that Penn took care to acquire in-

deed the full and complete title to the land conveyed to him and to remove all chance of the Crown ever having a legal right to claim any interest in it whatsoever.

Charles II had had his joke, but William Penn got the best laugh out of it, beyond the shadow of a doubt.

This occurred in 1681 and almost immediately three shiploads of Quakers hurried to the shores of Penn's grant, which he called "Pennsylvania."

Penn held out glowing promises of peace, plenty and absolute freedom. Unlike most of the proprietors in America, he did not promptly forget these promises once settlers had been attracted to his domains.

He immediately drew up a form of government which was liberal to a fault. It was the first model for complete equality and it doubtless was the example which suggested to Thomas Jefferson his famous phrase, "That government is best, which governs the least." And to prove his extreme fairness, Penn even provided in the document that the people were to have the complete right to accept or reject the form of government he proposed!

Naturally, his colony grew by leaps and bounds. His management of affairs and his attitude towards his settlers was in such marked contrast to the management and attitude in other colonies that everyone wanted to come to Pennsylvania.

Penn not only avoided by his fairness internal strife and trouble, but he also removed from his colony the menace of the Indian. No better index of his character can be found than his promise made to the Indians on the occasion of his first council. He said: "My friends, we have met on the broad pathway of good faith. We are all one flesh and blood. Being brethren, no advantage will be taken on either side. When disputes arise, we will settle

them in council. Between us there shall be nothing but openness and love."

Needless to say, the offer was met more than half way as all such offers usually are met, and the Children of the Forest replied: "While the rivers run and the sun shines we will live in peace with the children of William Penn."

There is no more sublime statement in the history of colonial America than that. And there is no more sublime record of faithful adherence to treaty stipulations on either side than the record that followed this simple promise on the edge of the Pennsylvania forest. And we must bear in mind that half of the promise came from a savage, warlike people trained to the art of war as the sole expression of their tribal lives, yet they gladly took the way of conciliation and peace.

For more than seventy years, as long as the colony belonged to the Penns, that treaty was not violated by the Indians. Not a single war-whoop, not a single settler was harmed in all that time. Even in the days of the Revolution the Indians respected the Quakers and it is said that the Quaker dress and costume was better protection for them than rifle or hunting knife.

William Penn and his Pennsylvania experiment contributed three things to our thinking which we were much in need of having demonstrated. We owe to him the tenet of religious liberty, an element in our political life which has meant more to the peace of society than any single fragment of our legal structure. It has made for peace and good-will among the peoples under our flag. We owe to him the example that great works may be hazarded and brought to fruition through amicable adjustment and conference, even with a savage and warlike foe. We owe to him the example that even a polyglot and unlettered

society, approached in a broad spirit of conference, is capable of its own government.

The Carolinas and Georgia

The first attempt to establish a colony in the Carolinas was made by the famous Sir Walter Raleigh during the reign of Queen Elizabeth in 1583. Little more than exploration of the country around Roanoke Island was made because the two captains he sent out were not brave enough to face the wilderness.

Raleigh was to make other attempts and to succeed in planting a colony that one time numbered more than one hundred souls, but it completely perished in a manner not known even to this day. Several ships put in with provisions and supplies but were never able to solve the riddle of the absent inhabitants, who had vanished without a trace. It was during this experiment that Virginia Dare, the first white child to be born in the New World, arrived.

The usual vicissitudes of colonization were experienced in the settlement of North Carolina. It was not until about 1665 that any real start was made, although there had been isolated attempts at intervals from the time of the first Raleigh venture. A colony of Puritans was even established on Cape Fear River for some time, but was finally destroyed by the Indians.

This had hardly happened, however, when a company of planters from Barbadoes came along, purchased the land and laid out Clarendon County. Within a year there were eight hundred people along the river. Sir John Yeamans was made governor.

About this time North Carolina was to be the means of an attempt to establish an ideal government on the

American continent, drawn up by Sir Ashley Cooper, which he called "The Grand Model."

Few readers of these pages probably know that at one time North Carolina was an empire, divided into districts of four hundred and eighty thousand acres each. All political rights in this empire were dependent upon hereditary wealth, and the offices in the government were never to be within the reach of the people! Cooper, afterward the earl of Shaftesbury, conceived two orders of nobility for the empire. On the one hand there were to be dukes, earls and marquises; on the other, knights, lords, and esquires. There were to be baronial courts and all the heraldic ceremony that had ever obtained in the palmiest days of feudalism.

Redpath makes this telling observation: "And *this* was the magnificent constitution which a great statesman had planned for the government of a few colonists who lived on venison and potatoes and paid their debts with tobacco!"

It is a sufficient commentary on the good sense of the North Carolina settlers to say that this scheme of government never met with the slightest trace of interest. Indeed, they looked upon it with proper contempt. But Shaftesbury did not wholly abandon it until twenty years of futile effort finally drove home to him the fact that a government of this sort could not be established in the American wilderness.

In a little more than ten years, or about 1676, the settlers proved that like the Virginians they would not hesitate to correct governmental abuses by revolution, if necessary. The system of taxation imposed upon the four thousand inhabitants of North Carolina was so onerous that there was much muttering and dissatisfaction. Tobacco was taxed so heavily that this meagre population

was paying in revenue to the government in excess of twelve thousand dollars annually.

Finally, the arrival of a merchant ship from Boston, with the attendant attempt to enforce the revenue laws afforded the pretext the disgruntled colonists were seeking. They seized the governor and six members of his council and established a government of their own, which the people maintained for two years.

The first settlement in what is now South Carolina was made in 1670 at a site near the present city of Charleston. Because of the climate it was a success from the start and did not suffer the terrific losses of so many of the original colonies.

The settlers carried with them a copy of Shaftesbury's "Grand Model" for a system of government, but they, too, exhibited their good sense in ignoring it the moment they arrived in America. There was something in the very air here, recognizable on sight, which seemed to call for a new approach to governmental organization. The settlers immediately organized themselves along more democratic lines, forming a council, five of whom were to be elected by the people and five to be chosen by the proprietors, over which the governor was to preside. In addition, a legislative body composed of twenty delegates was to be chosen by the people. Thus, in the very beginning, popular government was adopted and within a short time it was firmly entrenched.

Within two years the colony gave the first real impetus to the new slave trade. Attempts had been made to introduce African slavery in the other colonies and while it had been taken up in all of them, it had not flourished to any extent.

In South Carolina, however, the settlers thought there was a definite and pressing need for the institution. The

white men found it almost impossible to work in the hot, sultry fields, being unused to such a climate. The Carribee negroes which they introduced, on the other hand, were used to the blistering sun of the tropics and looked upon this climate as being pleasant and temperate. The result was that within a short time after the founding of the colony, there was a great and determined traffic in negroes.

South Carolina became the first colony to adopt definitely the institution of negro slavery as an economic and political necessity. It is well to bear this in mind, because it was to exert an influence upon the subsequent attitude of the community and upon subsequent history down to the Civil War itself. Indeed, on at least one occasion, and possibly two, South Carolina by her single voice in the councils of the colonies or states, perpetuated the institution which finally was to plunge the country into violent dissension.

Georgia was the last of the thirteen colonies to be established in America. Like most of the others, it was established for the purpose of correcting an abuse which had grown up on the part of society in the Old World.

For some years prior to the time of which we speak, it had been customary to imprison debtors in England who were unable to pay their debts. A more absurd practice cannot be imagined. Some of those in prison were indebted to their creditors to the extent of a few pennies; others to the extent of large sums. They were separated from their families, which likewise were impoverished and suffered greatly. Sometimes these wretches lay in prison for a whole lifetime and their sufferings are beyond all comprehension these days.

There lived in England a distinguished soldier, a man of wealth, by the name of Oglethorpe. His attention was

drawn to the debtor's prison by reason of the fact that one of his intimate friends was imprisoned there. He was shocked beyond description at what he saw there when he visited this friend.

The result was that he succeeded in having himself appointed as a commissioner to survey the debtor's prisons and to report on conditions as he found them there. When his report was turned in, it caused a great deal of public comment with the result that the prison doors were opened and the unhappy wretches lodged there given a chance to begin life anew.

General James Oglethorpe then succeeded in obtaining from the King, George II, a grant of land in the southern part of the present United States, which, in honor of his monarch he named Georgia. This was to be a refuge for inmates of debtor's prisons, a haven for the oppressed of all lands and climes.

There were other reasons, political in their scope, which doubtless influenced the King in making the grant. The most important of these was the fact that the Spanish had succeeded in making extensive settlements in Florida and claimed territory well into that claimed by the British Crown to the north.

There were also several hundred miles of territory lying between the English and Spanish settlements, claimed by the English, in which there was not a single English settler. Thus, the object that Oglethorpe hoped to accomplish was also given a political significance which doubtless had much to do in influencing George II in making the liberal grant he did.

In the spring of 1733, when George Washington was one year of age, Oglethorpe established Savannah, capital of the new state where men were not to be imprisoned for debt.

He was of the type of William Penn—mild-mannered, burning with a desire to form an ideal state where many of the old abuses were to be corrected; and, although a man of war, he preferred the ways of peace to those of violence. His attitude towards the Indians clearly demonstrated this characteristic, although in his warfare with the Spanish he proved himself to be an artful and cunning commander.

Hardly had the new settlement been made, when Tomo-chichi, chief of the Yamacraws, came to visit Oglethorpe. He brought as a present, a buffalo robe with the inside painted with the head and feathers of an eagle.

"The feathers are soft, and signify love," said the old chieftain, "the buffalo skin is the emblem of protection. Therefore love us and protect us."

Oglethorpe was not slow to respond to this courtly gesture, and he soon asked all of the chiefs from miles around to visit him. The result was that even from the distant hills of the Tennessee country came the Indians to confer with their white friend.

The basic policies affecting the government of Georgia were especially sound. The importation of rum was forbidden. Traffic with the Indians was either prohibited, because of its danger, or placed entirely under the supervision of the government itself. Slavery was positively forbidden in Georgia and it did not become common until many years later.

Among those who came to Georgia were John and Charles Wesley, founders of Methodism, and Whitefield, the first really famous evangelist in America. John Wesley lived in Georgia for nearly two years, burning with religious zeal and anxious to convert the Indians and settlers, but not meeting with the success he had hoped to experience. Charles, his brother, was for a while secre-

tary to Oglethorpe, but not nearly the staunch and determined crusader that John was.

Other Colonies

The experience in New York was not quite like that in other colonies, although little developed there of a nature to interest us in a narrative of this kind.

New York, and particularly Manhattan, had been discovered by an Englishman, Henry Hudson, in the service of the Dutch. His glowing accounts, particularly of the opportunities for fur trading, soon brought a goodly company of traders to the New World. These located on Manhattan Island, which they purchased from the Indians. Most of the settlers were traders who expected to return to Holland as soon as they had succeeded in winning the fortune they desired in the fur trade.

At one time the Dutch claimed and held all of the territory from Wilmington, Delaware, to Hartford, Connecticut, and north to Albany, New York. But English settlers soon drove them out of Connecticut, and the coming to Pennsylvania cut short their domain there.

Finally, in order to remove this very real menace to English supremacy from the continent, Charles II gave New Amsterdam to his brother, the Duke of York. That prince set sail with an expedition and easily succeeded in capturing New Amsterdam, which became New York.

In Connecticut, Rhode Island and Massachusetts, there were the usual setbacks and contests with the proprietors and the Crown, over titles, rights, privileges, and the like, which lasted until well into the middle of the Eighteenth Century when another crisis was to arise which drove home to the people in America a new and very important lesson. We refer to the French and Indian War, when

the final contest was waged between France and England for supremacy in the New World.

The struggles over charters and grants in New England are replete with the usual stories of tyranny and the inevitable resistance of a free people to it. In Connecticut, when the Crown attempted to regain the royal charter by force, the colonists were daring enough to refuse to deliver it up and when they saw no other way out, succeeded in withdrawing the charter from the room and secreting it where the royal party could not find it. Rhode Island surrendered her charter without a struggle, being unable to resist.

And so the story reads. We must remember that all the colonies in America, particularly the English colonies, were founded for the purpose of correcting some political or social abuse which had caused suffering on the other side of the water. The settlers came here at great sacrifice in order to escape the old forms of tyranny they detested; to build anew in the silences of the wilderness, on a more equitable and sensible line.

Oftentimes, they were directly guaranteed the very rights and privileges they sought. They found here in the New World that measure of freedom and liberty they coveted, or at least so they thought. It had been won at a dear price, at tremendous expenditures on their part, and that which is dearly won is not lightly surrendered.

But almost in the wake of every shipload came the sinister shadow of the same old tyranny again. There were unscrupulous proprietors, or grafting and dishonest governors appointed by them; there was ever the threatening avarice of the monarch himself, watching them with courteous eyes and anxious to annex them unto himself the moment their prosperity was made evident to him.

Generally speaking, at the outbreak of the French and

Indian War in 1754, the thirteen colonies had succeeded in becoming firmly established in America. There had been tastes of free and democratic government experienced in some form in every colony.

But, in the main, there had been a recession of that ideal. In practically every case the proprietors had been displaced and the colonies had become royal provinces directly under the dominion of the English monarch.

French and Indian War

The French and Indian War broke out in 1754. There had been several years of preparation for it before it finally came to pass. It was well-recognized that the issue of supremacy depended upon the contest.

It is chiefly interesting to us for two reasons. The first is that it brought home to the colonies the necessity for, and the advantage of, concerted action among them.

Prior to that time there had been very little intercourse between the colonies. Indeed, there was much jealousy, strife and even warfare in some instances. Prejudice, differences in religion, in political ideals, in social standing, had contributed to this situation.

Now the one crisis which could drive such a collection of states together arose. It was the fear of common danger from the French and the Indians.

That they did unite and work side by side to overthrow the foe, is well-known. And in that lesson roots one of the most significant changes in all America. It was to prove the forerunner of a long and honorable association together which was to exert a powerful influence not only in the affairs of America, but of the whole world itself.

The second reason, in a way as important as the first, is that the French and Indian War gave us George Wash-

ington, without whom the Revolution might never have been won.

Indeed, it is a singular fact that Washington himself not only engaged in the first battle of the French and Indian War, but was largely instrumental in causing it to break out when it did. He, together with about twenty Virginia gentlemen, had formed the Ohio Company, a speculative concern for the colonization of the Ohio Valley by English settlers.

The French had rushed into the valley and made a few scattering settlements, which menaced the claims of the Virginians. Washington was sent forward at the head of a company of Virginia militia to ascertain the facts. Running into a company of French at Great Meadows, he brought about the war by his attack upon them.

CHAPTER IV

"Times That Try Men's Souls"

THE French and Indian War settled for all time the question of supremacy in the New World; decreed that Anglo-Saxon rather than Celtic civilization should rule in the new hemisphere.

It had another effect which was to exert some influence for the next twenty years, and was finally to bear a rich harvest. It brought home to the colonies the conviction, slow to assert itself at first, that they were strong when they acted in unison; strong enough, in fact, to dare to assert their rights even against the might of Britain.

The successful conclusion of the long struggle, for it lasted officially for nine years, brought a sense of security to the American colonies which they had not before enjoyed in all their history.

The menace of the Indian had ever been present. And for a long time there had been added to it the menace of the French as the brains behind the Indian numerical superiority. There was no terror more real than the Indian led by white officers.

And while the Indian still remained as a potential threat, his power had been largely crushed. On the far frontiers he was still to be reckoned with, but so far as the main centers of population were concerned, his threat was removed for all time.

This sense of security, this breathing of the air in absolute freedom of fear for the first time, was to produce its effect upon the manners and morals of the people everywhere.

Such spectacles as ensued are always a part of the aftermath of a successful military struggle. There is an anxiety to fling caution and restraint to the winds; to pause and catch up on lost pleasures and to exercise that license which comes only to those who feel that they are, indeed, secure from all harm.

What took place in Virginia is a fair example of what took place in most of the colonies in this respect. And what took place there is no more an indictment of that people than it is an indictment of all peoples who have been victorious in a long and arduous struggle for their rights.

The twenty years between the French and Indian War and the outbreak of the Revolution were years of such rich and unrestrained living that they have come down to us even unto this time as the "good old days." There never was a time in the history of America when an entire people were given over so completely to private pleasures as in that interval.

Eating, drinking and visiting consumed most of the time of the Virginians in that period. An English divine, the Rev. Andrew Burnaby of London, gave, in a letter written in 1759, this picture of what he saw: "The ancient custom of eating meat for breakfast still continues. At the top of the table where the lady of the house presides, there is constantly tea and coffee, but the rest of the table is garnished out with fowls, ham, venison, game and other dainties. There is scarcely a Virginia lady who breakfasts without ham!" Dinner was served at three o'clock, and one dinner, the menu of which has been preserved for us in a stray letter, contained: "Sheeps-head, Bass, Perch, Picked Crab, Ham, Mutton, vegetables, pudding, fruits, cheese, old Madeira"—the latter valued according to the number of times it had been across the

ocean! Dinners consisted of three courses—soup, the dinner proper, and dessert. One of General Washington's desserts consisted of an apple pie, pudding, ice cream, jellies, melons, apples, peaches and nuts! Dinner usually lasted three hours, or until six o'clock, the time being spent in eating, drinking, toasting and nibbling the desserts. Supper came at nine o'clock—artichokes, crabs, oysters, strawberries and cream, and the punch-bowl. Frequently, one finds record made of "Sudden Pains and Sickness at the Stomach at Night."

Religion had sunk to the lowest estate it has ever enjoyed on this continent. Services were social gatherings primarily. One observer wrote: "A Virginian churchyard on a Sunday resembles rather a race-course than a sepulchral ground. The ladies come to it in coaches, and the men, after dismounting from their horses, make them fast to the trees. The steeples to Virginia churches were designed not for utility but ornament, for the bell is always suspended to a tree a few yards from the church. I was confounded on first entering the churchyard at Powheek (Pohick) to hear 'steed threaten steed with high and boastful neigh,' nor was I less stunned with the rattling of wheels, the cracking of whips and the vociferations of the gentlemen to the negroes who accompanied them." Sermons seldom lasted more than twenty minutes, prayer services were hastily read, and one parson at least, loudly proclaimed at communion, "This bread is not fit for a dog!"

A state religion was enjoyed, all being compelled to support the established church by taxation. This tended to corrupt the clergy, as such a method of support has always done. The rectors were a drunken, carousing, irreverent lot. They lived deep into their cups and were almost certain to be the foremost drunkards in the com-

munity. It was quite the fashion to joke about the rector's inability to survive the inevitable punch-bowl.

Under the law of the colony, it was necessary to punish drunkenness, and in order to save the face of the rectors, a definition of the term was solemnly drawn up. It held that when a man "enters ye place by his legs," he will not be considered to be drunk unless he is unable "to leave ye place by the same means." Some notorious offenders were even jokingly carried into "ye place" at the outset in order to circumvent the working of that law!

One traveler has this to say about some of the customs: "Some swear bitterly, but the practice seems to be generally disapproved." Another traveler who wrote of the ladies he met, said. "Miss Priscilla Carter is 16—small of her age, has a mild winning Presence, a sweet, obliging Temper, *never swears,* which is here a distinguished virtue, dances finely, plays well on key'd Instruments. . . ."

Divorce was unheard of, and, as one wag has observed, was unnecessary! It was a time of fearful mortality among the young wives. Marrying was swiftly done and almost as swiftly were the young wives snatched from this earthly scene. In a normal lifetime, the average man gathered unto himself all the way from two to six wives. Now and then, when accident overtook the master of the plantation he was gathered unto his fathers, but the heaviest toll was taken from the gentler sex.

In many instances, the widowers remarried within one or two months after the burial of their wives; children were frequent and numerous, and "men were old at thirty and women at twenty." One of the most amusing letters that has come down to us from that period is from an old bridegroom who wrote to his second wife, a widow, when on a trip from home: "It is gratifying, my dear, to find

that *your* children, *my* children, and *our* children can live so peacefully together!"

Many of the ladies were married at the age of twelve to sixteen years; while the men ranged up to sixty-two in age. Old maids were as uncommon as divorce; indeed, we found only one, Colonel Byrd's "Miss Thekky, mourning her virginity."

Horse-racing, cock-fighting, and fox-hunting were the order of the hour. The more sporty of the men spent a great deal of their time at the taverns where greater social diversions were offered, such as gambling, gossiping and, now and then, dueling.

A false sense of hospitality was the curse of the hour. House parties lasted for weeks, and balls for several days and nights. It was quite the custom to go on these juntos of pleasure and be gone for months, making the rounds from one plantation to another. Folks who had any entrée at all did not patronize the inns and taverns on these travels, but "put up" with some of the landed gentry. Even as much as fifty years later Thomas Jefferson was to complain that the swarms of visitors dependent upon his hospitality had "eaten him out of house and home," which was tragically true.

This false sense of hospitality gradually impoverished the whole countryside. It was a time of great wealth on one hand with its attendant waste and lavish display, and abject and stark poverty on the other.

It was, in the main, a spectacle of a people interested primarily in their own selfish pursuits. At the top, society went to rot, as it usually does. A high percentage of the leaders, even the distinguished men in history at that period, were regular sufferers from gout and other disorders rooting in the inability to control their appetites.

It was the lower strata of that society, as in all times—

the lime and the phosphates—which worked a new outcropping to the top and fertilized and sweetened the whole. The sturdy, adventurous pioneers, pushing out the rim of civilization into the wilderness. Advancing, now receding, but always advancing, that wave never ceased to make progress in the net.

And it was among those of this station who, working their way to points of vantage in the political structure, set up the agonized cries in the wilderness of indifference that in time aroused the sleeping country to the issues of the hour.

Things were stirring in the heart of America; there were mutterings and rumblings in the backwoods and at the crossroads. Clouds were barely discernible on the horizon, but they were there. Soon those who were lost in their own selfish pursuits were to hear the rumblings of the distant thunder and to look to the political heavens.

We have mentioned before that the settlers of America were, for the most part, refugees from some form of tyranny in the old world. And hovering on their heels was the shadow of that self-same tyranny. It seemed to pursue them at every turn.

Until the Revolution was finally over, the issue was never to be settled completely between the inhabitants of the British colonies and those on the other side of the water who clung to the old ideals. The issue was at stake between the settlers and the proprietors of the first colonial grants; it was at stake between the inhabitants of the colonies and the royal governors, and, at last, it was to reach its climax as an issue between the people of America and the Crown itself.

The interval between the French and Indian War and the outbreak of the Revolution was not only a period of relaxation in public and private morals, but it was also a

period in which the stage was being set for the final struggle.

The Crown, from the days of King James I, had constantly asserted the right to rule the colonies as it saw fit. It looked upon the colonies as personal provinces to be administered and governed for its own advantage. So long as this attitude manifested itself merely as a theory of government the colonies submitted and did not quarrel, but the moment it was put into practice there was always an immediate and vigorous resistance. The first rebellion came under Nathaniel Bacon and there were many others in all parts of the thirteen colonies.

No serious attempt, however, was made to assert and establish this principle until the passage of the famous Stamp Act in 1765. There had been trouble in 1761 over the Writs of Assistance, which were warrants of search issued under the Importation Act, as originally passed in 1733, but the British ministry had receded from its position.

A year prior to its passage, the British ministry had asserted the right to levy a stamp tax upon the colonies. Instantly, the whole country was inflamed. Mass meetings were held, orators held forth and resolutions by the ton were passed by cross-roads gatherings from one end of the colonies to the other. Colonial agents were hired and rushed to London in the hope of averting the passage of such an act, but to no avail.

The Stamp Act was simply a measure requiring that all legal documents, contracts, deeds, licenses and the like be recorded on stamped paper to be procured from the government. The price ranged up to six pounds sterling.

The colonies took the position that since the House of Commons had the sole right to levy taxes upon English-

men, their own legislative assemblies had the sole right to tax them, as it was there that they had that representation to which they were entitled as Englishmen.

The rallying cry of the colonies was "No taxation without representation," and they succeeded to such an extent in maintaining a united front in behalf of that principle that the British government had to retire again.

Shortly, it sought to maintain the principle for which it contended—the right of arbitrary government—by the imposition of a tax upon tea. This, likewise, met an immediate and determined resistance. Tea was not only boycotted on every hand but when the government attempted to ship it into the country it was immediately destroyed, as at Boston; denied admittance, as at New York; or stored in musty cellars, as in the South, and rendered worthless.

Each skirmish, while apparently resulting in immediate victory for the colonies, found the government of England growing more determined to suppress the rebellious acts of its subjects, and receding not one inch from its asserted right to levy taxes as it pleased upon its subjects.

For those in authority such a protracted skirmish is always dangerous. The various conflicts tended to weld public opinion within the colonies and to bring them all to see that the real design of the British government was to reduce them to political slavery; that if they did consent to a single one of these attempts it would mean the end of the rights to which they deemed themselves entitled as Englishmen.

The long debate not only consolidated public opinion, but it brought home slowly the thought that acting in unison they were able successfully to confront the greatest power on the face of the earth.

When the debate over the Stamp Act was agitating the

country, and Virginia, loyalest of all of the colonies, was tip-toeing about hardly knowing which way to turn, the House of Burgesses convened.

One need not wonder at the anxiety of the politicians. Behind them was the rabble, the common horde, rabid and inflamed, demanding defiance of the Crown. On the other hand was the Crown and its ministers in control and backed up by the greatest military organization then on the face of the earth.

The echoes from the Speaker's gavel had hardly died away, as the assembly was called to order, when a lank, gawky, hawk-nosed young delegate from the hill country gained the floor and presented seven resolutions which he had hastily scrawled on the fly-leaf of an old law book. It is little wonder that these resolutions almost moved the aristocrats to violence, for the gist of them was that no power on earth save the Virginia assembly had the right to levy taxes upon the colony.

A bitter debate broke out. And it lighted the fuse that aroused the whole country; for this "dangerous" young man—Patrick Henry—, by the torrent of his eloquence, succeeded in wresting control of the Assembly from Randolph, Wythe, Nicholas and Bland by a single vote.

Other colonies adopted similiar resolutions. Passion was thoroughly aroused and there were frequent riots and brushes between the British soldiery and the infuriated people.

One, the so-called Boston Massacre, was the direct result of the seizure of John Hancock's sloop "Liberty," which the authorities claimed was unloading a cargo of wine without having gone through the formality of paying duty thereon. The mob collected and the inevitable happened. Before it was dispersed, the soldiery had fired upon it, killing and wounding five people.

This in turn caused feeling and passion to run higher than ever everywhere. And before the issue was finally settled, Parliament had decreed that the people of Massachusetts were rebels and Governor Gage was ordered to put down the "rebellion" by force.

In the meantime, the colonies were drawing closer and closer together, determined to make the quarrel at Boston a common one; feeling wisely that the fate of all depended upon the issue there.

Continental Congress was convening and the first suggestions were being heard that only in independence would be found the way out. Thomas Paine, lately come to America on the invitation of Benjamin Franklin, was among the first to assert this idea, and he asserted it with more vigor than any of the others.

"The object contended for," he wrote, "ought always to bear some just proportion to the expense. The removal of North, or the whole detestable junto, is a matter unworthy the millions we have expended. Dearly, dearly do we pay for the repeal of the acts, if that is all we fight for; for, in a just estimation 'tis as great a folly to pay Bunker-hill price for law as for land. As I have always considered the independence of this Continent as an event which sooner or later must arrive, so from the late rapid progress of the Continent to maturity, the event cannot be far off. Wherefore, on the breaking out of hostilities, it was not worth the while to have disputed a matter which time would have redressed, unless we meant to be in earnest; otherwise it is like wasting an estate on a suit at law, to regulate the trespasses of a tenant whose lease is just expiring."

To those who were afraid of being rebels, he thundered: "He that rebels against reason is a real rebel; but he that in defense of reason rebels against tyranny has a

better right to the title of 'Defender of the Faith' than George the Third!"

Meanwhile, in Virginia, Patrick Henry was arguing in the same direction, and perhaps with more dramatic effect. The Virginia assembly had adjourned to Richmond and was meeting in historic St. John's Church.

One can well imagine the concern of the conservative members, and of the outright royalists, when that meeting got under way. They eyed Patrick Henry with nervous apprehension, for they had not forgotten that he had forced the issue when passion was inflamed before. And, indeed, they had a right to be apprehensive, for he came forward with a resolution, the germ of which was found in the enacting clause: *"Resolved, therefore,* That this colony be immediately put into a posture of defense . . ."

There is no escape; he has forced the issue and then bolted and locked every single door that might offer a means of escape for wary politicians. For two days they have argued, explaining their doubts and fears. They have talked themselves out while he has sat like a Maltese cat without a single change of expression in his merciless face.

At last he takes the floor, standing in his narrow pew, his back to the wall and half facing the Speaker, with members on either side of him. A death-like silence grips the Assembly by the throat; strong men all but swoon. *It is the hour of destiny!* The one moment of an age! What will he say? Some men suddenly grow sick, for they know well the temper of this man.

He commences to speak in low, measured tones, yet that voice which could make ten thousand people hear him without effort, crashes on their ears like the pulse of Fate. "The question before the House is one of awful

moment to this country," he is saying. "For my own part, I consider it as nothing less than a question of freedom or slavery. . . . Mr. President, it is natural to man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth and listen to the song of that siren till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty?"

He begins to warm up to his subject, his deep-set blue eyes burning with a wrath unspeakable as he surveys the situation, his thin lips curling in bitter scorn. See how quickly, how effectively he covers the whole field of the long and profitless debate with the mother country!

Listen to the sober, inevitable conclusion he reaches, when he says: "An appeal to arms and to the God of Hosts is all that is left to us." Up to this point he has spoken with calmness and with an attempt at great repression. Real power in an orator lies not in his fiery and superficial emotions, but in his repression. But as Henry moves on to the great climax of his speech, his passion becomes more intense by slow degrees, and his dramatic bearing grips the whole House with overwhelming power.

Catch the loud, passionate call to their patriotic instincts when he announces a truth they cannot deny: "Gentlemen may cry peace, peace, but there is no peace. The war is actually begun. The next gale that sweeps from the North will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Why stand we here idle?"

And then he is on the theshold of the greatest climax found in all oratory. "Is life so dear or peace so sweet as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery?" he demands. He stands in the attitude of a miserable slave, loaded with fetters. Through the eyes of John Roane, an eye-witness, we see it as living reality:

"His form was bowed; his wrists were crossed; his manacles were almost visible as he stood like an embodiment of helplessness and agony. After a solemn pause, he raised his eyes and chains toward heaven, and prayed, in words and tones which thrilled every heart, 'Forbid it, Almighty God!' He then turned towards the timid loyalists of the House, who were quaking with terror at the idea of the consequences of participating in proceedings which would be visited with the penalties of treason by the British Crown, and he slowly bent his form nearer to the earth, and said, 'I know not what course others may take,' and he accompanied the words with his hands still crossed, while he seemed to be weighted down with additional chains. The man appeared transformed into an oppressed, heart-broken felon. After remaining in this posture of humiliation long enough to impress the imagination with the condition of the colony under the iron heel of military despotism, he arose proudly, and exclaimed, 'but as for me,'—and the words hissed from his clenched teeth, while his body was thrown back, and every muscle and tendon was strained against the fetters which bound him, and, with his countenance distorted by agony and rage, he looked for a moment like Laocoön in a death struggle with coiling serpents; then the loud, clear, triumphant notes, 'give me liberty,' electrified the assembly. . . . As each syllable of the word liberty echoed through the building, his fetters were shivered, his arms were hurled apart, and the links of his chains were scattered to the winds . . . his hands were open, and his arms elevated and extended; his countenance was radiant; he stood erect and defiant, while the sound of his voice and the sublimity of his attitude made him appear a magnificent incarnation of Freedom. . . . After a momentary pause, only long enough to permit the echo of

the word 'liberty' to cease, he let his left hand fall powerless to his side, and clenched his right hand firmly, as if holding a dagger with the point aimed at his breast. He stood like a Roman senator defying Cæsar . . . and he closed the grand appeal with the solemn words, 'or give me death!' which sounded with the awful cadence of the hero's dirge, fearless of death, and victorious in death; and he suited the action to the words by a blow upon the left breast with the right hand, which seemed to drive the dagger to the patriot's heart."

The tremendous effect of this oration upon the Virginia assembly may be understood when we recall that it carried all before it, in spite of determined opposition before Henry commenced to speak. George Washington was a delegate, as was George Mason and a number of other men whose names have come down to us as foremost in the struggle that was about to begin. Henry's voice was the one that went far in deciding the issue with them.

Indeed, Mason enthusiastically said: "He is by far the most powerful speaker I ever heard. Every word he says not only engages but commands the attention; and your passions are no longer your own when he addresses them. But his eloquence is the smallest part of his merit. He is in my opinion the first man upon this continent, as well in abilities as in public virtues, and had he lived in Rome about the time of the first Punic War . . . Mr. Henry's talents must have put him at the head of that glorious commonwealth."

George Mason, himself, was to have no mean part in the formation of public opinion in that troublesome time. His voice and his incisive mind were to formulate many of the thoughts and the phrases that were to come down to us as the fundamental pronouncements of Revolution-

ary purpose. Indeed, many of them were to become incorporated in the fundamental law of the land.

In the famous "Fairfax Resolves," which Mason wrote, he said: "Taxation and representation are in their nature inseparable; that the right of withholding, or of giving and granting their own money, is the only effectual security to a free people against the encroachments of despotism and tyranny; and that whenever they yield the one, they must quickly fall a prey to the other. . . ."

In the document he drew up for the government of the Fairfax militia company, he wrote: "We came equal into this world, and equal we shall go out of it. All men are by nature born equally free and independent. . . . Every society, all government, and every kind of civil compact, is or ought to be calculated for the general good and safety of the community. Every power, every authority vested in particular men is, or ought to be, ultimately directed to this sole end; and whenever any power or authority extends further, or is of longer duration than is in its nature necessary for these purposes, it may be called government, but it is in fact oppression. . . ." It should be kept in mind that this utterance was published a year before the Declaration of Independence, in which Jefferson gave much the same thought to the world.

It was in June, 1776, that Mason made his most important contribution to Revolutionary political literature when he wrote the Virginia Bill of Rights, for which he is most famous. It is not necessary to give in detail here the whole of the "fourteen points" contained in that famous document. We will point out only one, the fourth, which is said to contain all the political wit and wisdom necessary to rekindle again the flame of liberty in case all other memory of free government were erased from the minds of men.

It reads: "That no man, or set of men, are entitled to exclusive or separate emoluments or privileges from the community, but in consideration of public services; which not being descendible, neither ought the offices of magistrate, legislator, or judge be hereditary." This one statement answered for all time the claims of the loyalists in favor of hereditary or monarchial government, and it did more to prevent the adoption of that ideal of government in America than anything else. It carried a bit of logic in its few words than none could overcome.

And in the next article of the Bill of Rights, he announced a principle which was to become a corner-stone of the American ideal of government, one of the most daring and soundest declarations of governmental idealism that had ever been uttered up to that time (1776): "That the legislative and executive powers of the state should be separate and distinct from the judicial; and that the members of the two first may be restrained from oppression by feeling and participating the burthens of the people, they should, at fixed periods, be reduced to a private station, and return into that body from which they were originally taken, and the vacancies be supplied by frequent, certain, and regular elections." There in a nutshell we have the American form of republican government.

The details of the military campaigns during the Revolution itself need not be pointed out here. They are too well-known to every schoolboy to need recounting now.

It is sufficient to point out that Lexington and Concord inflamed the country. At last the great struggle had come, the British ministry had revealed that the fears of the country were only too well-founded.

Men flocked in droves to Boston, so that in a very short time there were sixteen thousand patriots gathered

there. They came in the first flush of patriotism and passion, many for short enlistments, feeling that the Redcoats would soon be driven out.

In the meantime, Congress had convened in Philadelphia and Washington had been appointed Commander-in-Chief. It is said that he walked out of the hall and exclaimed to Patrick Henry, his friend, with tears in his eyes, "I fear that this will mark the downfall of my reputation."

In a short time he had arrived at Cambridge and had taken command of the armies. His first campaign ended in the successful siege of Boston, which resulted in forcing the British to evacuate the town.

Then came the race to New York, the skirmishes there, the failure to overcome the superior forces and the better equipment of the enemy. The retreat to the north of Manhattan, the battle of Harlem Heights, the loss of Fort Washington, the retreat into New Jersey, and the gradual loss of that state.

Daily the spirits of the patriots dwindled so that whole companies and regiments deserted, melted away overnight. Although Washington had something like fourteen thousand men when the retreat started, after crossing New Jersey (only ninety miles) he had only twenty-four hundred men at the time of the battle at Trenton.

The spirits of the country were reduced to the lowest ebb. All seemed lost, as Washington wrote to his friend Mason in Virginia. Then he turned at Trenton and struck a blow that was to revive hope. British officers had returned to New York, figuring that the war was over, ready to sail for home.

There were skirmishes, retreats, gains and losses. It was in these troublesome hours that Thomas Paine, now carrying a musket in the ranks, sat down one night by the

campfire and using a drum head for a desk penned the first of his famous "Crisis" papers.

He wrote hot from the soul. There was no time to lose. Hearts must be fired, for hope was dwindling and with it gone, the light would go out for ever.

"These are the times that try men's souls," he wrote, in words of fire. "The summer soldier and the sunshine patriot will, in this crisis, shrink from the service of their country; but he that stands it *now,* deserves the love and thanks of man and woman. Tyranny, like hell, is not easily conquered; yet we have this consolation with us, that the harder the conflict, the more glorious the triumph. What we obtain too cheap, we esteem too lightly; it is dearness that gives everything its value. Heaven knows how to put a proper price upon its goods; and it would be strange indeed if so celestial an article as FREEDOM should not be highly rated."

Through all that winter and so long as other "Crisis" papers came from Paine's pen, Washington ordered them read at the head of every regiment in the army. They renewed the will and gave strength to the spirit of the ragged Continentals, so that victory was snatched by the merest margin from the very grasp of defeat.

There was the dismal night of Valley Forge when the fury of the elements, combined to the misery of their condition, all but snuffed out the lives of the soldiers. Blood tracked their footprints in the ice and snow of that terrible winter. At times, they lived like wild beasts huddled in their miserable huts, with only roots to nibble.

Somehow they held on. One can visualize the agony of that hour when Washington, in his anxiety, hotly wrote to Mason: ". . . no man who wishes well to the liberties of his country, and desires to see its rights established, can avoid crying out: Where are our men of abilities? Let

this voice, my dear sir, call upon you, Jefferson, and others. Do not, from a mistaken opinion that we are about to sit down under our own vine and our own fig-tree—let our hitherto noble struggle end in ignominy. Believe me when I tell you there is danger of it."

And there is that other picture of the Great Chieftain praying in the snow at Valley Forge. Was it not, indeed, a time to try men's souls when the calm and composed Washington felt his great heart all but crushed under the burden of the hour?

Then, summer and Monmouth. Other advances. Came the surrender of Burgoyne which was to be celebrated here and abroad with great enthusiasm and hope. It sobered the war party in England, and took the heart out of the leaders so that they never moved with the certainty they had before.

Treason and Benedict Arnold. Great, impetuous, glorious Arnold! The man who could move men in battle to a perfect frenzy of emotion; the man who could lead ordinary militia to storm the very gates of hell! Fallen. Prostrate. Spent, like an empty rocket. Reviled, hated, despised. Why? Because he could not hold on; because he weakened in the pinches; because his fierce pride demanded tribute for petty wrongs. Arnold!

Once again the theatre of the main action takes place in the Old Dominion. France is here now with her fleet and her soldiers, gleefully aiding openly the rebellious subjects of her age-old enemy. She has not forgotten Canada and the Western empire. She fights with pleasure, with éclat!

Yorktown. The headstrong and prideful Hamilton, smarting under a fancied rebuke from his chief, takes it out on the enemy and leads the assault on the right. He surprises himself even by carrying his objective *in ten minutes.*

Bells in the night at Philadelphia. "Cornwallis is taken!" arouses the startled populace from its slumbers. Nightcaps are thrust out of windows. Lights spring up. Running to and fro. Shouts. Bonfires. Thanksgiving and shouts of joy the livelong night. In the morning Congress marches in a body to church and returns thanks to the Almighty for the victory that had come.

In a week or two the Great Chieftain comes to Fredericksburg, scene of his boyhood. His mother is there, and his sister, Betty Lewis. With him are LaFayette and other French officers. He leaves them at the tavern and turns aside to Kenmore, the home of his favorite sister.

It is his prank to come unannounced. He tosses the reins to a gaping Negro and strides into the hall of that fine old Georgian mansion, his military cloak flowing back from his shoulders and revealing his exquisite sword and the full regimentals of his exalted rank.

From room to room he goes, his ruddy cheeks aglow, his eyes lighting with anticipation and with pleasant memories of days long since gone. It is seven years since he has been home! But Mistress Betty is out on the plantation. The nephews and nieces likewise are out. Shall we send for them?

He shakes his head a bit sadly, a bit wearily, and slowly mounts the stairs. At last, in her room he pauses. The great bed yawns with welcome relief. For heroes are brothers to us all in the end; they, too, know the fatigue that is overpowering. And so he stretched himself out on the bed—on her bed!—and closed his eyes.

It was an aftermath, the sudden lifting of the load that had all but crushed him. And Sleep, merciful, tender, kindly—Sleep hushed his weariness and gathered him in her arms. Thus it was that Washington came back home from Yorktown.

CHAPTER V

Swaddling Clothes

THE flush of victory. The bonfires. The shouts, the celebrations in town and tavern, on a thousand hillsides. Great, expanding, limitless victory!

Then the aftermath. The men of New Hampshire warring with the men of New York. Hatred, growing jealousy, greater hatred. The suspicion of South for North. The bickering of the small states with the large. The discovery of that dangerous attribute of statecraft—sovereignty. The thumping of chests, the pounding of a thousand rude bars, the boasts, the taunts, the dares.

The inevitable. Slowly going the way of disintegration, the way of all man-made things. Emergency, that goddess of weak states, had passed on and in her wake she left quarreling fledglings, unmindful of the hand of destiny.

Then, chaos. Ruin ahead, and the dark night.

Washington at Mount Vernon was the rallying point whence gathered the men of the Revolution who cared most for the perpetuation of the old ideals. They came and they talked. They found a sympathetic ear, for he, too, had seen the drift of things.

And it was Washington, the one voice who could arouse the pettiness of the hour, who gently pointed the way out. He advised the states to meet in conference at Annapolis to agree upon some effective way of meeting the emergency of the hour.

But the Annapolis Convention failed for want of a quorum. Bickering was not yet ready to lay aside its hammers. Here the voice of Hamilton was added to the

growing chorus of caution, and the country was asked to send delegates to an adjourned meeting to convene in Philadelphia.

In that city, in May, 1787, came the delegates from most of the states. Washington was the head of the Virginia delegation, in which both Edmund Randolph and James Madison were members. Hamilton was there from New York, curiously "boxed" by his enemy, Governor Clinton, by a packed delegation. Franklin was there to represent Pennsylvania—doddering, gouty old Dr. Franklin, sleeping soundly in his chair throughout the sessions. And Gouverneur Morris, crafty, practical, log-rolling Morris, who was to so anger George Mason as to send him home to Virginia to fight the Constitution as a thing to be shunned by free peoples. And General Pinckney of South Carolina, far-sighted, steel-nerved, daring to do—and going home with more than he frankly dared to expect, as he told his home-folks when he returned. Pinckney, whose bargaining was to perpetuate *slavery* on the political rostrum as a national issue until it should be wiped out in the blood of millions!

Governor Randolph presented to the Convention what has been called the Virginia plan. It was largely the work of James Madison. Other so-called plans were proposed, among them the New Jersey plan, which was but a politician's sop to the old Confederation idea.

It was around the Virginia plan that the debate closed. There were proposals and changes, amendments and withdrawals—but, in the main, it emerged successful.

There were high lights and low in that summer session. Franklin, asleep in his chair, we have already mentioned. There was his insistence that the executive power should be vested in three men, in which he was aided and abetted by George Mason! And, as if that were not enough to

reveal that even strong men may sometimes find themselves in the canebrakes, Franklin insisted that the chief executive should serve without pay!

There was Hamilton, then but thirty, adroitly seeing to it that no limitation on the qualifications for the presidency should eliminate him. It will be remembered that that provision of the Constitution reads: "No person except a natural-born citizen, *or a citizen of the United States at the time of the adoption of this Constitution,* shall be eligible to the office of President; neither shall any person be eligible to that office who shall not have attained to the age of thirty-five years, *and been fourteen years a resident within the United States.*"

There was a great patriotic prejudice against foreigners and it seemed certain that a limitation would be imposed within the Constitution, when Hamilton gained the ear of Madison and pointed out that it would not be fair to exclude those who had fought in the Revolution. Many have wondered why the words "citizen" and "resident" were used apparently interchangeably in this clause. Perhaps they can find an explanation in the ambition of Hamilton, especially when it is recalled that he had been a resident of the United States *exactly fourteen years,* but had not been a citizen that long!

One recess hour a bit of comedy occurred in the courtyard surrounding Independence Hall where the Convention met. Gouverneur Morris had boasted that he was not afraid of nor awed by the dignity of General Washington, and that blustering politician set out to prove to some of his confidants the weight of his boast.

As the company strolled about, Morris caught up with Washington and slapped him heartily on the back. The latter turned and in his telling way haughtily froze the helpless Morris with a glance that suffered him not to

move, let alone speak. All of which caused much quiet amusement to those present, save the two principals. Morris kept his familiarity to himself thereafter.

George Mason, he who had first proposed the complete separation of the legislative, judicial and executive branches of the government in his Virginia Bill of Rights, was an important participant in the debates. This idea was a part of the Virginia plan and found its way into the final Constitution. It is, indeed, the central distinguishing feature of the American form of republican government.

Mason fought zealously for the Virginia plan, with the exception of a few modifications, until in the closing hours of debate when he perceived that Morris had bargained with Pinckney over the slavery question and had succeeded in gaining sanction to carry on the importation of slaves for twenty years, under Constitutional sanction.

The bitterness of his feelings can hardly be imagined. Although a slaveholder himself, he was opposed to the further spread of the practice and heartily in favor of its wholesale abolition. He said: "Slavery discourages arts and manufactures. The poor despise labor when it is performed by slaves. They prevent the migration of whites who really strengthen and enrich a country. They produce the most pernicious effect upon manners. Every master of slaves is born a petty tyrant. They bring the judgment of Heaven on a country. As nations cannot be rewarded or punished in the next world they must be in this. By an inevitable chain of causes and effects Providence punished national sins by national calamities. . . . I hold it essential in every point of view that the general government should have the power to prevent the increase of slavery."

His sense of honor was so thoroughly outraged that he returned to Virginia and determined to fight the adoption of the Constitution to the last ditch. He was supported by

the mighty voice of Patrick Henry, champion of the back hills. Henry's hawk nose and eagle eye had scented the weakness of the document and he pounced upon it with vicious eagerness. It contained no enumeration of the common rights of free men! And they must be enumerated if they were to be protected against entrenched tyranny!

It was a memorable struggle. Madison and John Marshall led the struggle in Virginia for adoption; Henry and Mason, against. The former won by the scant margin of ten votes.

In New York Hamilton was fighting Governor Clinton and a hostile convention with his back to the wall. But he won, darling of fate that he was. He out-talked and outgeneraled the wit and brain of his opposition and won by just two votes!

Hamilton who, seven years before, had pointed out in a letter to Duane, a member of Congress, the powers which Congress must have in order to survive! It is well worth noting that as a mere youth of twenty-three he had explored the boundaries of political science and anticipated the powers which later the "best minds" of the country were to deem essential for the central government to enjoy.

He wrote then: ". . . Congress should have complete sovereignty in all that relates to war, peace, trade, finance, foreign affairs, armies, fleets, fortifications, coining money, establishing banks, imposing land tax, poll tax, duties on trade, and the unoccupied lands. . . . The idea of an uncontrollable sovereignty in each state will defeat the powers of Congress and make our Union feeble and precarious."

What were the issues in that memorable campaign,

which were to produce such a tremendous effect upon future contests?

The Constitutional Convention sought merely to bring together and to consolidate all of the principles of political liberty for which Americans had stood since the first settlements were planted on these shores.

At first, they represented merely small communities, scattered up and down an expansive coast-line. These communities differed greatly in viewpoint and background, as we have already seen. They differed in religious viewpoint—which, in many instances, was the chief reason for seeking asylum here. They differed in political viewpoint—some were here because of one form or other of political tyranny which they had experienced overseas; some were loyalists and monarchists who came here because fortune called them. They were quite willing to see the old forms perpetuated.

While there were marked differences in viewpoint, prejudice and background, there was one ideal on which all were united almost without exception. That was the ideal of local self-determination—the township or shire of the South, the town meeting of the North.

Both had arisen originally as a matter of necessity, and as time went on the people clung to this democratic form with the utmost tenacity. It soon found its rallying point, in the larger national arena, around the right of each state to complete sovereignty and independence.

That issue had been contended severally and collectively with the British Crown. So long as the colonies contested it independently, they had not made much headway; but when they joined the issue in common cause, they triumphed.

And, now, the same issue reared its head again. It was seen that a new government was to build an imposing

superstructure over the sovereign states. It was to be admittedly a strong central government enjoying complete sovereignty over the states and all the people. Instantly, the old fears came to the front:—"We have refused to surrender these rights to the strong central government overseas. We have fought a long, bloody war to prevent that. Why should we now surrender them to the same old hateful kind of a government?"

And how does it happen that they did? There seems to be at least one very good reason: The utter chaos and anarchy into which the country had fallen in the interval since the conclusion of the Revolution.

There had been riots, raids and numerous rebellions throughout the states. In Massachusetts, the farmers and small tradesmen were resisting taxation laws by armed rebellion on the plea that these taxes rested more heavily upon them than upon the inhabitants of the larger centers.

Trade between the states was throttled by ruinous tariffs and taxes. Two states were even on the verge of armed warfare. It was recognized by all sober minds that affairs were in such a condition that a foreign foe might easily reduce the United States to the slavery from which they had so recently escaped.

There was another factor, probably as important as the first. That was the boundless influence of Washington, himself. It is doubtful, viewing the situation at this late date, whether the plan ever would have been accepted short of an immediate national emergency, but for the feeling that here was a man to whom their liberties could be safely entrusted. Washington was then, as the politicians say, in the "honeymoon period" of his popularity. He enjoyed then a universal acclaim that he was never to receive again as long as he lived.

The Constitution stood, therefore, as a symbol of protection against the inner enemy then threatening to destroy all that had been gained. It consolidated the liberties and rights for which America had contended throughout her existence by conferring certain powers upon the central government, while taking care to set up adequate checks and balances against possible wrongful exercise of that power.

The republican, or representative, form of government was adopted—essentially American. The central government was to have defined and implied powers necessary only to promote and secure the objects for which it came into existence. The states were to retain their sovereignty in all matters not expressly or impliedly referred to the central government.

The issues that were joined in the campaign over the adoption of the Constitution were to continue to agitate the country long after that event was secured. No sooner had the Constitution been adopted and the new government launched than the struggle broke out again. This time it arose over the powers which the Federal Government might assume, under the so-called right to those implied powers necessary to render effective those expressly granted in the Constitution itself.

It is easy to see how this difference of opinion soon resulted in a division between those who were friendly to the central government, and those who were in favor of the state retaining a superior sovereignty. This was not a later development, but one that sprang up almost at the first hints of federalism.

We have seen how Governor Clinton of New York sought to embarrass and tie the hand of Hamilton in the Constitutional Convention by placing two men on the New York delegation with him who were frankly hostile

to Federal union. And later, after the new government was set up, another governor was to try and assert his rank as above that of President Washington.

Washington, as President of the United States, was on a tour of the New England States. When he came to Boston, John Hancock was governor of Massachusetts. That vain and conceited man, with the genius he so often exhibited for doing the wrong thing at the right time, refused to meet Washington and pay his respects to him, asserting that within the boundaries of his state, a governor was superior in rank to the President of the United States!

Washington, of course, ignored this thrust and waited. Then word came to him privately expressing the governor's regrets but stating that he was suffering from a slight indisposition. Washington expressed his interest in Hancock's condition but did not volunteer to rush to his bedside.

Sometime later Hancock, in a panic, sent word that he was coming to pay his respects to Washington. The latter, with that dry sense of humor which he could muster on occasion, expressed his concern for fear Hancock might aggravate his illness by coming out! The comment amounted to a command, as anyone who knew Washington was well aware. Washington cut short his visit and departed before the discomfited Hancock had a chance to collect his wits. Thereafter, no governor of a state ever dared to assert that he was superior in rank to the President.

The Federalist Party clearly blundered in its early management of public opinion. Under Hamilton and the other leaders it came to have almost a cynical regard for the great mass of the people. It frankly looked with admiration upon the fine stability of the British government

and was not unwilling to pattern after its best features. Some whispered that Hamilton schemed to set up a monarchy, at the first sign of failure on the part of the Constitution.

We doubt that, although Hamilton did write sometime later, when he was smarting under the constant attacks of his critics: "Mine is an odd destiny. Perhaps no man in the United States has sacrificed or done more for the present Constitution than myself; and contrary to all of my anticipations for its fate, as you know from the very beginning, I am still laboring to prop the frail and worthless fabric, yet I have the murmurs of its friends no less than the curses of its foes for my reward. What can I do better than to withdraw from the scene? Every day proves to me more and more that this American world was not made for me. . . . The time may ere long arrive when the minds of men will be prepared to make an effort to recover the Constitution, but the many cannot now be brought to make a stand for its preservation. We must wait a while."

One man sat in the Cabinet of Washington who was a strange mixture of aristocratic and cultured background and democratic leanings. He looked upon the announced impatience of Hamilton with growing concern. Jefferson, unlike Hamilton, enjoyed an unshakeable faith in the wisdom of the common people. He looked about him and saw, or fancied that he saw, the capitalists, the monied interests, the large merchants and traders, completely dominating the new government. He felt that all the signs pointed to the domination of Hamilton by that group, due to Hamilton's desire to revive the credit of the country.

Jefferson was not used to urban peoples and their ways. His experience had been limited to the sparsely-settled

back regions of Virginia where only small tradesmen and farmers were to be found. He thought of them; he thought they were being wronged, and he commenced to see back of it all, too, the growing spectre of monarchy. And he recoiled from the sight.

More and more he joined issue with Hamilton in the struggle for the policies that were to move the Administration. One day, at the council table, Hamilton, in his impatience, brought his fist down upon the table with a bang and shouted: "Your people are a great beast, sir!" That settled the matter for Jefferson. He fancied he had then the answer to his fears. And he lost no time in rallying his people all over the country.

He wrote to Madison and urged him to take up the contest with Hamilton, saying that Hamilton's ability with the pen, as expressed in the public press "promised much mischief." "You know the ingenuity of his talents," he wrote, "and there is not a person but yourself who can foil him. For heaven's sake then, take up your pen and do not desert the public cause altogether."

He resisted within the Cabinet as long as he dared. He aroused his friends on the floor of Congress, and they kept the redoubtable Secretary of the Treasury on the run to and from its halls, a good share of the time.

He wrote letters by the thousands—more than sixteen thousand of them have come down to us—to friends in every county in the whole of the country. He exhibited the most amazing industry yet known on this continent on the part of a politician. He did other things not so commendatory. He established, under cover, a newspaper which was operated by one of his employees in the State Department. It developed into a vicious, libelling sheet which drove Washington almost to the verge of violence. It is known that Washington called Jefferson

"on the carpet" on more than one occasion concerning it. Jefferson affected an air of innocence and refused to take the hint and to discharge the offending employee.

At last, he left the Cabinet and the gage of battle was hurled. It was not to be withdrawn until the Federalist Party had been broken in sunder for all time and Jefferson, himself, was to sit in the White House.

But the Federalist Party, in spite of all of its blunders, survived for twelve years—long enough to see the establishment of the United States Bank, the redemption of the credit of the country, the establishment of a judiciary, of the executive departments, and practically a doubling of the population of the country, so that, at the turn of the century in 1800, it was 5,305,000.

And, as a parting shot to its enemies, it was to put John Marshall at the head of the Supreme Court of the United States, the most important single act any party has yet performed, so far as effect upon the history of the country for all time is concerned.

The campaign of Jefferson for the presidency was one of the bitterest in our political history. But he rallied his forces only too well. In addition, there had been the quarreling of the Federalist chiefs—Adams and Hamilton, with the latter at last openly urging the rejection of the former.

But Jefferson was not to secure the prize too easily. When the electoral votes were counted it was discovered that Aaron Burr had tied with him for first place, each receiving seventy-three votes to sixty-five for Adams. Since there was no choice by the Electoral College, the election was thrown into the House of Representatives. That hold-over House was in the hands of the Federalists, but under the terms of the Constitution they were limited in their choice to the two first names on the list.

Burr had, until this moment, been apparently a candidate for the vice-presidency, but he seemed content now to contest for first place. It was a long and protracted battle. Hamilton lent his influence among the Federalists in favor of Jefferson, but since the balloting had to be by states, there was still no choice. It finally ended in a number of Federalists refraining from voting in their state delegations, thereby allowing the Republicans, as Jefferson's party was called, to vote for him. The vice-presidency naturally went to Burr.

This contest resulted in amendments to the Constitution which forced presidential electors to vote for a man specifically for the office for which he was a candidate.

It also served to draw tight the enmity between Hamilton and Burr, finally resulting in the duel between the two and the removal of Hamilton from the political arena in the full measure of his prime. Burr, as a result of this duel, was sent reeling into exile and disgrace, never again to regain the good-will of his countrymen. Indeed, it was not Hamilton that Burr shot that morning on the heights above Weehawken—it was his own future and his own promise that he tossed to the winds!

The election of Jefferson and the removal of Hamilton and Burr from active political life made the administration one of singular peace and quiet. The Sage of Monticello, in spite of all of his theories and his strange contradictions, turned out to be a fairly efficient President.

One curious effect of the responsibility of his office was the Louisiana Purchase. Here Jefferson found it necessary to depart from all of the constitutional ideals he had so loudly and emphatically proclaimed in rallying his followers. There was no express power granted under that

document for any such act, but he did not hesitate to undertake it, Constitution or no Constitution.

Doubtless, the scheming of the Spanish and the French, and the alleged plot of Aaron Burr had a great deal to do in arousing his anxiety for the future of the country in that direction. At any rate, he purchased the vast domain which doubled the territory of the nation, for a sum approximating fifteen millions of dollars.

Jefferson's simplicity has been unduly emphasized, we feel, in the stereotyped histories of his administration. It is true that he rode horseback to his first inauguration and personally tied his horse to a tree. We fancy any self-respecting Virginia gentleman-farmer would have done the same. But when we come to examine his own accounts, kept as faithfully and completely as those of Washington himself, we find that he was far from the simple democrat his friends would have us assume. For, as revealed in his own handwriting, his liquor bill alone during one year of his vice-presidency exceeded the total amount of his salary!

Jefferson's administration on the whole was signalized by thrift—thrift to the point almost of national nonsense. He cut the army and navy appropriations down to a practical nil. He reduced the feeble diplomatic establishment we had. And his economic measures brought the country to trouble—trouble which he luckily escaped by the mere skin of his teeth.

American carrying trade which during the warfare between England and France had grown by leaps and bounds until we were the carrier for the world's commerce, got caught between the retaliatory edicts of the belligerents. First England, then France, seized our vessels and confiscated them.

Jefferson, man of peace and always fertile in expedi-

ents, advocated an embargo of European ports in an effort to force the contending powers to rescind their illegal edicts.

The famous Embargo Act was passed forbidding any American vessel to leave an American port. For more than a year it was enforced. Our rich carrying trade was destroyed overnight; prosperous skippers were ruined; our ships rotted in the ports and commerce was at a standstill.

It was doubtless effective to shut our ports and remain idle—effective in postponing the day when we would go to war, but like all expedients it merely temporized and offered no permanent solution. In the meantime, we were the real sufferers.

Six days before he went out of office, Jefferson gave the sign and the Embargo Act was repealed. Jefferson did not, perhaps, but his expediency destroyed the American carrying trade so effectively that it has not, to the present, regained the place it enjoyed when he throttled it.

James Madison, philosophical and cautious old James Madison, came into the White House, legatee to all the inevitable reaction of Jefferson's second administration.

Almost before he knew it, the hot-blooded young men of Congress—notably Henry Clay and John C. Calhoun—were clamoring for war with England. The House of Representatives had fallen under their control. Clay was Speaker and Calhoun chairman of the important Committee on Foreign Affairs.

Clay, with the impetuosity of youth and with his tendency for bombast, proudly boasted that he could conquer the whole of Canada with one thousand Kentucky riflemen. When they had succeeded in arousing public

opinion to the point where it would support them, another presidential campaign was at hand.

In that time, candidates for high office of the respective parties were nominated by a caucus of members of Congress. Conventions were unknown. It is said that the young war party succeeded in wresting from Madison, as the price for a second term, a promise that he would sanction war with England.

Emerson quite truthfully observed that "the President has paid dear for his White House. It has commonly cost him peace and the best of his manly attributes." Dearly, dearly indeed did James Madison pay for his second term!

The second war with England was the most indecisive contest in which we ever engaged. It was for the most part an abject failure. The country seemed to be lost in a muddle. Our military campaigns were extremely disappointing and the only really decisive victory came when Jackson soundly whipped the British at New Orleans—this after peace had actually been declared.

On the sea, we fared better. Peary had cleared the Great Lakes by his brilliant exploit on Lake Erie. And on the Atlantic things had been more in keeping with our aspirations. But the British had attacked Baltimore and captured Washington, burning the White House and numerous buildings there.

Even after we had succeeded in rescuing our military glory by a few brilliant naval victories, Mr. Madison revealed the peculiar quality of his mind when he referred to them pleasantly as "our little naval triumphs."

Things were in such a snarl that rebellion was a very real threat when peace finally was made. Indeed, the Hartford Convention had done some mysterious things

and a messenger from it was on his way to Washington when news of peace halted him.

Madison was saved by the merest scratch. The ship of state slipped off the reef upon which his incompetency had run it, and he crept out of the White House a bewildered and perplexed old man, quite content to retire to his books and his philosophical speculations. No man was ever better prepared for the presidency, and none was more poorly fitted temperamentally than James Madison. He had an amazing faculty for doing nothing, and he was so wrapt up with the speculative side of administrative questions that there was little time for practical deeds.

The country was suffering growing pains. The great outpouring of emigration was swinging into the west. No enemy knocked at our gates and we were interested wholly and completely in internal affairs. We were on the threshold of that great exodus of population which was to be known as "the winning of the West."

CHAPTER VI

The Age of Oratory

TWO wars with England were safely past. The time had come to thump our chests a bit and strut back and forth across the platform.

Culture was beginning to filter in and men were laying down the rifle and the plow and turning to the practice of the "professions." There was a deep saturation of the classics and we were plunged far back into the worship of the ancient arts.

There had been orators before. We have not forgotten Patrick Henry and James Otis. There had also been John Adams, the first elocutionist. But it was Patrick Henry who had fired the imagination of youth and set the example.

And now came Webster, phrasing his sonorous sentences and making rostrum to rumble with the majesty of his voice. And he attracted his admirers, followers and imitators until every backwoods gathering was teeming with orators, quite willing to 'rouse the multitude and make the welkin ring.

It was in this period that we caught our political legs; that new political parties emerged and party conventions became the fashion. It was in this period that the suffering electorate first began to hear of "the issues" and to be worked into a frenzy of partisanship every four years.

Politics—the good old American brand—came into our national life, and it has taken us nearly one hundred years to perceive that politics is the mistress which has

debauched statesmanship, lured it into the back-alley of deceit, and caused it to wallow in the silken couch of expediency. It blinds the vision and localizes the ambition; it saps the nerve and weakens the backbone; and when it has completed its unholy task, it flings the worthless hulk into the night of oblivion.

Politics settles nothing permanently. It lacks the vision and the nerve. It merely serves to inflame and irritate until its blunders and corruption force an appeal to the sword. It magnifies selfishness and puts a premium upon pelf—at the expense of the race. It plays with gigantic stakes and it always loses, for the pawns it casts upon the boards of destiny are not its own. Its lavish hand belongs to the spendthrift and the wastrel.

In September, 1796, the venerable Washington "viewed with alarm" the growing tendency to divide the country into hostile political camps. In the period from 1820 to 1860 his fears were singularly realized and the country plunged into a Sargasso Sea of sluggish incompetency. For forty years we wallowed in the mire of selfish indifference and hailed with delight every sacrifice, however costly, that was laid upon that dazzling altar of politics—expediency.

The orators had hardly settled down to the business of twisting the tail of the British lion in earnest, when "the issue" emerged. It had reared its head in the Constitutional Convention, but had been postponed until 1808. When that year arrived, other matters were agitating the public mind (and pocket-book!) and it seems to have lain fallow until the end of the War of 1812.

Jefferson had once tried to settle it for all time, with that amazing gift for seeing into the future which he exhibited at times. When the Ordinance of 1787 was before the Continental Congress, the said ordinance pro-

viding for the government of the Western lands ceded to the central government by the respective states, he attempted to insert a clause forever prohibiting slavery in this territory.

It should be kept in mind that this territory embraced land both North and South—in fact, all of the land not embraced within the original thirteen states. The clause prohibiting slavery failed through default and not through any particular opposition to it at the time. Several of the states were not represented when the vote was taken, and a change of a single vote in two of the delegations would have caused its adoption. Only three of the states voted against it. Jefferson wrote to his French friend, DeMeusnier: "The voice of a single individual would have prevented this abominable crime from spreading over half of the new country. Thus we see the fate of millions unborn hanging on the tongue of one man, and heaven was silent in that awful moment!" Just one vote might have prevented the Civil War!

The slavery question came to the front again in 1820. New states across the Mississippi were knocking at the doors of Congress seeking admission to the Union. Slavery was in practice among the inhabitants of Missouri, which was seeking admission. The proposal was made to prohibit slavery in Missouri. Instantly, it met with the approval of the anti-slave states in the North. It was resisted by the slave states of the South.

There were long and angry debates on the floors of Congress. The orators were arrayed on the sides of the issue which appealed to them. Since the Congressional Record enjoyed a wide circulation throughout the country, the debate was quickly scattered, as water scatters an oil fire, into every corner of the land.

And then Henry Clay, at the head of a joint commit-

tee in Congress, came forward with a measure which has come down in history as the Missouri Compromise. Clay, young, ambitious, popular—wishing to retain that popularity.

Briefly, the famous proposal provided for the admission of Missouri as a slave state; the rest of the Louisiana Purchase was to be divided by a line through the parallel of thirty-six degrees and thirty minutes; states admitted south of that line were to be admitted with or without slavery, as they desired; states north of that line were forever prohibited from the adoption of slavery.

This compromise was hailed far and wide as a great victory, each side apparently satisfied. Clay's popularity was more unbounded than ever and the country was lulled into a sense of false security—that slavery as an issue had been settled forever. But it was only the lull before the storm that was to gather. It proved to be merely an expedient, a snatching up of the firebrand and tossing it from hand to hand, and from year to year, into the lap of posterity. It really settled nothing; it could not settle the question.

The bitterness of the debates in Congress and on the platform had gotten in their deadly work. It had sown the seed that was bound to mature. There was no escaping the inevitable consequences.

In the meantime, in 1821, out of the state of Tennessee, had come a preacher, preaching his way across that state, across Kentucky, into the free soil of Ohio. The burden of his message was that human slavery was a sin and should be uprooted and cast out, if the nation were to escape the penalties of its wrongful acts.

He was the Rev. John T. Rankin, and he settled at the thriving town of Ripley, on the north bank of the

Ohio. He was the real founder of the Abolitionists, and he continued to urge his cause and to aid and abet it with a tenacity that amounted almost to fanaticism.

His small, squarish, brick house, frowning on its high bluff upon the Kentucky hills, became as a fortress. It served as the first station in an "underground railway," and how many hundred blacks were frisked through it to the Canadian border will never be known.

Rankin gathered around him quite a group of people who were minded as he was. The singular part of it is that most of them came from slave states; many, like Senator Alexander Campbell, freeing their slaves as they came. And in a short time Ripley became known as the very center of the anti-slavery movement.

Again seed had been sown which was to bear a stormy, but definite fruit. The Missouri Compromise had not settled the question, for, as one sage has observed, "No question is ever settled until it is settled right."

In the meantime, the orators were finding much grist for their mills. Other minor issues had come to the front and they were working overtime trying to breathe into them a more permanent life than they deserved. Only one of them has survived, and it did not really come to the fore until after the Civil War was settled. That was the question of the tariff.

Henry Clay was the father of the protective tariff idea. It is said that he wished to foster American manufacture. Some of his enemies have pointed out that he was specifically interested in certain manufacturing establishments in Kentucky which were unable to compete with foreign concerns.

However that may be, the fact remains that the protective tariff idea was first adopted with little serious opposition. This was due to the fact that there was at the

time really only one political party—the party of Jefferson, Madison and Monroe—the Democratic-Republican. It should be kept in mind that Henry Clay and John C. Calhoun, even Webster, were all members after a fashion, of the same party, originally. Clay and Calhoun were especially close together, but they split over the tariff.

At first, Calhoun was for the idea and ably supported it in Congress. He did so because he thought it would operate to the distinct advantage of the South. But hardly had the law become operative than it was soon apparent that it would not especially aid the South. It benefited manufacturing centers particularly and there was a marked shift in the center of wealth and prosperity from the rural South to the urban North. Calhoun's alarm increased almost hourly and it was not long before he was straining at the leashes, pouring forth his voice in protest.

He was unable to bring about its repeal, to undo the work he had helped do so well. Those who were benefiting were in the majority and they turned a deaf ear to his cries.

It was then that he came forward with his famous theory of nullification—the theory that a state had the right to nullify, or render ineffective, the operation of a Federal law which she did not sanction within her borders.

Some laid it to the man's unholy ambition; others to his sincere desire to extricate the South from a painful position which must end, as he saw it, in her economic ruin.

Again the orators. Indeed, the orators were at the high tide of their day in American history. There were cries of disunion, charges of treason, and all of the

bitterness which had characterized the debates over the Missouri Compromise leaped forth in even greater intensity. It will be observed that once more the issue was drawn along sectional lines.

The most charitable thing that can be said for Calhoun's theory is that he had laid his great, deadly mind —and it was a deadly mind—to the task of trying to find a *constitutional* manner in which to protect the property and rights of a helpless minority.

The debate did not end until passion had reached incredible lengths. South Carolina threatened to withdraw from the Union. It is said that partisans of Calhoun, in control of the state, were even in session with that end in view when he hastened there as fast as he could travel to prevent such hasty and ill-advised action.

On the other hand, there were demands to try Calhoun for treason. Andrew Jackson was President of the United States, and while the peppery old President might not understand all of the ramifications of a logical mind such as Calhoun possessed, he thought he understood treason when he saw it. And he dealt with the matter in characteristic fashion.

There was no racking the brain or seeking the politician's kit for an expedient. Jackson let it be known in no uncertain terms that any attempt to withdraw from the Union would be met with stern measures. Everyone in the country knew exactly what Jackson meant! And the matter was hushed suddenly and effectively.

But Jackson had a wary eye open. He was merely on guard, for he wrote to a friend in the South:

"I have had a laborious task here, but nullification is dead, and its actors and courtiers will only be remembered by the people to be execrated for their wicked designs to sever and destroy the only good government on

the globe, and that prosperity and happiness we enjoy over every other portion of the world. Haman's gallows ought to be the fate of all such ambitious men who would involve the country in a civil war, and all the evils in its train, that they might reign and ride on its whirlpools and direct the storm. The free people of the United States have spoken and consigned these wicked demagogues to their doom. Take care of your nullifiers you have among you. Let them meet the indignant frowns of every man who loves his country. The tariff, it is now well known, was a mere pretext. Its burdens were on your coarse woolens; by the law of July, 1832, coarse woolens was reduced to five per cent for the benefit of the South. Mr. Clay's bill takes it up, and closes it with woolens at fifty per cent, reduces it gradually down to twenty per cent, and there it is to remain, and Mr. Calhoun and all the nullifiers agree to the principle. The cash duty and the home valuation will be equal to fifteen per cent more, and after the year 1842 you will pay on coarse woolens thirty-five per cent. If this is not protection, I cannot understand it. Therefore, the tariff was only the pretext, and disunion and a Southern confederacy the real object. *The next pretext will be the negro or the slavery question.*"

While Calhoun promulgated the theory of nullification and defended it with great skill; while he seemed determined at one time to use every method possible to bring it about, he continued to voice in no uncertain terms his love for the Union and his adherence to it. He seemed to think that only through such a doctrine could the Union be maintained and preserved. His enemies, of course, gave him no credit for such a desire.

In the last speech of his career, delivered in the Senate less than a month before his death, he closed with these

words: "I have now, Senators, done my duty in expressing my opinions fully, freely, and candidly on this solemn occasion. In doing so I have been governed by the motives which have governed me in all the stages of the agitation of the slavery question since its commencement. I have exerted myself during the whole period to arrest it, with the intention of saving the Union if it could be done; and if it could not, to save the section in which it has pleased Providence to cast my lot, and which I sincerely believe has justice and the Constitution on its side. Having faithfully done my duty to the best of my ability, both to the Union and to my section, throughout this agitation, I shall have the consolation, let what will come, that I am free from all responsibility."

In a letter written in 1830 to Virgil Maxey, he said: "If I really believed that civil discord, revolution or disunion would follow from the measures contemplated, I would not hesitate, devoted to our system of government as I am, to throw myself in the current with the view to arrest it at every hazard; but believing that the state, while she is struggling to preserve her reserved powers, is acting with devoted loyalty to the Union, no earthly consideration would induce me to do an act or utter a sentiment which would cast an imputation on her motives. . . ." He then boldly admits that the charge which Jackson made in the letter quoted above was true, namely, that the tariff issue was but a pretext and prelude to the main struggle to come later.

It is said that the only regret Andrew Jackson carried to the grave with him, for all of the turmoil of his stormy career, was that he did not hang John C. Calhoun for treason!

In the meantime, Daniel Webster was thundering his sonorous phrases in the halls of Congress and elsewhere

on the issue of the hour. His "Reply to Hayne" is probably the most famous of all the forensic endeavors made during all that period on the slavery issue. It is famous mainly for the reason that he exposed the absurdity of nullification and clearly demonstrated that it would lead to war and disunion—a point which all of the supporters of that theory stoutly denied.

In this speech, which occupies more than one hundred closely printed pages, he demands: "Whose prerogative is it to decide on the constitutionality of the laws? On that the main debate hinges. The proposition that, in case of a supposed violation of the Constitution by Congress, the states have a constitutional right to interfere and annul the law of Congress, is the proposition of the gentleman; I do not admit it. If the gentleman had intended no more than to assert the right of revolution for justifiable cause, he would have said only what all agree to. But I cannot conceive that there can be a middle course between submission to the laws, when regularly pronounced constitutional, on the one hand, and open resistance, which is revolution or rebellion, on the other. I say the right of a state to annul a law of Congress cannot be maintained but on the ground of the inalienable right of man to resist oppression; that is to say, upon the ground of revolution. I admit that there is an ultimate violent remedy above the Constitution and in defiance of the Constitution, which may be resorted to when a revolution is to be justified. But I do not admit that under the Constitution, and in conformity with it, there is any mode in which a state government, as a member of the Union, can interfere and stop the progress of the general government, by force of her own laws, under any circumstances whatever."

It was in that effort that Webster gained, perhaps, his

most lasting fame. His set speeches, as at Bunker Hill and Plymouth Rock, were possibly the most polished; but his "Reply to Hayne" struck a national chord that echoed throughout the whole land. His popularity was never at a higher pitch thereafter; he had answered the nullifiers, and everyone felt that the answer had been conclusive. He had pointed out to them that their course lay in just one direction—namely, revolution and disunion. And he drew tight the issue so well that they were not able, in spite of nearly thirty years of effort, to find any other way out of it.

The slavery question was, indeed, to be the next rallying point for the followers of the nullifiers. But, in the meantime, there were to be other expressions of it before the main issue was to be joined once more.

The Texas question came to the front. Texas, largely under the leadership of Americans, had rebelled against the authority of Mexico and set up an independent government. This eventually resulted in our going to war with that country, for our acceptance of Texas made us her protector against the world.

The United States of America never engaged in a more disgraceful contest than in the Mexican War. General Grant, who served under General Taylor in that struggle, called it "an unholy war." If ever such was fought by the United States, it most certainly was the Mexican War. Abraham Lincoln, and others, openly charged that the quarrel was provoked with Mexico for no other purpose than to extend slave territory, under the terms of the Missouri Compromise, *by conquest.*

Our soldiers, under Taylor and Scott, performed brilliant military campaigns—that is not the real point. It is that the government of the United States ordered its army into the territory of a neighbor and engaged in

warlike acts, at the time unknown to the people of the United States, for no other purpose than to provoke hostilities and lend a semblance of honor to the declaration of war which later followed. It must be remembered that several battles and skirmishes were fought before war was actually declared. Then, the declaration of war read that war *existed* between the belligerents!

This apparent conspiracy in high places in the United States government furnished much ammunition for the opposition orators throughout the country, and is one of the reasons why James K. Polk was not renominated for another term, in spite of the fact that he had concluded a successful war during his administration.

The consternation of the administration may well be imagined when it made the rather belated discovery that General Taylor was a Whig in politics, rather than a Democrat. General Scott, a pronounced Whig and known to be ambitious for the White House, although general of the armies, had been detained in Washington by orders from the administration for fear he would win a popular esteem that would in time gratify his ambition. When it was discovered that Taylor was also a Whig, and as a result of his victories was winning universal popular acclaim, Scott was hurriedly unleashed and sent into Mexico in the hope that he would cut down Taylor's reputation.

Domineering and testy old Winfield Scott lived up to just the expectations the administration had for him. He visited Taylor, "assumed command," and promptly stripped Taylor of most of his army, taking it with him to Vera Cruz for his grand campaign against Mexico City. But both Scott and his political friends in Washington reckoned without their host. Nothing could kill the popularity of Taylor with the rank and file. That

doughty old soldier kept his counsel, waited for meagre reinforcements and went forward to new victories that completely overshadowed, in popular estimation, the brilliant achievements of Scott.

And so Taylor came to the White House. His sojourn there was not to be long. California came forward with an appeal for admission to the Union. It came with a provision in the Constitution which it had adopted prohibiting slavery within its borders.

Instantly, all of the bitter passion of the old sectional feuds leaped to the fore. The debates in Congress, and throughout the country, threatened the very stability of the government itself.

It was contended that the Missouri Compromise applied and that the people of California could not exclude slavery. The adherents of the anti-slavery program insisted that the Missouri Compromise applied only to the Louisiana Purchase, and furthermore that that law, if applicable, could apply only to a part of the state. Thus, the issue was drawn.

All the old bitterness was engendered, multiplied by the passage of a generation. There was also the increasing uneasiness on the part of the South for the increasing power of the Abolitionists in the North. The South contended that increased agitation of the slavery question was but an invitation to the slaves to rise in rebellion and put down their masters; that it was nothing short of an incitement to their murder—the murder of their wives and children. Feeling was extremely bitter.

When the struggle was just getting under way, John C. Calhoun passed away, almost his last words lamenting that he must go "when my poor South needs me the most." He felt that if he could speak but for another

hour in the Senate he could do better than he had on any other occasion in his whole life.

Before the issue was decided, President Taylor died suddenly. He had become careless, it seems. He exposed himself at Washington Monument for several hours on a hot July afternoon, listening to speeches (it was the age of oratory) and returning to the White House ate liberally of ripe cherries and drank several great draughts of iced milk. When he breathed his last, he whispered, "My only regret is for the friends I must leave behind me. I have only tried to do my duty."

Then, in a short time, Henry Clay came forward with the last of his great compromises. He had been appointed chairman of a committee of thirteen to settle the question and save the Union.

His Omnibus Bill, called the Compromise of 1850, provided: First, that California was to be admitted as a free state; second, new states not to exceed four were to be formed out of the territory of Texas and the people were to have the right to include or reject slavery as they determined; third, New Mexico and Utah were to be organized as territories without conditions as to slavery; fourth, a boundary between Texas and New Mexico was to be established and the latter was to be paid ten million dollars out of the national treasury; fifth, a more rigorous fugitive slave law was to be enacted; sixth, slavery was to be abolished in the District of Columbia.

It was not until the eighteenth of September that the final clause of the Compromise was finally adopted. It was almost entirely due to the genius in debate of Henry Clay that the measure was carried and the Union rescued once more from the shoals which threatened to destroy it.

It was to postpone for ten years the final issue. The country was not yet ready. The man had not arrived who had the courage to draw the issue tight on the basis of common morality; who could clothe it in words so simple that every person could understand it; who would not stoop to expedients that tampered with the moral fibre of the nation. The country could afford to congratulate itself, to give the last enthusiastic round of applause to the Old Prince, as he bade his final adieu to the Senate of the United States and departed for his beloved Ashland, in the midst of Kentucky's fairest blue-grass region.

Clay's failure to reach the coveted ambition of his heart, the presidency, is one of the things at which many casual students of history continually marvel. He was able to win every prize he ever sought save the one he valued the most. And his following throughout the nation was the greatest any man had enjoyed in political life up to that time.

Call it Fate or Chance or Destiny—what you will—but some men seem to be pursued by a sinister influence which thwarts their ambition and blocks their way to the reward which they often seem richly to deserve. Sometimes it is the things that men do that damn them; again, the things they don't do. And the more they seem to deserve better of life, the harder it is to reconcile ourselves to that which overtakes them. But in the end principle rules.

It rules our destiny as surely as the stars reflect their promise of life. It is the first and final test of a man; it touches him and as he receives the mark so he stands before the world through all time. It cannot be dodged, shirked, avoided. It rises up out of the path we all must tread, whether we be in the heights or depths of human existence. And a man is great in proportion to his ability

to recognize principle and stand for it, regardless of consequences. Sometimes the mere willingness to stand for it, or stand aside for it, is all that is seemingly required. This means, in the end, the ability to value self for its rightful worth. To put self forward, or to seem to put it forward, is fatal.

Henry Clay was not a coward, nor lacking in boldness, yet there was a strange reflex in his character which, every time the presidency was within grasp, caused him to hesitate, to temporize, to stumble—to seem to sacrifice his life-long principles in his anxiety for the prize—and to lose all. I would not say that in the pinches Henry Clay was unprincipled, but he did things which, at the time, seemed to indicate that he was, and this was just as fatal. Only history and time have disproved the assertion that he was a "trimmer." But he did lack the clearness of purpose and the boldness on these occasions so noticeable at other times.

There was in the pinches, that noticeable nervousness to advance self, to realize ambition, to temporize with principles to such an extent that people became suspicious of him and enough turned away to destroy his chances of success. Henry Clay's career is a living example of the old adage, "He who hesitates is lost."

He said, "I would rather be right than be President," but even in the saying of that he was merely playing politics!

In October, Daniel Webster breathed his last at his home in Marshfield. He, too, had dreamed mighty dreams and sought to win them through the power of debate and eloquence. But he had earned the end that his great colleagues in debate had earned. Three greater names in parliamentary history in the United States do not exist than those of Calhoun, Clay and Webster. And

all three died in disappointment. All three started with the most brilliant promise possible, and died almost as they had lived, locked in each other's horns.

In the meantime, another star was beginning to rise in the West. A little man, about five feet four inches in height, strongly formed and carrying an enormous head on well-developed shoulders. A man of much pride in his person and confident of his ability to reach the prize others as justly famed had missed.

His name was Stephen A. Douglas and he was senator from Illinois. He brought forward a new principle in the slavery discussion, which was henceforth to be known as "squatter sovereignty." Who had a better right to decide the question of slave or free states than the people of the states themselves, he argued. Why all this bothersome agitation of the nation? Why not refer the contest back to the states themselves and rid the nation of this dangerous pastime of sectional strife?

What could be more plausible? What could be more ingenious? And what was better calculated to increase the fame and brighten the future prospects of one Stephen A. Douglas than this? Nothing, it seemed until another form began to loom out of the West, a tall, lanky, somewhat uncouth form that was to cross the path of Douglas himself and dispute the way with him on his own ground.

The immediate occasion of the further agitation of the main issue before the country was the bill which Douglas introduced into the Senate concerning the organization of the territories of Nebraska and Kansas, henceforth known in history as the Nebraska-Kansas bill. Its chief provision was that in the formation of their territorial governments, as a preliminary to admission to

the Union, the people of the states should *decide for themselves* whether they would be free or slave.

Inasmuch as the territories of Kansas and Nebraska were both north of the line established by the Missouri Compromise, the passage of this act amounted to a repeal of that measure.

One may well imagine the furore that this proposal caused throughout the North. Again, impassioned oratory leaped to the platform and aroused the smouldering fires of sectional hatred, lately made more intense in the North by the publication of Mrs. Stowe's novel, "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

In spite of the clamor, in spite of the noise, the bill was passed in Congress and became a part of the law of the land. Like all *expedients* it did not settle the question before the country at all. It merely transferred it from the halls of Congress to the states in question. What seemed such a happy solution on the face of the original proposal, when examined more closely was seen to reveal, as do the backs of Chinese gods, serious flaws which were not at first apparent.

There was a race for Kansas. A race on the part of the slave-holders of adjoining Missouri; a race on the part of the Abolitionists and fanatics who believed slavery to be a moral sin—to rescue the state according to their lights.

When I went to Osawatomie to visit the cabin home of John Brown, following the low-flung ridge of hills sixty miles to the southwest of Kansas City, it was not hard to visualize that country in the grim fifties, when the fate of Kansas hung in the balance.

One saw Captain John Brown coming on horseback from the far-away Adirondacks, creeping a few miles each day, but with a grimness in his massive head that

brooked no turning back. One saw him leaving wife and family behind "to lend a hand" wherever there was a chance, oftentimes forlorn, of striking a blow for freedom. At the same time, the anti-slavery men came from all over the North with their rifles, their Bibles, and their wagons to save the state for freedom.

Kansas was then the scene of incredible murder and rapine, of violence and disorder hard to visualize now. John Brown had his share in fanning the flames. He was not of the temperament that pours oil on the troubled waters. No man, consumed by an unholy zeal for a righteous cause as he was, would hesitate to crush "the devil" in whatever guise he appeared.

Brown and his adherents eventually succeeded in "saving" Kansas from the fate of becoming a slave state. They were, however, now thoroughly aroused and the feeling grew in the minds of many of the more radical Abolitionists that nothing short of blood could redeem the nation from the national crime of slavery. In the meantime, John Brown passed through the North and into Canada, a bold scheme taking shape in his fevered brain.

In the elections of 1856, a new political party made its bow before the electorate of the nation. It was the Republican Party, offering John C. Fremont as its candidate and declaring against the futher extension of slavery. The Democratic Party nominated James Buchanan of Pennsylvania, a politician reared in that stifling atmosphere of expediency. A numbed and nervous old man, fidgety and flighty over the wrangles that later took place at his cabinet table, trying to calm and pacify all with his latest importation of Scotch liquor—quite helpless withal.

Abraham Lincoln, an obscure lawyer and one-time

congressman from Illinois, had been doing a great deal of thinking on the question before the country. He was aroused out of his comparative indifference by the Nebraska-Kansas bill. He saw in it phases which appealed to his political sense as being unworthy, and he succeeded in luring Stephen A. Douglas into a series of joint debates which have passed into history as the high-water mark in oratorical endeavor in the United States. Indeed, in one sense, they may be said to close the "age of oratory" in this country, for they have never been surpassed.

Lincoln's success in that contest was due to his ability to swing the debate as hinging on the issue of right and wrong so effectively that Douglas, for all of his mental agility, was unable to escape it.

At Alton, he said: "The real issue in this controversy —the one pressing upon every mind—is the sentiment on the part of one class that looks upon the institution of slavery as a wrong, and of another class that does not look upon it as a wrong. The sentiment that contemplates the institution of slavery in this country as a wrong is the sentiment of the Republican Party. It is the sentiment around which all of their actions, all their arguments, circle; from which all their propositions radiate. They look upon it as being a moral, social and political wrong; and while they contemplate it as such they nevertheless have due regard for its actual existence among us, and the difficulties of getting rid of it in any satisfactory way, and to all the constitutional obligations thrown about it. Yet having a due regard for these, they desire a policy in regard to it that looks to its not creating any more danger. They insist that it, as far as may be, be treated as a wrong, and one of the methods of treating it as a wrong is to make provision that it shall grow no larger.

"That is the real issue. That is the issue that will con-

tinue in this country when these poor tongues of Judge Douglas and myself shall be silent. It is the eternal struggle between these two principles—right and wrong—throughout the world. They are the two principles that have stood face to face from the beginning of time, and will ever continue to struggle. The one is the common right of humanity, and the other the divine right of kings. It is the same principle in whatever shape it develops itself. It is the same spirit that says: 'You toil and work and earn bread and I'll eat it.' No matter in what shape it comes, whether from the mouth of a king who seeks to bestride the people of his own nation and live by the fruit of their labor, or from one race of men as an apology for enslaving another race, it is the same tyrannical principle."

In the debate at Ottawa, he said: "Judge Douglas is going back to the era of our Revolution, and, to the extent of his ability, muzzling the cannon which thunders its annual joyous return. When he invites any people, willing to have slavery, to establish it, he is blowing out the moral lights around us. When he says he 'cares not whether slavery is voted down or voted up'—that it is a sacred right of self-government—he is, in my judgment, penetrating the human soul, and eradicating the light of reason and the love of liberty in this American people."

Consider the power of the man, obscure though he was before these contests with the foremost figure of the day brought him forward, in this statement to the people of the South, in the gathering storm of secession: "Physically speaking, we cannot separate. We cannot remove our respective sections from each other, nor build an impassable wall between them. A husband and a wife may be divorced, and go out of the presence and beyond the reach of each other; but the different parts of our coun-

try cannot do this. They cannot but remain face to face, and intercourse, either amicable or hostile, must continue between them. Is it possible, then, to make that intercourse more advantageous or more satisfactory after separation than before? Can aliens make treaties easier than friends can make laws? Can treaties be more faithfully enforced than laws can among friends? Suppose you go to war, you cannot fight always; and when, after much loss on both sides, and no gain on either, you cease fighting, the identical old questions as to terms of intercourse are again upon you."

The real foresight of the man, however, was displayed when he determined to sacrifice himself in the immediate contest if he could keep Douglas out of the White House two years later. His famous list of questions, which he forced Douglas to answer, served well the purpose; better in fact than Lincoln's disappointed advisers then realized. Douglas decided to insure the immediate prize and in doing so he angered his strong following in the South. The result was a split in the Democratic Party in 1860 which made the election of Douglas impossible.

The question which really decided the issue, two years in advance, is thus described by Andrew: "Lincoln keenly forced upon him the question whether under the Dred Scott decision any territory could possibly be kept free from slavery. 'If,' said he, 'Douglas answers yes, he can never be President; if no, Illinois will not again elect him senator.' Douglas replied in the affirmative, and, as his antagonist prophesied, became in the South a doomed man."

It was Old John Brown who really forced the issue and cut the Gordian knot which the politicians had been unable through forty years of fanning the air with words to unravel.

He had gone to Canada after his experiences in Kansas, and engaged in the visionary and extremely insane business of drawing up a form of government for a state which he hoped to erect *within the United States,* to be made up, so far as we can determine at this late date, from renegade whites and slaves which he hoped to free.

With the fanatic's well-known lust for strife, he felt that only through blood could the sins of the nation be wiped out, as he considered slavery to be a national sin. He proposed to seize the Federal arsenal at Harper's Ferry, use the arms stored there for the purpose of arming the slaves he expected to flock to his standard, escape to the mountain fastnesses of the South and there establish his visionary government.

His raid at Harper's Ferry was undertaken late in 1858. He succeeded in maintaining his position there for two days. In the gray dawn of the third day, Colonel Robert E. Lee with his company of marines, battered down the door of the engine room where the old man's forces had fled for refuge and took them prisoners. John Brown made an effort to die in the struggle that ensued, received some wounds, but they were not serious.

He was tried, convicted of high treason against the government of the United States, and sentenced to be executed by hanging. No execution in the history of the country ever caused such widespread excitement, *nor had such far-reaching effects.* Well did the canny old man remark when it was suggested that he plead insanity and save himself: "I am worth more to the cause *hung* than I am alive!"

When they led Old John Brown to the gallows in the gray dawn of December 2, 1859, he opened his eyes and looked upon the hills and dales round about, and said:

"This is indeed a beautiful country! I never had the pleasure of *seeing* it before!"

Even then the old man seems to smile at us mockingly out of the dim yesteryear. He gave utterance to an imperishable truth that morning, for there be millions of men in the fierce arena of contention and strife, who live their lives and have their day and come to the end, who never open their eyes, who never have time to see the beauty and harmony that is reflected on every side. Men who "never had the pleasure of *seeing* it before!"

It is a beautiful country about Osawatomie. One can gaze over the rippling prairies, on a clear day, into Missouri eighteen miles away. John Brown did it many times, but he did not *see* it! It is beautiful country in the Adirondacks at North Elba, where John Brown lived for many years, so beautiful that tens of thousands go each season to bask in its majestic scenery, but John Brown did not *see* it! And he almost missed the beauty of the country around Harper's Ferry and Charlestown.

The effect of his life and death cannot be minimized. His example constituted a terrible threat to the South, and doubtless his daring scheme did more than anything else to cause the secession of the Southern States a year and a half later. To the North, his "martyrdom" galvanized into life the slumbering hatred of slavery and drew tight the issue. Well did the unlettered and almost illiterate fanatic gage the worth of his life when he insisted on laying it down on the gallows! He bargained wisely with Fate.

The South, with growing apprehension and undue anxiety perhaps, had served notice that the election of Lincoln, whom it considered an enemy, would be the signal for withdrawal from the Union.

Lincoln was, of course, elected due to the split in the

Democratic Party. Before he could be inaugurated and take charge of the trust which had been reposed in his hands, the Southern States followed that course which Webster had pointed out was the only *lawful* one under the Constitution—namely, the inalienable right to rebel.

They withdrew from the Union and established their own government, patterned closely after that of the United States, under the designation of the Confederate States of America, the idea being that the states were to be sovereign and independent and joined merely in a loose confederation.

When Lincoln came to take up the duties that had been placed upon him, the hour was, indeed, black with dismal foreboding. He was forced to slip into Washington by a different route and under the cover of darkness.

There were alarms and rumors of war. The horizon presented the spectacle of gathering clouds. What the future might bring forth, none could say.

CHAPTER VII

Disunion and Reconstruction

THERE is the lull before the lowering clouds reveal the intensity of their mission. Then, the awful calm. Suddenly the expected breaks upon the startled country, more terrible now that it has come, because it was expected.

The recoil. The shudder. The anguish of the dark night. The struggle for the dawn that does not come. The clutching of loved ones in frenzied embrace!

Sumpter has been fired upon! The die has been cast! *Rebellion. War.* Grim, terrible, relentless war! Ah, the price of war . . . the dead who have fallen before its withering blasts . . . the innocents who have carried its heavy burdens . . . the mothers and wives who have gone down to their graves in bitterness and loneliness . . . the little children who have listened for a father's footstep and heard it not . . . orphans who have sunk into starvation's grave . . . families scattered . . . home nests despoiled . . . ruin.

Tear-stained faces pressed against the windows of cottage and palace . . . the beating of drums . . . the shrill whistle of the fife . . . the clarion bugles again. The awful cadence of the measured tramp of the feet of loved ones!

Ingersoll, who knew only too well whereof he spoke, has painted the only true picture of that hour. At Indianapolis, in 1876, before the Grand Army of the Republic, he said:

"The past rises before me, as it were, like a dream.

Again we are in the great struggle for national life. We hear the sounds of preparation—the music of boisterous drums—the silver voices of heroic bugles. We see thousands of assemblages, and hear the appeals of orators; we see the pale cheeks of women, and the flushed faces of men; and in those assemblages we see all the dead whose dust we have covered with flowers. We lose sight of them no more. We are with them when they enlist in the great army of freedom. We see them part with those they love. Some are walking for the last time in quiet, woody places, with the whisperings and the sweet vows of eternal love as they lingeringly part forever. Others are bending over cradles, kissing babes that are asleep. Some are receiving the blessings of old men. Some are parting with mothers who hold them and press them to their hearts again and again, and say nothing. And some are talking with wives, and endeavoring with brave words, spoken in the old tones, to drive from their hearts the awful fear. We see them part. We see the wife standing in the door with the babe in her arms—standing in the sunlight sobbing—at the turn in the road a hand waves —she answers by holding high in her loving arms the child. He is gone, and forever.

"We see them as they all march proudly away under the flaunting flags, keeping time to the grand, wild music of war—marching down the streets of the great cities—through the towns and across the prairies—down to the fields of glory, to do and to die for the eternal right.

"We go with them one and all. We are by their side on all the gory fields—in all the hospitals of pain—on all the weary marches. We stand guard with them in the wild storm and under the quiet stars. We are with them in the ravines running with blood—in the furrows of the old fields. We are with them between contending hosts,

unable to move, wild with thirst, the life ebbing slowly away among the withered leaves. We see them pierced by balls, torn with shells, in the trenches, by forts, and in the whirlwind of the charge, where men become iron, with nerves of steel.

"We are with them in the prison of hatred and famine; but human speech can never tell what they endured.

"We are at home when the news comes that they are dead. We see the maiden in the shadow of her first sorrow. We see the silver head of the old man bowed with the last grief.

"The past rises before us, and we see four millions of human beings governed by the lash—we see them bound hand and foot—we hear the strokes of cruel whips—we see the hounds tracking women through tangled swamps. We see babes sold from the breasts of mothers. Cruelty unspeakable! Outrage infinite!

"Four million bodies in chains—four million souls in fetters. All the sacred relations of wife, mother, father and child trampled beneath the brutal feet of might. All this was done under our own beautiful banner of the free.

"The past rises before us. We hear the roar and shriek of the bursting shell. The broken fetters fall. These heroes die. We look. Instead of slaves we see men and women and children. The wand of progress touches the auction block, the slave-pen, the whipping-post, and we see homes and residences and school houses and books, and where all was want and crime and cruelty and fear we see the faces of the free.

"These heroes are dead. They died for liberty—they died for us. They are at rest. They sleep in the land they made free, under the flag they rendered stainless, under the solemn pines, the sad hemlocks, the tearful willows, and the embracing vines. They sleep beneath the shad-

ows of the clouds, careless alike of sunshine or of storm, each in the windowless palace of Rest. Earth may run red with other wars—they are at peace. In the midst of battle, in the roar of conflict— they found the serenity of death. I have one sentiment for soldiers living and dead: Cheers for the living, tears for the dead."

The causes of the Civil War were economic rather than political, as is usually the case. The political phases are merely the acute stages of the underlying disorder, the stages which bring to a head the whole trouble and demand a solution.

The first great cause of the Civil War was a disagreement over the interpretation of the Constitution. It was a question, in the final analysis, of sovereignty under that document—whether the national government or the state governments were, in the end, supreme. The assertion of the right of state sovereignty struck at the very roots of the government itself.

Why should there be any desire to interpret the Constitution differently? The desire rooted in economic differences. First of all, there was the tariff agitation which had operated to the advantage of the North and East and against the South. There was the increased property value of the slave due to the perfection of the cotton gin, enabling slave labor to produce more marketable cotton at a greater profit. Since the cotton could be delivered to the market economically through the invention of the cotton gin, there was a desire to grow more cotton, which, in turn, increased the demand for slaves.

The continued agitation on the part of the North against slavery was bitterly resented in the South, even by those far-sighted Southerners who wished to see the institution destroyed. They considered this agitation as

nothing less than inciting the slaves to murder their white masters.

Another secondary cause was the lack of any considerable intercourse between the North and the South. This always leads to the development of prejudice and tends to feed sectional hatred. Those we do not know, we fear, hate, or despise. It is easy to work up prejudices against an unknown people.

The orators cannot escape their share of the blame! There will always be an unprincipled politician in our midst who is willing to stir up strife based on prejudice in order to reap the rewards of political office. He sows the wind and is willing to ride the whirlwind, if it only sweep him into the office he covets. There were plenty of these unprincipled partisans in the period immediately preceding the Civil War—plenty of them on either side!

The war got off to a bad start. Almost before the bewildered country knew it, an inexperienced, nondescript army of larking picnickers had blundered into Bull Run, and came panting back to Washington, torn, bleeding, wild-eyed, frenzied with fear.

In the meantime, General Grant was vainly trying to get a commission in St. Louis, later in Washington, finally to succeed to the command of a renegade regiment in Springfield. Alarm, speeches, talk, words, indecision, delay!

Pride in the South ran high. The government arsenals had been confiscated. Ordnance and powder were plentiful. Gay uniforms blossomed like the spring flowers. Chests were thumped; backs were straightened, shoulders squared. The Yankee was as good as licked! Parades, cheers, mirth, dancing.

McClellan and one disaster after another. The little general was possessed of superior talent as a stationary

engineer, so said Lincoln himself. Perhaps Lincoln was a bit resentful of the treatment that the parading general had accorded to him. It is known that McClellan kept Lincoln waiting in an anteroom for hours, then marched off to bed, refusing to *see* him! To those who protested, the troubled chieftain quietly observed, "See here, I'll hold McClellan's horse anytime if he will only give us victories!" Victories? Ah, that was the business of the hour.

Victories! If McClellan had only sensed the important point; if he had only gone about the business of getting them, what might the lustre of his fame have been these days? Instead of that, he stood on his dignity, fancied himself greater than the constitutional commander-in-chief of the armies and navies of the United States; "a great pride goeth before a fall," and missed the golden promise which his place awarded him, and slipped into that place occupied by the Man with a Grievance. He dug his own grave with the spurs of his conceit and it was deep enough in which to bury him.

Halleck, first general-in-chief. Glued to his chair—a swivel chair, history has it! Coming to the West to have a close-up of what was going on. Getting as near the hostilities as St. Louis and Cairo. Meddling with Grant and Sherman, meddling as a "paper general" is always prone to do. Issuing impertinent orders, annoying great men as a fox-terrier might, snapping at their heels. Riling the silent and taciturn Grant until, in his wrath, he vowed to resign. Sherman talks to him in the wee, small hours, counseling him against such unseemly action, finally gaining the reluctant consent of his chief to forget his choler.

Then, other nights, when William T. Sherman paws at the air and swings his fists vehemently at the ghostly jaw of this self-same Halleck. Vowing to quit on the spot and

go back to his street railway in St. Louis. Damning and letting-the-devil-take-the-hindmost! Getting red in the face and really funny to watch, now that the shoe was on the other foot. So thought Grant, at any rate. And Grant quietly, with his tongue in his cheek, talked his friend out of resigning, perhaps borrowing some of his reasons second-hand and using them with telling emphasis. Sherman saved!

Grant and Sherman saved to each other! The one quiet, taciturn, reluctant to talk because he had been laughed at in his youth for his visionary dreams. Silent throughout maturity because he was really sensitive of criticism and finding that when a man holds a civil tongue in his cheek the world, for some reason, fancies that he holds more wisdom than the average run.

Sherman, outspoken, curt, positive, profane, demonstrative. Determined in his opinions and bold in expressing them; holding a profound contempt amounting almost to fanaticism for politicians. Direct, forward, fiery. The exact opposite of Grant—an admirable counterpart to him. But to prove, when the responsibility of independent command was to rest upon his shoulders, that he was the greatest of American generals, because he was able to fight by a system of tactics personally contrary to his nature, and still win. A rough and tumble fighter by nature, who was to win, by flanking marches and manoeuvers, the most brilliant—and heart-breaking—campaign in American military annals.

Joe Hooker. Handsome, dashing Joe Hooker. Scheming from the first days of the war for a command; an office-seeker with an unquenchable thirst for place, worrying Lincoln until it must never cease to be a wonder that that shrewd judge of men finally preferred him. Hooker,

seeking place and not worrying much as to what he should do to give the country "victories" thereafter.

Hooker suddenly in command, after Burnsides' bloody failure at Fredericksburg—suddenly in command in Virginia, and then pulling the dunce's movement he did on the Rappahannock! Retreating from a strong position and taking up one much inferior—then permitting Stonewall Jackson to turn his flanks. Hooker, the proud!

Then, the race to Gettysburg. Lee has the North at his feet; Harrisburg quails, Philadelphia takes to its storm cellars, and New York, in characteristic fright, all but runs up the white flag. Then, the passing of Hooker on the eve of battle and the appointment of George G. Meade, miles from the scene, to the supreme command.

Meade was a fine looking, scholarly specimen. He looks well in the school histories, and upon his mounted charger in the public parks. He made a fine record for his limitations, and he, at least, did not blunder and suffer a staggering defeat, as had been the record of his predecessors. But he was near-sighted, so near-sighted that when he mounted the ridge at Gettysburg and attempted to make out the lay of the land, we couldn't see a thing. The whole business had to be translated to him by his staff, and the real commander, it should be said in fairness, the man who really won the field, was Hancock, surnamed the superb. But Hancock, too, had his off moments—notably when, years later, he was campaigning for the presidency and, in response to a demand as to his position on the tariff, convulsed the country with his retort: "In Pennsylvania, we consider the tariff a local issue!"

In the meantime, out of the West a new star had risen. "Unconditional Surrender" Grant. The man who had won the day at Forts Henry and Donelson. Who had met Johnston, Pemberton, Buckner, Bragg—the most

brilliant four in the Southern galaxy of stars—and vanquished them. The man who said little, whose silence was strangely prophetic of the victories the country—and the politicians—craved.

So, it was Grant. Grant who replaced Halleck as general-in-chief, with the rank of lieutenant-general, the highest rank which had been held in our army since Washington and Scott.

And he went to work, hammering—"fighting it out on this line if it takes all summer." Paying no attention to the levies of the politicians, the gold braid and the pomp. No time for reasons why it "can't be done"; patient searching for the one way to do it. Mindful not of criticism for once in his life, perplexed and busy with the problem before him. Beginning to sense the first stirrings of the real destiny that was in him. Giving up, as he later said, for the first time in his life the dream of moving to California and basking away his days under that magnificent climate!

The Wilderness. Cold Harbor. Petersburg. Appomattox!

"When I left camp that morning," he wrote, in his Memoirs, "I had not expected so soon the result that was then taking place, and consequently was in rough garb. I was without a sword, as I usually was when on horseback in the field, and wore a soldier's blouse for a coat, with the shoulder straps of my rank to indicate to the army who I was. When I went into the house I found General Lee. We greeted each other, and after shaking hands took our seats. I had my staff with me, a good portion of whom were in the room during the whole of the interview.

"What General Lee's feelings were I do not know. As he was a man of much dignity, with an impassive face, it

was impossible to say whether he felt inwardly glad that the end had finally come, or felt sad over the result, and was too manly to show it. Whatever his feelings, they were entirely concealed from my observation; but my own feelings, which had been quite jubilant on the receipt of his letter, were sad and depressed. I felt like anything rather than rejoicing at the downfall of a foe who had fought so long and valiantly, and had suffered so much for a cause, though that cause was, I believe, one of the worst for which a people ever fought, and one for which there was not the least excuse. I do not question, however, the sincerity of the great mass of those who opposed us.

"General Lee was dressed in a full uniform which was entirely new, and was wearing a sword of considerable value, very likely the sword which had been presented by the State of Virginia; at all events, it was an entirely different sword from the one that would ordinarily be worn in the field. In my rough traveling suit, the uniform of a private with the straps of a lieutenant-general, I must have contrasted very strangely with a man so handsomely dressed, six feet high and of faultless form. But this was not a matter that I thought of until afterward.

"We soon fell into a conversation about old army times. He remarked that he remembered me very well in the old army; and I told him that as a matter of course I remembered him perfectly, but from the difference in our rank and years (there being about sixteen years' difference in our ages), I had thought it very likely that I had not attracted his attention sufficiently to be remembered by him after such a long interval. Our conversation grew so pleasant that I almost forgot the object of our meeting. After the conversation had run on in this style for some time, General Lee called my attention to the object

of our meeting, and said that he had asked for this interview for the purpose of getting from me the terms I proposed to give his army. I said that I meant merely that his army should lay down their arms, not to take them up again during the continuance of the war unless duly and properly exchanged. He said that he had so understood my letter.

"Then we gradually fell off again into conversation about matters foreign to the subject which had brought us together. This continued for some little time when General Lee again interrupted the course of the conversation by suggesting that the terms I proposed to give his army ought to be written out. I called to General Parker, secretary of my staff, for writing materials, and commenced writing out . . . the terms. . . .

"When I put my pen to the paper I did not know the first word that I should make use of in writing the terms. I only knew what was in my mind, and I wished to express it clearly, so that there could be no mistaking it. As I wrote on, the thought occurred to me that the officers had their own private horses and effects, which were important to them, but of no value to us; also that it would be an unnecessary humiliation to call upon them to deliver their side arms. . . .

"When he read over that part of the terms about the side arms, horses and private property of the officers, he remarked, with some feeling, I thought, that this would have a happy effect upon his army. . . ."

The next morning, there was another meeting between the two leaders, sitting on horseback, between the lines: " . . . I then suggested to General Lee that there was not another man in the Confederacy whose influence with the soldiery and the people was as great as his, and that if he would now advise the surrender of all the armies I

had no doubt his advice would be followed with alacrity. But Lee said, that he would not do that without consulting the President first. *I knew there was no use to urge him to do anything against his ideas of what was right.*"

If ever a tribute to the integrity of a leader was paid, it is in that last sentence! Little wonder that General Lee has come down to us revered alike by friend and foe; little wonder that all today do him honor!

The real tragedy of the whole settlement is that the terms as outlined by Grant and Lee were not accepted by the politicians. It was well enough, now that the issue had been settled, to let bygones be bygones. It was better to resume as if nothing had happened—better for the future relations of the nation, better to ignore rather than to prod the hurts of the past.

But that was not the way of the politicians. Thaddeus Stevens of Pennsylvania and Charles Sumner of Massachusetts, leaders of their respective houses of Congress, were not minded that way. Hate blossomed within their breasts and they were determined to grind the South down into the dust of defeat and humiliation.

The South was not entirely without blame. No truer words were ever spoken than those addressed to it by Lincoln, in the early days of the gathering storm, and mentioned before: "A husband and a wife may be divorced, and go out of the presence and beyond the reach of each other; but the different parts of our country cannot do this. They cannot but remain face to face, and intercourse, either amicable or hostile, must continue between them. Is it possible, then, to make that intercourse more advantageous and more satisfactory after separation than before? Can aliens make treaties easier than friends can make laws? Can treaties be more faithfully enforced than laws can among friends? Suppose you go

to war, you cannot fight always; and when, after much loss on both sides, and no gain on either, you cease fighting, the identical old questions as to terms of intercourse are again upon you." The country knew now the full force of the meaning of this prophetic statement.

It had been Lincoln's policy to look upon the Southern States as never having been outside the Union; indeed, that was the only view any sane constitutional lawyer could take of the matter. For, if they had been outside the Union, then there was an implied acknowledgment of the right, *de jure,* for a state to secede—a position which the whole North had denied and opposed with the force of its arms. Better to treat her as never having been outside the Union; better to ignore the questions that might precipitate unwholesome troubles in the future, than to keep alive the old sores and the old hatreds.

The congressional attitude, however, was directly opposed to this view and desired to treat the people of the South as conquered people. There was a determination to grind them into the dust in every way possible in order to humiliate their pride. The leaders in Congress who were active in this work, have already been mentioned.

These two men were responsible for the blackest page in American history up to this time—the so-called period of reconstruction. And they were admirably fitted personally for a campaign of hate, as both were intense haters of the South for personal reasons.

Stevens was popularly credited with the ownership of a powder mill which had earned him fabulous profits. General Lee destroyed it when he raided the North in his Gettysburg campaign. Charles Sumner, it will be remembered by close students of history, was flogged in Congress by a South Carolina congressman in the days before the war. He was an ill man for many years, and while he

recovered his health to some extent, he never outgrew his intense hatred for the South.

One of the unwisest, perhaps, of the acts which were adopted for the so-called reconstruction of the South, was the immediate enfranchisement of the Negroes and the insistence that they be given equal suffrage with the whites. This was contrary to nature and contrary to many of the suffrage laws in force in other states, some qualification upon the right to vote being in force in almost every state. But it was insisted that the Negro must have the vote without hindrance of any kind from the intelligent whites.

The result was the immediate elevation of the illiterate blacks to political power; in one state, at least, one of their race was lieutenant-governor. The legislatures in all of the Southern states were overrun with them. The carpet-bagger, white, renegade politicians who had gone South immediately to profit at the expense of the helpless states, was in the saddle supported by ignorant and unruly black voters.

These gangs of bandits proceeded to gut state treasuries and to burden the credit of states with bond issues which it would require many years to retire. They had designs not only upon the monetary rights of the South, but upon each and every right held sacred in all orderly societies. They attempted, in some instances at least, to appropriate the daughters of the South—and there they met with the outraged conscience of the manhood of the South. Conditions went from bad to worse, violence breaking out in many instances, until the intelligent whites in the South found a way to handle the matter in a characteristic fashion.

The Ku Klux Klan was organized for the purpose of keeping the Negro within bounds, ruling him largely through fear and superstition. He was frightened away

from the polls, and the power of the carpet-bagger was thereby to some extent, broken.

The real storm that had been gathering there, however, never had an opportunity to break. We know now that it was about to do so just as the assassin's bullet snuffed out the life of Abraham Lincoln. If Fate had been unkind to him all through his life; if she had heaped burdens grievous to be borne upon his shoulders; if she had snatched away all that life held dear to him; if she had pummeled him unmercifully—she was more than kind when she spared him until the victory was won and the whole North was at his feet. She let him win by two weeks and more than that would have been aftermath.

Lincoln's policy on reconstruction was in marked contrast to that of the vindictive leaders in Congress. It would have been a memorable and a disastrous fight, if the issue had ever been joined. What it might have led to no one can say. We do know that the leaders were girding themselves for the struggle, even this soon after the conclusion of the war. It is even doubtful, if Lincoln had lived, whether he would have retained much of the popularity he enjoyed in victory. The assassin's bullet snatched that popularity beyond recall of earthly jealousies and hatreds.

The Civil War settled the question of slavery for all time. The slaves were freed by executive proclamation and this executive pronouncement was later ratified by an amendment to the Constitution expressly prohibiting slavery within the United States. The success of our arms presumably settled also the question of States Rights, although we still hear it advanced on occasions, where the desire is to make the cloth fit the pattern.

It was the most destructive war, until the World War, in the history of the world, and the most destructive

within the history of the United States. It found the largest armies in the field, the fiercest struggles, the bloodiest losses, the greatest destruction of property, within continental United States.

In it the South pledged all in the contest and literally lost all. Her territory and her people were utterly laid waste and impoverished beyond recognition, so that it has taken her two generations to recover. Some portions of the South will never recover because it is not within their power to catch step with the measure of progress that now moves the world.

The differences in policy represented by the Lincoln view and the congressional view soon locked horns in the struggle between President Johnson and Congress. Johnson attempted to carry out the policies of Lincoln, but he was a less able tactician and administrator. His sympathies, after a fashion, were with the South, because he was himself of the South. But he had none of the tact and the ability to handle men that Lincoln had. When he dared to oppose Congress in its measures, he was promptly overridden and the bills were passed in spite of his veto. This led him to adopt retaliatory measures, and the two branches of the government were soon locked in a death-embrace.

The result was the impeachment of Johnson and his trial before the Senate of the United States. He was acquitted by the margin *of a single vote* and the nation saved from lasting disgrace—perhaps, anarchy.

The South was divided into military districts and soldiers were quartered there to enforce the will of Congress. The soldiers were there for the express purpose of seeing to it that the Negroes voted without molestation of the whites. Every method was taken to treat the people of the

South as a conquered people; to make them feel the iron heel of military despotism.

They were not entirely without blame. They passed restrictive laws which attempted, and eventually succeeded, in rendering the enfranchisement of the Negro null and void. They attempted, and for the most part succeeded, in accomplishing this in a constitutional manner. They adopted qualifications to the right of suffrage, perfectly within their rights as states, which disenfranchised large numbers of Negroes, who were as yet not ready for the vote, and which eventually allowed the intelligent whites to regain control of their local governments.

Time, and time only, could soothe the wounds caused by the titanic struggle. Time, the healer, was at work and soon his cures were to become apparent. Hate dies slowly. For many a day the hatreds engendered by the war were to be called up again. Some were to prolong their sufferings; others were to continue to ride the whirlwind—but in the end, Time corrects all inequalities!

CHAPTER VIII

The Sargasso Sea

IN one of the later campaigns General Sherman emphatically declared, when importuned to become a candidate for the presidency, that he would not accept the nomination if tendered, and would not serve if elected.

He felt that the surest way for a soldier to lose whatever reputation he might have gained was to place himself in the hands of the politicians. And no man ever hated the politicians more intensely nor more consistently over a longer period of time than Sherman!

The regrettable spectacle which his friend Grant had made in the White House, undoubtedly added much coloring to the picture for Sherman. There was perhaps a tinge of bitterness, too, that his old commander should have been so ill used.

There was another angle to it, which saddened some of Grant's real friends in the later days. That was the unquestioned effect of continual flattery upon one so modest, so honest, so substantial and earnest in the beginning. Ambition's unholy zeal, the "oil of fools in one's ears," the thrill of power and the reluctance to yield it at the end of the customary limitation—these all united to cause the Man of Appomattox to hesitate, like Caesar before the people, and to remain nervously silent in the face of precedent. And that silence was a gesture—a pathetic gesture—for a preference which a grateful, yet jealous, people could not grant him.

General Grant's administration marked the beginning

of the Sargasso Sea period in our national life. It was a time of sluggish indifference in many respects to the ideals and the purposes of the generations which had gone before.

Dishonesty in high places reared its head in defiance of popular opinion, for the first time in the history of the country. In many instances fraud and corruption were openly tracked to the doors of high governmental officials. Great scandals agitated the nation and the citizenry was shocked to the depths of its senses at the disclosures. Members of Congress were implicated by the wholesale and the astounded country rubbed its eyes in amazement, its confidence in the government all but shattered.

In municipal affairs even more astonishing conditions were to be disclosed. "Boss" Tweed of New York was openly to defy the people and sneeringly to tell them to mind their own business. As if honesty in high places was not distinctly the business of the ordinary citizen!

Cabinet officials were dismissed in disgrace and everywhere there was the slimy trail of corrupt administration. Carpet-bagger abuses were rampant in the South, and for a period soldiers were quartered in "military districts," there to enforce the will of Congress and to insure the votes of illiterate former slaves.

There was rampant speculation on every hand; industry was reaching after the arrested profits of the past; railroads were rushed westward with feverish anxiety; corporations were beginning to seek and enjoy special privileges. The stock exchange in New York was the scene of the quick making and quick losing of fabulous fortunes.

There was little to distinguish the administration. There was little it could do, in the welter of the times, to

distinguish itself. It suffered in the backwash of a great war, with its attendant violent disarrangements and corresponding violent readjustments. Tradesmen were wiped out overnight; the sheriff's padlock came, in time, to dangle from the doors of hordes of shops, stores and factories all over the land.

There was the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia, the first great "World's Fair" in this country—characterized chiefly by the first public exhibit of the telephone. There was the discovery of gold in the Black Hills, followed by the usual rush of people in response to the magnet of quick fortune. There were the Indian wars, signalized chiefly by Custer's massacre and the pronounced chill which it sent down the national spine. There was the romantic glamor of it, too—so great, in fact, that it has been a favorite theme of writers and scenarists to this day.

But the real index of the times was to be found on the frontiers. That great, open expanse of plain and prairie known as "The West" was then the scene of incredible rapine, pillage and murder. Lawlessness was in the saddle and a thousand border towns and mining camps from Deadwood to the Panhandle were in the grip of bandits, two-gun men and desperadoes of a type found only where primal instinct rules and man recognizes no right, no law, save that which he can assert and enforce himself.

The last frontier is fast slipping into the horizon of the past; indeed, the American frontier and all that it has implied in our imaginations and our history is no more. Gone are the treacherous Redskins, gone are the romantic, long-haired scouts, gone are the buffalo and the antelope—gone, alas, are the long caravans of covered wagons plodding into the setting sun!

There is a sort of melancholy for the past which

seems to linger in the hearts of all of us. All progress has in it the elements of a very great tragedy—faces and forms and frontiers pass into the yesteryear in spite of all that we can do about it.

And there is a melancholy, even, in the history of great upheavals and great movements. There is a mockery in fame, a feebleness in fame, that is disconcerting. Credit goes to a handful, and the unknown and nameless millions who have really made possible these tremendous changes have crept into "the tongueless silence of the dreamless dust."

No movement in the history of our times can quite compare with that which resulted in "the winning of the West." The whole history of the major movement can be comfortably crowded within the limits of one century, from beginning to end. It was, in its larger aspects, a mighty surging wave of humanity coming from the East into the West, land-hungry, home-hungry, liberty-hungry. There were setbacks and rebuffs, isolated battles and massacres and skirmishes, it is true, but in the main the change came about without the tumult and din of warfare. It was so universal and so spontaneous and so determined in its purpose that no opposition could long endure before it.

History fails in an effort adequately to interpret this or any similar movement for the reason that history's standards are inadequate. Cold and dispassionate as historians are supposed to be, they have succumbed under the lure of the dramatic and the theatrical; they have glorified a few names out of all proportion and have largely ignored the deeper and more underlying phases of that which they have attempted to portray.

Emerson Hough quite senses the point, when he writes: "Always it has been the frontier which has

allured many of our boldest souls. And always just back of the frontier, advancing, receding, crossing it this way and that, succeeding and failing, hoping and despairing —but steadily advancing in the net result, has come that portion of the population which is not content with a blanket for a bed and the sky for a roof above."

And, again: "The chief figure of the American West is not the long-haired, fringed-legging man riding a raw-boned pony, but the gaunt and sad-faced woman sitting on the front seat of the wagon, following her lord where he might lead, her face hidden in the same ragged sun-bonnet which had crossed the Appalachians and the Missouri long before. That was America, my brethren! There was the reed of America's wealth. There was the romance of all America—the woman in the sunbonnet."

The movement really reached its climax in the years immediately following the Civil War. While, in places, there were those represented by men content "with a blanket for a bed," who got much of the attention, they were not the real lime and phosphate which fertilized the national soil. While there were a few wild Bill Hicocks, there were literally hordes of solid, law-abiding families quietly pushing into the setting sun, who soon overran the country—and established law and order. They came for homes, not for pillage. Theirs was the way of law and order.

The election of 1876 was one of intense excitement and it served to keep open some of the old wounds which were so slowly healing. Rutherford B. Hayes was the Republican candidate and Samuel J. Tilden, the Democratic standard-bearer.

The whole campaign was fought under a combined slogan of all parties for "reform." The exposures in maladministration and corruption turned vast numbers of

the electorate away from the party in power. There was likewise an agitation over the monetary situation, where it was proposed to redeem the national legal tenders, or greenbacks, in gold. This was claimed to be unjust to the debtor class and great concern agitated the mass of people.

When the votes were counted, the startling discovery was made that no one had won, although both sides promptly claimed the victory. If the votes in the disputed states, which were apparently for Tilden, were counted for him, he would still be short of one vote of winning. And he lost by just that narrow a margin! A commission was appointed composed of five members from each house of Congress and five judges of the Supreme Court. It later turned out that eight of these men were Republicans and seven Democrats. They decided the issue strictly on partisan lines, and *two days* before inauguration date, Hayes was declared elected.

The pendulum of public opinion soon swung the other way and the turbulence of the former administration gave way to peace and quiet. But the administration was as undistinguished as its predecessor.

In the rotund eighties and the pinched Victorian nineties—the days of Garfield, Arthur, Harrison and Cleveland—the country lumbered on its way, suffering from growing-pains, cast-iron war memorial monuments at every cross-roads, regular recurring wavings of the "bloody shirt," agitation over the tariff, "the interests," monopoly and civil service reform.

There was, in a sense, a grim conformity in that era when tight-lacing and mutton-leg sleeves caricatured the charm of womanhood, and derby hats, flowing Prince Alberts, and drooping moustaches made every man brother to the scarecrow.

Dignity was the passion of the hour. It seared humanity with its blighting touch; it ruled fashion with an iron hand; and so great was the craze to approximate it that it became a fetish to squeeze all the comfort out of life, in that old, fanciful dream that in making folks miserable, in inflicting bodily discomfort on them, you somehow "saved" them!

And its handmaidens of crass pride, of glittering pomp and ostentation, of senseless lust for wealth, leer out at us on every hand. It was a time of great corruption in morals, in politics, in business; a time when one was careful to keep holy the Sabbath Day and suffered a fearful lapse of memory the remainder of the week! *Caveat emptor* ruled unchallenged in the market-places, rum was rampant, and the "bloody shirt" rallied prejudice unrestrained.

Eighteen Hundred and Ninety-Five was, for instance, the last long moan on the trumpet of an epoch. Most of the populace were digging its grave with its teeth and lapping up vast quantities of sarsaparilla, "bitters" and tonic each spring in a heroic effort to float the accumulated poisons of a winter's eating out of the system. Dietetics was something for sick folks; people were thankful to be ill because then they could eat poached eggs on toast!

Women dressed like Congo belles; that is, they put on all that they could get on. A woman would not be seen on the street with less than three petticoats and her skirts boasted an enormous flounce which could be wrapped around her limbs (no respectable woman ever knew she had a "leg" until along about 1912) whenever a wee mouse or a sudden gust of wind threatened her peace of mind. Her head was full of "rats," or wads of false hair; this she concealed, or thought she did, with her own

flowing tresses and she achieved marvelous architectural effects, somewhat on the Japanese motif. On top of this temple effect was perched, at a rakish angle, a Barbary pirate galley of a hat anchored in place by an assortment of hat-pins of varying length.

The hat-pins were important for another reason, for it was an age when no respectable woman would venture out in public without her hat-pins. They were as indispensable as her elbow-length gloves, her mitts, her veil and her package of cloves or peppermints. In coughing season, horehound drops replaced the latter. Diffused over the whole effect was the pungent stab of Cologne water; when the breeze sprang up and cleared the atmosphere a bit, one was conscious of the gentle scent of sachet powders and crushed rose leaves.

And no woman would venture into the outdoors without at least one veil. There were veils for every purpose just as there were gloves for every need. These ranged all the way from an asbestos drop curtain to simple portières.

To have seen the men then, was to have smiled gently, too. For one thing, there was the moustache. It was a very important accessory, for it gave the man something to do with his hands. The great question in the Nineties was not the tariff or the silver question. It was: "What to do with the hands?" And the moustache continued to supply the best answer until the cigarette habit became fixed.

The most popular moustache was the Texas long-horn model. It hung suspended from the lip under the nose and curled in ponderous ringlets, southeast and southwest of the point of the beginning. A man's confidence in facing his mirror each morning was in direct proportion to the length of his moustache. A nervous man was

likely to have a short moustache, while a man with a big, hundred-pound-boiler set of nerves always boasted a longer stroke to his piston displacement. He could contemplate life fearlessly.

The moustache was responsible for the moustache cup. This was an ordinary mug with a little shelf properly placed on the inside rim. This shelf supported the moustache on dry land while one drank with comfort and éclat. It was quite a matter of pride to be able to drink from a saucer without wetting the moustache.

The hats that men wore in those days are worthy of passing notice. The old brown derby! High of crown, stiff as a grasshopper in October, with small, curving rim, once ruled unchallenged. Large-headed, thick-necked men always wore these stiff, small-brimmed derbies. On the other hand, small-headed, slim-necked men emerged under enormous, broad-rimmed Stetsons which gave the effect of gigantic toadstools gently swaying in the breeze.

The ultra plus, however, of the hat world was the silk or "plug" hat. It is still seen in some remote corners of our life today. All orators, statesmen, undertakers, elderly bankers and patent-medicine men always wore "plug" hats. The most popular type was the stationary model, although some young fops went in for collapsing and folding types just to be eccentric. It was quite the last word to fold one's hat and place it nonchalantly in the tail pocket of one's Prince Albert. It was from this custom that the expression "sitting on the lid" doubtless arose!

The Prince Albert was the contribution of Mr. Albert of Windsor Castle to the Victorian Age. It was slow, decorous and pompous in tempo. It belonged distinctly to the beer-belly age. One has difficulty at this distance in deciding just why a prince needed one. Not so the ora-

tors and the politicians! For them, especially the platform artist, it settled the great question of what to do with the hands.

The speaker-of-the-day who did not appear in Prince Albert was a defeated man before he uttered one word. Gestures were the vital bone of contention in oratory then and the Prince Albert lent tone and color to gestures. The most common gesture of the distinguished speaker was that of pompously buttoning his Prince Albert over his manly bosom. The trick was to do it on the intake, as it were. Once safely buttoned, the audience was always duly warned of the impending peroration by the fact that the right hand innocently reposed between the buttons of the coat, only to flash out grandly at the proper moment to soothe or clench or wave, as the occasion might demand. Then, languidly, it soon unbuttoned the coat, the great man caught his breath with relief and moved again from Alpha to the attack of Omega. As he warmed to the chase, the coat was again deftly buttoned by a quick movement of the hand and the whole process repeated. The orator who did not accomplish this sequence of gestures twenty times in the course of the hour, considered that his speech was either a flat failure or that the county had gone to the Democrats.

A new personality emerged out of the fogs who was to do much to arouse the slumbering political morality of the times. He was a strange paradox of wealthy Easterner with free and democratic Western manners and ideals. He stood for righteousness in high places to a picturesque degree. He was not only a leader of leaders but a leader of the masses.

He sprang upon the national stage like a darling of Fate. From minor places in the structure of his party, he suddenly flashed before the country a national hero in

the old business of war-making. And out of all of the quick, efficient, yet blundering Spanish War business, he was the one figure to win any lasting fame. That was because of his inborn knack for doing the spectacular in a more spectacular way—in keeping himself before the country.

Nominated for governor of New York almost before his return to the soil of his native state, he was swept into office without serious opposition. And so great was his fame and the popularity of his name, that he was freely talked of for the presidency—much to the growing concern of McKinley and his party managers.

But we are ever cursed with faint-hearted men. They come to us from every station in life, with every sort of qualification and equipment for great things. The more they are drawn into the arena of life, however, the more they tip-toe, and whisper, and explain. The nearer they come to the lion's den, the louder their shouts, the less their progress, the more pronounced their sublime capacity for delay.

They see every obstacle, which they magnify and enlarge upon. When there are no obstacles worthy of impeding their progress toward the goal they openly or secretly fear, they commonly set themselves about the business of creating them. They push back upon the stream of life; their labor is not to purify it by opening up the Valley of Progress, but to dam it up with their own clotted fears and allow it to stagnate of its own corruption.

Now and then a man is unexpectedly pushed to the front out of this seething torrent. He has none of the fears, none of the craven-hearted will of the laggard leaders. He would move and open up the way. If life is a flood, he would ride the crest of the wave and glory in it! The

rumbles of the thunders of doubt, the flashes of the lightning of fright strike no terror to his heart.

Such a man always brings consternation to the strong of lip and the weak of will. They fear him in time more than they fear their fears; for the fear that someone else may overcome the obstacle that has downed them is a very real and potent thing. If he does this, then the utter sham of the whole business is opened up to the light of day, and the rabble goes off after the new leader.

Down him! Slay him! Crucify him! they have cried from the beginning of time. Arrest him! Imprison him! Shelve him! *Away with him!* But in spite of their throaty shouts, in spite of the din and curse and cry—now and then *the man* has ridden the rapids safely and surely until their hands could not touch and dared not defile him. The bigger the dam they build to stop him, the faster he shoots to the inevitable goal; the deeper the plot they lay for him, the more easily he avoids it; the harder he is cast down, the higher he re-bounds!

They sought to shelve Roosevelt by forcing him to accept the nomination for the vice-presidency in 1900. He was sent into the West in the ensuing campaign and at Denver proved his fighting courage and mettle when he faced a hostile audience. He had said, "I am for gold . . ." and pandemonium broke loose, for Colorado had been overwhelmingly in favor of free silver. For more than thirty minutes it was impossible for Roosevelt to continue. But he faced the audience calmly, with determination. At last, when it had exhausted itself, he doubled up his fists and said, through his clenched teeth, with that high-falsetto note of emphasis so characteristic: *"Just the same, I am for gold!"*

The courage and the spirit of the man completely won the audience and he was cheered to the echo and given

respectful attention. Henceforth, Denver and Colorado belonged to Roosevelt.

This was characteristic of the man. He was not only a fighter, but he succeeded in arousing the country on his side and in carrying a militant majority with him in most of his causes.

The vice-presidency proved, on the turn of the wheel of Fate, to be but a stepping-stone to the place the politicians had hoped to prevent him from ever reaching. And, in characteristic fashion. it was not to be used merely as a comfortable berth in which to enjoy the climax of a career. It was but a stepping-stone to greater service and usefulness, a tool to work even greater changes.

The country was treated to the most breath-taking ride down the dizzy gorge of national and international politics it had ever been its good fortune to witness. hardly a day for more than seven years passed but that something of front-page interest was reported to the people.

He was not a man to stand on the sidelines and watch the stream of life go by. He was too full of the zest of things not to be interested in every bit of action that was going on. Sometimes he rushed in where he was not needed—indeed, oftentimes not wanted—and insisted on making the affair his very own. He took blows in the same spirit that they were given and, at times, seemingly loved a fight for its own sake, with little thought of the consequences.

Such a man often develops quarrels, some unprofitable, and he is up to the hilt in action most of the time. He is the sort of man who arouses tremendous friendships on the one hand, and tremendous hatreds on the other. He is not the neutral man, nor does he inspire neutrality in those with whom he comes in contact. He is partisan

to a marked degree and has an amazing faith in his own position and in the sufficiency of his own efforts.

Of course, the real danger in such a man is that he often gets in his own way. A cup full to the brim is in constant danger of splashing over. Roosevelt was not an exception to the rule; he oftentimes "slopped over" and made a spectacle of himself because he had lost his sense of proportion. Again and again he demonstrated the truth of the proposition that first-class men should not indulge in second-class quarrels.

But it was an exciting spectacle while he remained on the stage. He busted trusts, hunted bear in the Louisiana canebrakes, fought the "malefactors of great wealth," dissolved the Standard Oil Company, called Harriman and sundry others "a liar," dubbed a whole school of naturalists "nature-fakirs," rushed off to Africa to hunt, bawled out the British in Egypt, reviewed the German army with the Kaiser, went to South America and came back with the "River of Doubt," split the party in 1912, and carped at the heels of Woodrow Wilson until the end.

He took our morally lax bureaus and literally shook the rottenness out of them. He made men in public office honest by fear or he used the axe without hesitating. He literally doused the whole people with the cold water of national obligation and he brought us out of the Sargasso Sea of sluggish indifference towards the things which so completely concern our individual and national well-being.

Without Roosevelt, as the John the Baptist crying in the wilderness, there could have been no Woodrow Wilson leading the people in the larger sphere of international relationships and understandings—there could have been no united people, aroused to the menace

autocracy offered free governments everywhere. He was not, by any means, the sole reason for that awakening and that meeting of a great duty—he was merely the prophet paving the way.

And it was under Wilson that America at last emerged, that America no longer lay dreaming. It was then that the American spirit really blossomed into full life—vibrant, militant, courageous, efficient, dangerous!

The outbreak of the World War early in August, 1914, had for a time startled the country out of its comfortable routine. For awhile there were vivid headlines in the newspapers, but no one was greatly aroused. If there was any affirmative feeling aroused, it was most likely a genuine admiration for the efficiency and precision with which the German military machine was operating.

As the months wore on and the war settled down to what looked like a long struggle, the old indifference returned. The rank and file of the people went about their daily tasks, shrugging their shoulders and feeling that what happened overseas really was no concern of ours.

Then came the application of submarine warfare to American rights. There were stirrings of conscience and some uncomfortable moments, perhaps, but no one took seriously any thought of an impending conflict. There was a college professor in the White House who was going about the amazing business of writing "notes"—mild, pink-tea notes, at that—to the German government in protest. It was soon noticed that "nothing ever came of it" and the country floated deeper and deeper in the sluggish Sargasso Sea.

On the seventh of May, 1915, came the sinking of the *Lusitania,* with the loss of one hundred and twenty-four American citizens on board. The country was shocked

out of its stupor with startling suddenness. Instantly, faces sobered; hands trembled; brows furrowed. This *was* serious. Did it mean war? It had always meant war before in the history of the country. What would the Man from Princeton do? There was a feeling that he would write another note—which he did—and that "nothing would come of it."

Critics of the presidential diplomacy raised the hue and cry for immediate entry into the war against Germany. Passion began to leap upon the national platform as it had in days past, and a real war spirit hovered over the land.

But soon the brave thoughts and the passionate impulses cooled under the inventory of the price of actual warfare. How futile it all was! Who wanted to be cannon-fodder? "Let George do it!" expressed the real sentiment of the country. And a popular song caught the popular attitude, "I Didn't Raise My Boy To Be A Soldier!" We were "too proud to fight!" We had more important things to do.

The President did write his customary note to the German government, but it was more severe than any before addressed to that mighty power. Little by little, he was beginning to speak his mind to that autocratic and contemptuous military machine.

He wrote, sharply: "But the sinking of passenger ships involves principles of humanity which throw into the background any special circumstances of detail that might be thought to affect the cases, principles which lift it, as the Imperial German Government will no doubt be quick to recognize and acknowledge, out of the class of ordinary subjects of diplomatic discussion or of international controversy. Whatever be the other facts regarding the *Lusitania,* the principal fact is that a great

steamer, primarily and chiefly a conveyance for passengers, and carrying more than a thousand souls who had no part or lot in the conduct of the war, was torpedoed and sunk without so much as a challenge or a warning, and that men, women and children were sent to their death in circumstances unparalleled in modern warfare. The fact that more than one hundred American citizens were among those who perished made it the duty of the Government of the United States to speak of these things and once more, with solemn emphasis, to call the attention of the Imperial German Government to the grave responsibility which the Government of the United States conceives that it has incurred in this tragic occurrence, and to the indisputable principle upon which that responsibility rests. The Government of the United States is contending for something much greater than mere rights of property or privileges of commerce. It is contending for nothing less high and sacred than the rights of humanity, which every government honors itself in respecting and which no government is justified in resigning on behalf of those under its care and authority. . . ."

While the country dozed, the warfare of diplomatic notes went on. Few people paid more than passing attention to them at the time. There were new phrases coined now and then, but they were just incidents in the day's news, so far as "the man in the street" was concerned.

No better evidence of the extent of our decline into what Roosevelt sneeringly called "mollycoddle-ism" can be given than to recall the campaign of 1916, and the issues upon which it turned. Roosevelt had beat the political bush with his usual gusto and dash, bluntly demanding that the country go to war to punish Germany for her disregard of the rights of our citizens. His de-

mand did not meet with a very encouraging reception. The country was for war and for punishing Germany in the abstract, but no one wanted to shoulder a gun and go into the trenches himself!

The Democrats sensed the situation—William Jennings Bryan, astute, smooth, unerring in the service of another, is credited with it—and promptly the slogan of their campaign became, "He kept us out of war." And on that issue, for the first time in the history of the United States, a presidential election was won!

But soon conditions changed. The presidential notes were moving nearer and nearer the edge of the precipice. Now the phrases talked of "strict accountability," "armed neutrality," and the like.

Then, on the second of April, 1917, the President of the United States stood before the Congress, and solemnly declared for these choices of policy:

"It is a war against all nations. American ships have been sunk, American lives have been taken, in ways which it has stirred us very deeply to learn of, but the ships and the people of other neutral and friendly nations have been sunk and overwhelmed in the waters in the same way. There has been no discrimination. The challenge is to all mankind. Each nation must decide for itself how it will meet it. . . . We must put excited feeling away. Our motive will not be revenge or the victorious assertion of the physical might of the nation, but only the vindication of right, of human right, of which we are only a single champion. . . .

"We are now about to accept the gage of battle with this natural foe to liberty and shall, if necessary, spend the whole force of the nation to check and nullify its pretensions and its power. We are glad, now that we see the facts with no veil of false pretense about them, to fight

thus for the ultimate peace of the world and for the liberation of its peoples, the German peoples included; for the rights of nations, great and small, and the privilege of men everywhere to choose their way of life and of obedience. The world must be made safe for democracy. Its peace must be planted upon the tested foundations of political liberty. We have no selfish ends to serve. We desire no conquest, no dominion. We seek no indemnities for ourselves, no material compensations for the sacrifices we shall freely make. . . .

"We are, let me say again, the sincere friends of the German people, and shall desire nothing so much as the early reëstablishment of intimate relations of mutual advantage between us—however hard it may be for them, for the time being, to believe that this is spoken from our hearts. We have borne with their present government through all these bitter months because of that friendship, exercising a patience and a forbearance which would otherwise have been impossible!"

"It is a distressing and oppressive duty, Gentlemen of the Congress, which I have performed in thus addressing you. There are, it may be, many months of fiery trial and sacrifice ahead of us. It is a fearful thing to lead this great peaceful people into war, into the most terrible and disastrous of all wars, civilization itself seeming to be in the balance. But the right is more precious than peace, and we shall fight for the things which we have always carried nearest our hearts—for democracy, for the right of those who submit to authority to have a voice in their own governments, for the rights and liberties of small nations, for a universal dominion of right by such a concert of free peoples as shall bring peace and safety to all nations and make the world itself at last free. To such a task we can dedicate our lives and our fortunes, every-

thing that we are and everything that we have, with the pride of those who know that the day has come when America is privileged to spend her blood and her might for the principles that gave her birth and happiness and the peace which she has treasured. God helping her, she can do no other."

The country awoke to a new type of quiet, sober enthusiasm quite strange to warlike times. Things were understood now. The reason for all of the notes was apparent—"We have borne with their present government through all these bitter months because of that friendship, exercising a patience and a forbearance which would otherwise have been impossible!"

We had not been ready for war! A united country did not stand behind the government until that moment. It had been a long, slow, discouraging process, but it had, bit by bit, rallied every element of our thinking to the position of the government in the end.

And what a glorious transformation! At last, America had emerged from the old petty fogs and stood upon the heights proclaiming that she came in behalf of the right, —the right of humanity; that she sought no indemnities, no conquest, no dominion for herself!

She came protesting her love for the people she was about to fight, pointing out the long record of her patience, extending over many weary months of trial. She proclaimed a new morality among the nations of the earth; she uttered a new credo for the waging of wars—one that well-nigh rendered wars on the old plane impossible.

At last, America was awake! The American spirit had come to its full fruition. A living, vibrant, pulsating thing; terrible in its might, just in its demands, calm in its judgments. America, triumphant!

BOOK II

THE Constitution of the United States is the final refuge of every right that is enjoyed by any American citizen. So long as it is observed, those rights will be secure. Whenever it falls into disrespect or disrepute, the end of orderly organized government, as we have known it for more than one hundred and twenty-five years, will be at hand.

The Constitution represents a government of law. There is only one other form of authority, and that is a government of force. Americans must make their choice between these two. One signifies justice and liberty; the other tyranny and oppression. To live under the American Constitution is the greatest political privilege that was ever accorded to the human race.

CALVIN COOLIDGE

CHAPTER I

Political Contributions

ARTICLE IV, Section 4, of the Constitution of the United States provides: "The United States shall guarantee to every State in this Union a republican form of government. . . ."

But, someone speaks up, "I thought this was a democracy. We hear the term 'democracy' constantly applied to our form of government."

Which is it, a "republic" or a "democracy"?

There has been no formal amendment to the Constitution of the United States which repeals Article IV, Section 4, quoted above. The founders of the form of government guaranteed by the Constitution intended that this should be a *republican form of government,* and so far as official pronouncements are concerned, it remains such to this day.

But there has been a growing sense of confusion in the minds of many people, what is more important and even more peculiar, confusion in the minds of men in high places in our government as to the respective meanings of the two terms "republic" and "democracy."

They have become more and more words to use interchangeably in our discussion of governmental matters, and there has grown up under this confusion in terms a corresponding confusion in governmental procedure that is quite foreign to the obvious intent of the founders.

The greatest contribution which the United States has made to world civilization on the side of political econ-

omy is unquestionably the demonstration of the practicability of the republican form of government.

Prior to the success of the American experiment, the history of mankind had been an agitation in search of a form of government which would secure and guarantee human liberty and human rights.

From the earliest dawn of intelligence, when men first began to sense the necessity of banding themselves together in groups, clans, tribes, cities, states in order to secure themselves against some menace to their persons and property, we witness two inevitable spectacles. The first was the surrender of their individual rights to the group or its titular head, in order more efficiently to protect, in times of emergency, their own individual rights. The second was, as soon as the emergency passed, the effort to secure again unimpaired the rights, or the exercise, which had been surrendered.

All of the weary pages of the world's history are stained with the blood of millions of men who have died in an effort merely to secure individual rights which, by nature, once belonged to them.

Soon, out of the chaos and the struggle, emerged two classes: Those who belonged to the ruling class and claimed the sole power in the tribe or community, and the common mass of humanity. One struggled to suppress the other. History is replete with the spectacle of first one in triumph and then the other.

One class stood forth as the autocrats—the princes, kings, emperors. The other was the mob—rebels, traitors, patriots.

But whether autocrats were up or down, whether the mob as revealed in rebels or patriots was up or down—violence and bloodshed prevailed. War was the chief trade of mankind, whether mankind preferred it or not.

The autocrats found it advantageous to keep their people busy at warfare, even when there was no lust in their own breasts for conquest—which was seldom—in order to insure the security of their own position by keeping alive the fears of emergency and danger which would make weak individuals supinely willing to concede interference with individual rights. Other methods were resorted to, it is true, such as corruption, such as a system of lavish rewards for loyalty, but a favorite maxim of tyrants was, "To insure peace at home, engage in a foreign war."

Now and then abuses became so flagrant that even a servile and ignorant rabble—long since beyond all memory of the ancient rights—arose in wrath and hurled the autocrats from their power. Then, we had the spectacle of even a greater orgy of reason run riot. Mob violence, mobocracy, is the most terrible experiment history has yet revealed to us. It reached its climax in the bloody scenes of the French Revolution, although it had dragged its gory way across history's record many, many times before that.

The two extremes were the direction in which the pendulum of human liberty swung back and forth. There were momentary pauses at other points, but they added nothing new, in the main, to the record. Men found that autocracies were efficient but tyrannical. Power lodged in king or ruling class usually resulted in a strong government—but the trouble with it was that it was too strong, too arrogant of human rights. It plundered and pillaged its own people for its own benefit. If not that, then it wasted its own people and their treasure in wars of ambition and conquest, in profitless struggles between jealous and wrangling ruling houses.

When the people temporarily succeeded in securing the power in their hands and turned it over to one of their

number, he promptly borrowed the ways of an autocrat and spent his time and his energy in consolidating and making sure his own position. When they turned it over to a body from their own number, such as an oligarchy, there was an immediate wrangle among those equal in power to see who would dominate. If it were settled in the domination of one man and his party, then the same old condition arose. If it resulted in a dead-lock, then the power of the government was rendered impotent and the people drifted into real danger.

The outstanding failure of history had been the inability to find a method of procedure which would create a government strong enough to protect the people and secure their rights against foreign aggression, and at the same time to protect them in the free exercise of their inherent rights; in other words, to protect them against the government which they had themselves set up.

The whole settlement of the United States, as we have pointed out in the earlier chapters, had been a protest against autocracy in some form or other. It is inconceivable that the people of America could have brought themselves voluntarily to have established a monarchy on these shores.

In spite of that reluctance, however, they might have been driven to do so under the plain lessons of world history had it not been for the clear-headed thinking of George Mason of Virginia in the early days of the Revolutionary struggle. He had punctured for all time the theory of hereditary government in his famous Article 4 of his Virginia Bill of Rights: "That no man, or set of men, are entitled to exclusive or separate emoluments or privileges from the community, but in consideration of public services; *which not being descendible,* neither ought

the offices of magistrate, legislator or judge to be hereditary."

Most of the people, some back for four generations, had been too far removed from princes and kings to feel any real need for them. But George Mason supplied for the first time a real argument against hereditary government, and it has never been advanced among thinking men as an ideal since that time.

The Constitutional Convention met in Philadelphia, then, with one form of government removed from consideration. Singularly enough, in spite of its objections, it was the only form of government which had, up to that time, proved successful. The alternative was to solve the problem of making a democratic form of government successful.

The founders of the government turned from the idea of establishing a democracy with almost as much alacrity as they turned from monarchial forms. They had a real horror of mobocracy.

In *The Federalist,* James Madison wrote: "Hence it is that such democracies have ever been spectacles of turbulence and contention; have ever been found incompatible with personal security or the rights of property, and have in general been as short in their lives as they have been violent in their deaths. Theoretic politicians, who have patronized this species of government, have erroneously supposed that by reducing mankind to a perfect equality in their political rights, they would, at the same time, be perfectly equalized and assimilated in their professions, their opinions and their passions. . . . A *republic,* by which I mean a government in which the scheme of representation takes place, opens a different prospect, and promises the cure for which we are seeking. . . . The two great points of difference between a democracy and a

republic are, first, the delegation of the government, in the latter, to a small number of citizens elected by the rest; secondly, the greater number of citizens and extent of territory which may be brought within the compass of republican than of democratic government. . . . The effect of the first difference is, on the one hand, to refine and enlarge the public views, by passing them through the medium of a chosen body of citizens, whose wisdom may best discern the true interest of their country, and whose patriotism and love of justice will be least likely to sacrifice it to temporary or partial considerations. Under such a regulation it may well happen that the public voice, pronounced by the representatives of the people, will be more consonant to the public good than if pronounced by the people themselves, convened for the purpose. . . . Hence, it clearly appears that the same advantage which a republic has over a democracy consists in the substitution of representatives whose enlightened views and virtuous sentiments render them superior to local prejudices and to schemes of injustice. . . . In fine, it consists in the greater obstacles opposed to the concert and accomplishment of the secret wishes of an unjust and interested majority. . . . If we resort to a criterion to the different principles on which different forms of government are established, we may define a *republic* to be, or at least may bestow that name on, a government which derives all of its powers directly or indirectly from the great body of the people, and is administered by persons holding their offices during pleasure, for a limited period, or during good behavior. . . . The true distinction between these forms is that in a democracy the people meet and exercise the government in person. In a republic they assemble and administer it by their respective agents. . . . The first question that offers itself is whether the general form and

aspect of the government be strictly republican. It is evident that no other form would be reconcilable with the genius of the American people."

Alexander Hamilton has often been accused of having secretly desired the establishment of a monarchial form of government. It has been said that he wished the chief executive to serve during good behavior, to abolish the state governments. In a letter written to Timothy Pickering, in September, 1803, he said: "I may truly say that I never proposed either a President or Senate for life; and that I neither recommended nor meditated the annihilation of the State governments. . . . In a plan of a Constitution which I drew up while the Convention was sitting, and which I communicated to Mr. Madison about the close of it, perhaps a day or two after, the office of President has no longer duration than for three years. . . . (It) was predicated upon these bases: 1. That the political principles of the people of this country would endure nothing but republican government. 2. That in the actual situation of the country it was in itself right and proper that the republican theory should have a full and fair trial. 3. That to such a trial it was essential that the government should be so constructed as to give all the energy and stability reconcilable with the principles of that theory. These were the genuine sentiments of my heart and upon them I acted."

The Constitution, then, set up a republican form of government—in other words, a representative form of government. The idea was not new to Americans, having been used in most of the Colonies when territory and population grew to such an extent that pure democratic administration was no longer feasible. It will be noted in the quotation above how much Madison stressed this

point in his argument for the greater flexibility of the republican, or representative form.

Safeguarding the government against parts of itself, and protecting the people against the government, were really the two great points in issue. There had been so-called republics before in the history of the world, but they had always ended in some one part of the government absorbing the others, or in plain autocracy.

The germ of the successful organization of the respective elements of the government was contained first in George Mason's Virginia Bill of Rights. In Article 5, he wrote: "That the legislative and executive powers of the State should be separate and distinct from the judicial; that the members of the two first may be restrained from oppression by feeling and participating the burthens of the people, they should, at fixed periods, be reduced to a private station, and return into that body from which they were originally taken, and the vacancies be supplied by frequent, certain and regular elections."

This theory of the complete separation of the legislative, executive and judicial branches of the government, with the complete retirement of the legislative and executive branches at fixed periods of time, is the bulwark and strength of the American republic. The judicial branch was to be beyond the reach of the executive and legislative branches, because its tenure of office was to be limited only by good behavior—in other words, it was put beyond the reach of politics. The natural desire of the legislative and executive branches to preserve themselves necessitated that they act in accordance with the plain intent of the Constitution; if they usurped rights and powers, or grew contemptuous of those lodging in the other branch of government, it would mean a speedy retirement at the next election. And since the tenure of office was

limited to fixed periods, there was no chance for the position to become so consolidated that there was likely to be an ambitious determination to destroy the other branch.

The judicial department was put above and beyond the temptations of politics. Its tenure was secured as long as it functioned properly in its rightful sphere, so that it, in turn, was not tempted to enter the arena of active political turmoil and establish perhaps a judicial obligarchy such as the world had seen in the past.

We owe this splendid system of checks and balances of fine division of responsibility and power, to the genius of George Mason of Virginia. His was the first successful solution of the problem which had agitated the wit and wisdom of the world from the earliest times. And this system has proved that even in a country where ambition is unusually keen, it places the proper restraining hand upon man's natural impulses but, at the same time, does not curb him to the extent of defeating its larger aim.

Other authorities have been moved to expressions of admiration when they have come to examine it. William Pitt, the great English parliamentarian, said: "It will be the wonder and admiration of all future generations and the model of all future constitutions." At a much later date, Gladstone, his successor, said: "It is the greatest piece of work ever struck off at a given time by the brain and purpose of man."

In spite of the universal expressions of approbation and good-will towards the republican, or representative, form of government as established by the Constitution, there has been in recent years a marked departure from its purer forms.

It will be remembered that the ideal of government was purely representative, and an examination of the Constitution shows that in its original form the only di-

rect participation of the people in the government was to be the election, at fixed periods, of members to the House of Representatives and the selection of the Electoral College which was to choose the chief executive. Even this latter right was not expressly granted to the people, but it was left to the legislatures of the states to determine how the presidential electors were to be chosen.

Senators of the United States were originally to be chosen by the legislatures of the States; we have removed that check and have amended the Constitution to permit the direct election of United States Senators by the people. There is a growing impatience with the Senate—and the conviction is beginning to be heard that one reason for the ills claimed in that body may be found in the present system of election, which reduced the Senate to the levels of local politics.

Another marked departure is pointed out by Nicholas Murray Butler, in his work: "Why Should We Change Our Form of Government?", as follows: "We began the destruction of the fundamental principles of representative government in this country when we reduced the representative to the position of a mere delegate; when we began, as is now quite commonly the case, to instruct a representative as to what he is to do when elected; when we began to pledge him, in advance of his election, that if chosen he will do certain things and oppose others—in other words, when we reduced the representative from the high, splendid and dignified status of a real representative chosen by his constituency to give it his experience, his brains, his conscience and his best service, and made him a mere registering machine for the opinion of the moment, whatever it might happen to be."

A contrast between the present method, as pointed out above, and the one which obtained in the early days, is

shown in the example of John Marshall's canvass for the position of delegate to the Virginia Convention which was to vote upon the adoption of the Constitution. The people in his district wished to have him represent them in that Convention and Marshall wished to be a member, but the people in his district were opposed to adoption of the Constitution, whereas he was ardently in favor of it. The people sought to pledge him on election day to opposition, but he frankly announced in a speech before the electors that he would not represent them in the Convention unless he were to have the right to vote his convictions, and that his better judgment disposed him in favor of adoption. He was elected *without a dissenting voice* by an electorate hostile in sentiment to his viewpoint!

Another point wherein we have departed from the ideal of representative and responsible government, has been in the tendency so common in these later days to delegate important governmental functions to commissions and boards. This is a step away from the ideal of direct representative government and in the general direction of democracy.

It has been the cause of a shifting of responsibility from the heads of the political branches of the government, and fruitful of many abuses which have irritated and alarmed large bodies of our citizens. It has been wasteful not only of effort but of money and talent and is frankly opposed by many of the keener judges of constitutional law.

It is said that one of the last statements ever uttered by Lincoln, made just prior to his leaving for Ford's Theatre on the fatal night of his assassination, was to his friend Ashmun, who was chairman of the convention that nominated Lincoln in 1860: "Ashmun, I have done with commissions. I think they are contrivances to cheat

the government." And away back in the very beginnings, Alexander Hamilton sounded this warning: "Lately Congress . . . have gone into the measure of appointing boards, but this, in my opinion, is a bad plan."

Another significant departure has been the tendency to give more and more power to the Federal authority. Of this, Charles W. Pierson says: "The Constitution was designed to limit the national government to functions absolutely needed for the national welfare. All other powers were 'reserved to the states respectively or to the people.' "

And John Fiske states: "If the day shall ever arrive (which, God forbid!) when the people of the different parts of our country shall allow their local affairs to be administered by prefects sent from Washington, and when the self-government of the states shall have been so far lost as that of the departments of France, or even so far as that of the counties of England—on that day the progressive political career of the American people will have come to an end, and the hopes that have been built up for the future happiness and prosperity of mankind will be wrecked forever."

James M. Beck, considered a leading living authority, has said: "No student of our institutions can question that the Constitution is in graver danger today than at any other time in the history of America. This is due, not to any conscious hostility to the spirit or the letter, but to the indifference and the apathy with which the masses regard the increasing assaults upon its basic principles."

The contests over the Constitution and the powers of government which it guarantees have by no means ceased forever. We are hearing again a pronounced agitation in behalf of States Rights which may become a national issue. It is being asserted in some quarters in almost the

same purity of form that was employed during the slavery debates prior to the Civil War. Then the contest was over the right of a state to nullify an act of Congress respecting slavery; now it is over the right of Congress to pass legislation, in face of the injunction of the United States Supreme Court, which says: "Speaking generally, the police power is reserved to the states and there is no grant, thereof, to Congress in the Constitution."

But whatever the agitations of the future may be, whatever the departure has been from the original model, whether great or small, the fact remains that the republican form of government is the outstanding political contribution to world civilization.

It has stood the varying tests of one and one-third centuries; it has weathered the ground-swells and local storms; it has come through the fierce gales of civil war and disunion; it has endured even the more dangerous hours of expansion and peace, the changing demands of a more complex and intricate civilization. It is not too much to say, as did John W. Burgess: "I do not believe it is utopian to predict that the republican form will live after all other forms have perished. . . . It is a hazardous venture to prophesy what the form of the future will be. It seems to me, however, that that form will be a republic. . . . It seems to me evident that the destiny of history is clearly pointing to the United States as the great world organ for the modern solution of the problem of government as well as of liberty."

The four component parts of the American theory of government which henceforth must always be considered in charters of government, are: (1) Executive; (2) legislative; (3) judicial; and (4) individual rights of citizens.

Specifically, the United States has contributed other

practical solutions to political thought which cannot be ignored. One of these is the complete emancipation of woman in the eyes of the law. She enjoys today in the United States of America complete political equality, and it is the first time in the history of modern civilization that this has been true. Furthermore, her political equality is not merely a passing whim of the hour, but is secured to her for all time in an amendment to the Constitution.

She not only enjoys the lesser legal rights attaching to citizens, which are enumerated in a succeeding chapter, but she enjoys the right of the ballot for each and every office to which any elector may cast a vote. She enjoys the free and equal right to hold office with any other elector; she enjoys the right of jury service in our courts, and there is no particular in which the rights of any citizen are curtailed because of her sex.

The United States was the first great nation to adopt universal suffrage, and it marks the end of a long, but peaceful, struggle in this country. It is entirely fitting and proper that there should be no abridgement of the right to vote on account of sex any more than there is an abridgement of it on account of color, on account of property or other extraneous considerations. The right to limit suffrage in order to secure an intelligent ballot by imposing educational qualifications, by barring illiterates from the polls, is well recognized in the law of the land.

The adoption of the right to equal suffrage has seen the immediate preferment of women at the polls. Miss Jeannette Rankin of Montana was the first woman to be elected to the House of Representatives. There are now several in that body. At least two women have served as governors of their states at this writing, and one has served by appointment in the Senate of the United States.

A number have been honored by election to state legislatures, and several have served in judicial capacities and in minor positions all over the country.

Another important contribution to the political thought of our civilization came immediately following the Civil War when human slavery was forever prohibited by constitutional amendment. While there had been a growing sentiment in this direction, the great nations of the world had not definitely made pronouncement in their fundamental laws.

Human slavery, in one form or another, had been a recognized institution throughout the civilized world. It had been a part of the social organization of almost every people from the earliest dawn of history. Among the Greeks and Romans it was imposed without reference to color or race. In modern times, as in Russia, it had taken the form of class enslavement as exemplified by the Russian *serfs*. In earlier times, in feudal Europe, the serf was deemed to be the property of the lord or prince and to pass with the land. In other words, the serf could not leave the land without the consent of the manor lord.

The Civil War, whatever the minor causes giving rise to it are interpreted to be, stands forth in history as an issue over human slavery. And the death-knell to it was sounded in the successful issues of that great struggle. It was destroyed not only within the territorial limits of the United States, but in the whole civilized world, because public opinion was brought to bear upon a barbarous custom which had survived too long in civilized society. It was the first great humanitarian issue which the United States, as a nation, was to settle for the benefit of the world.

In more recent times, the prohibition of the manu-

facture and sale of intoxicating liquors has been incorporated into the supreme law of the land. This is the first experiment to be undertaken in the direction of legislation of social nature of such far-reaching effects that the world has witnessed. It furnishes but another example of the willingness of the American people to experiment in the direction of revolutionary legislation, when the rest of the world has sometimes hesitated and stood aside for progress.

The people of the United States, in spite of the sneers of critics at home and abroad, have always exhibited a high sense of morality, when aroused to public or social evils. They have not, in fact, lost the high sense of idealism which has ever been their heritage as Americans. And when a habit or a custom threatens to arrest the national progress, whether in industry, in national welfare, or in social growth, they have not hesitated to correct it even though the means may have seemed violent in some quarters.

The sinister power of the liquor interests came to be, in the minds of the majority of the people of the United States, a distinct menace to our institutions. Its open and flagrant disregard of the law and the contemptible way in which it interfered with orderly processes in order to impose its will upon the electorate, is one of the direct reasons for its overthrow.

The saloon and the brothel were observed to be the recruiting stations for vice in every community where they were permitted. And, as the consciousness of this fact reached the American hearth—that in seeking recruits, they reached out for the sons and daughters of the land—came the feeling that they represented a moral wrong which should be stamped out.

They were observed to stand as the exponent of political wrongs which should be stamped out. The saloon, representative of the liquor interests, had figured prominently in the corruption of politics and the domination in a wrongful way of much of the political thought of the land. It was noticed that corrupt political organizations were in close alliance with these sinister influences.

But the most impelling motive in the eradication of the liquor traffic was doubtless economic. The appalling cost of police administration in bringing to justice those who had, as a result either directly or indirectly, transgressed the laws, was slowly forced into the thinking of the people. Crime was recognized to be a fruit of liquor, which multiplied it by the wholesale and increased the burdens upon police and courts.

An additional economic consideration carrying considerable weight was the recognition of the wastage brought about by the enormous annual liquor bill. This money, turned into a more legitimate channel, would not be entirely lost or consumed; it would create a demand for greater production in industry and thereby increase prosperity. As it was, it represented wealth that was entirely consumed and enjoyed by a comparatively small class.

Another consideration was the fact that a liquor-drinking people is considerably slowed-up in industrial production. Men who have the liquor habit are unreliable and untrustworthy. Under the old régime few employers knew just how many of their men would, or would not, report for work each Monday morning.

Times had changed. We had come to the machine age and the conviction was growing that liquor and machinery could not mix. As a matter of common safety, particularly

as the use of the automobile became widespread, liquor was frowned upon more and more.

These were, briefly, the causes that brought about the adoption of the eighteenth amendment to the Constitution of the United States.

It was a revolutionary thing to do. No other nation in the world, under the fiat of the people themselves, had ever done such a thing before. In Russia, the Tsar had by imperial decree imposed nation-wide prohibition, but he had done it as a safety measure in times of national stress. He did it because of the autocratic power which he enjoyed; it was not done by the people themselves.

Regardless of individual preference in the matter, it will be agreed that the step the United States has taken is not only revolutionary, but a distinctly novel contribution to civilization in social legislation. What the sequence of it may be, only conjecture can determine. But it marks a new departure on the part of government, and in the direction of national progress.

A more recent contribution to the political thought of civilization may, in time, exercise exceedingly important influences upon certain relationships. That is, the increasing recognition given the right of "the public" to consideration in industrial disputes, and disputes growing out of complex industrial organization.

The right of trades unions to strike against their employers in an orderly and peaceable way has been recognized and even enforced by our courts. In many of these feuds between employee and employer there has been such an anxiety to get at each other's throats that the rights of "the public" have not seriously been considered. This is especially noticeable in the case of public-service corporations and municipal institutions where the direct interest of "the public" was brought more prominently into focus.

The right was often suggested, and sometimes given some slight recognition in various isolated quarters, but it remained for President Coolidge, when Governor of Massachusetts, to crystallize sentiment for all time, in his famous telegram to President Gompers of the American Federation of Labor, concerning the dismissal of striking policemen in the City of Boston.

The telegram is so important a pronouncement upon the subject that it is quoted herewith in full: "Replying to your telegram, I have already refused to remove the Police Commissioner of Boston. I did not appoint him. He can assume no position which the courts would uphold except what the people have by the authority of their law vested in him. He speaks only with their voice. The right of the police of Boston to affiliate has always been questioned, never granted, and is now prohibited. The suggestion of President Wilson to Washington does not apply to Boston. There the police have remained on duty. Here the Policemen's Union left their duty, an action which President Wilson characterized as a crime against civilization. Your assertion that the commissioner was wrong cannot justify the wrong of leaving the city unguarded. That furnished the opportunity, the criminal element furnished the action. *There is no right to strike against the public safety by any body, any where, any time.* You ask that the public safety again be placed in the hands of these same policemen while they continue in disobedience to the laws of Massachusetts and in their refusal to obey the orders of the Police Department. Nineteen men have been tried and removed. Others having abandoned their duty, their places have, under the law, been declared vacant on the opinion of the Attorney General. I can suggest no authority outside the courts to take further action. I

wish to join and assist in taking a broad view of every situation. A grave responsibility rests on all of us. You can depend on me to support you in every legal action and sound policy. I am equally determined to defend the sovereignty of Massachusetts and to maintain the authority and jurisdiction over her public officers where it has been placed by the Constitution and law of her people. —CALVIN COOLIDGE, *Governor of Massachusetts.*"

The right of "the public" has come more and more to be officially recognized since the telegram quoted above first electrified the nation. And it is a wholesome tendency, because it promotes caution and fairness in all controversies of such nature. There is a marked desire, on the part of the chief contenders, to court the good will and opinion of "the public." And in some recent controversies, representatives of "the public" have been appointed on commissions and boards of arbitration for the express purpose of safeguarding "the rights" of "the public."

Who knows where this meagre beginning may lead, so far as future relationships throughout the world are concerned? If the public has been the real loser in these industrial and economic struggles in the past; if the public has distinct rights in every subject of major controversy, and those rights are taken into consideration, what might be the full force and import of the new adjustments that must be made?

It is conceivable that the public was recognized in controversies of purely local import at first; then controversies of national import—why not in international controversies? And it may be through this avenue, in the end, that international peace may, in fact, be brought about. For let it once be firmly imbedded in the thinking of the world that "the public" of the world, the real

peoples of the world, are the true sufferers and losers, and let that thought be affirmatively recognized and acted upon, and there can be but one outcome.

We are, once more, pointing to a practical solution! For aroused public opinion always prevails. And, once more, as Calvin Coolidge has observed: "We do not make laws. We discover them."

CHAPTER II

Legal Concepts and Interpretations

IT is not our purpose to point out the distinctions between political and legal rights, nor to make an attempt to shade them too closely into their proper classifications. That the distinction exists will be sufficient for our purpose.

The United States has not only given significant political innovations to the world, but has made sufficient contributions in the direction of legal conceptions—the more just and equitable legal interpretation of human rights—to entitle her to consideration in that sphere alone as a world benefactor.

Certain legal concepts, or interpretations of human rights, at variance or in dispute with opinion in other countries, were written into the Constitution largely through the insistence of such men as Patrick Henry and Thomas Jefferson. True it is that most of them are found in the first ten amendments, but these amendments were promised as a price for Virginia's acceptance of the Constitution.

It will be noted that practically every one of these Rights belonged to the class which had caused internal dissension and strife in all ages. They were the great human Rights which individual citizens had asserted, or attempted to assert, against tyrannical governments.

One of the most important of these is the very first amendment which in its opening phrase provides that "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof. . . ."

And in Article VI, Clause 3, we find another provision to the effect that "no religious test shall ever be required as a qualification to any office or public trust under the United States."

For hundreds of years prior to the adoption of the Constitution of the United States, the Rights enumerated above were not guaranteed anywhere in the civilized world. Toleration of worship, according to the dictates of conscience, had never been granted, and some state religion had been prescribed in every country.

Even in the American colonies, while persecution might not obtain if one dissented and worshiped in one's own way, one was required in Virginia to support, through taxation, the established church. In other colonies, a failure to worship, even though support were offered, was likely to result in persecution.

It was only in free-thinking and liberal Pennsylvania, in colonial times, that anything like religious freedom was enjoyed by the people. And, in spite of the fact that the greatest overturning of thinking along this line occurred in Virginia shortly after the outbreak of the Revolution, the fact remains that the parentage of the clauses in our Constitution, quoted above, can really be traced back to William Penn. To him we owe the incorporation of this wise and broad-minded principle into the supreme law of the land, for he demonstrated by the practical experiment he set up in Pennsylvania that it is not only feasible but exceedingly fruitful of "the public good."

Religious contentions had, until the Revolution, occupied much of the world's time and had been responsible for much of the bloodshed and warfare recorded in history. They had been fruitful of no lasting good, other than to keep alive the spirit of liberty and finally to enable it to triumph.

The members of the Constitutional Convention were determined to save the new government and its people from these wasteful and dangerous contentions, and no more important or far-reaching right is guaranteed in the Constitution than the right of religious freedom.

Oftentimes the question is asked: "But what is meant by that?" We interfered with the Mormons in Utah, and certain other religious cults we have stamped out and thrown the members into jail. This is all true.

The law in the United States equally respects all forms of religion and they are permitted to flourish as they will so long as their customs do not in themselves oppress the people, or render their creed or belief inimical to public morals or justice.

On the other hand, the law protects a citizen to worship according to the dictates of his own conscience; if he does not care to worship at all, he may do as he pleases so long as he does not constitute himself a public nuisance. He is not, and cannot be compelled to attend public worship in any church, or to support any church. He may likewise express his religious opinions without interference from the law, so long as he does not do it in a way to interfere with the rights of others, or with public morals.

Immediately following the religious clause in Amendment I to the Constitution is the guarantee of another important right, in these words ". . . or abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press."

Again, the flat announcement of a guarantee on the part of the government of a right which had always been in dispute throughout the civilized world. Before the Constitutional Convention wrote it in the supreme law of the land, to criticize any government, or to disagree with it, required supernatural courage, to say the least.

Tyrants and autocratical governments have always sought to keep down the education of the masses, and to prevent free and open discussion among the people. Napoleon, when he turned from his early republican ideas to imperial ambition, is said to have remarked: "I fear three English newspapers more than one hundred thousand bayonets!"

The right to freedom of speech was something that only rebels dared to assert for centuries throughout civilized countries.

While the Constitution extends the right of freedom of speech and of the press, this does not mean that complete immunity thereby cloaks those who avail themselves of the privilege of speaking their minds, either orally or in print. While the right is recognized, individuals will be held responsible for its abuse.

Judge Walker has declared: "The doctrine, then, is, that the liberty of speech and of the press consists in freedom from previous censorship or restraint, and not in exemption from subsequent liability for the injury which may thereby be done. And, accordingly, the law makes provision by which the person injured may have his civil action of slander or libel, to recover damage done to his reputation; and by which the libeler may be criminally prosecuted as an offender against the public peace."

An additional right of freedom of speech is expressly extended to members of Congress "for any speech or debate in either house." And the privilege is extended, by judicial interpretation or statute, to witnesses in civil cases though they may be punished for perjury; to executive and judicial officers while acting within their jurisdiction, and to attorneys in the presentation of cases in court, provided their criticisms of motives and the like are pertinent.

This right is one of the greatest bulwarks of human liberty to be found in a written constitution anywhere. The strength it has given the cause of liberty can hardly be measured. Why was it put in the Constitution? Was it designed to promote rebellion and dissension, strife and discord?

It was not put there so much to encourage the radical and to give him refuge, as it was put there as a guarantee against the government itself. It was to be the great obstacle in the way of a government that might, unhindered, otherwise usurp the common rights of citizens. It was to place a restraining hand on the arm of might which was being created.

For we read in the next and final clause of Amendment I to the Constitution: ". . . or the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the government for a redress of grievances."

Before this right was set down in this great charter of liberty, the mere assembly of the people had often been looked upon by the government as an act of rebellion, and those participating treated as if they had been in rebellion. It was a favorite way of stamping out any attempt on the part of the people to inaugurate innovations, to direct and organize public opinion, or to bring about the redress of wrongs.

Tyrannical and autocratic governments are not in the habit of redressing grievances; under their conception of government, no wrongs or grievances exist. Edicts and decrees are not subject to criticism—they are not to be debated or questioned. They exist for one purpose, and that is to be obeyed.

Thus we see that in exactly forty-five words, Article I of the amendments to the Constitution guaranteed three great rights for all time. Rights which were a distinct and

radical innovation; rights which had been asserted, but never so emphatically secured; rights which were to constitute the pillars of human liberty on these shores.

They have oftentimes been assailed by well-meaning people who are irritated by the course of events, and who wish to "protect the Constitution" by denying the rights thereunder guaranteed to a certain few with whom they do not agree. But there they do err. They fail to realize, as did the founders, that no principle is safe where freedom of discussion is denied—and that correct principles are nowhere so safe as they are in an atmosphere where the fullest and freest discussion is permitted. The best way to overcome an improper bit of radicalism is to give it the fullest and freest airing. Attempt to repress it, and it will flourish all the more.

Thomas Jefferson rather boldly stated in the Declaration of Independence that "all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness; and that to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed."

The right of equality before the law and in our political relationships is a distinctive American concept, as revolutionary as any conception at the time it was first advanced by George Mason, and borrowed and adapted by Jefferson.

Just what Jefferson meant has been widely argued and commented upon. Some people misinterpret it even today. The legal analysis of the right of equality proclaimed in the Declaration, and secured in many of our constitutions, is explained by Judge Cooley as "all men are equal before the law in rights, privileges, and legal capacities. Every person, however low, or degraded, or poor, is entitled to

have his rights tested by the same general laws which govern others." And Judge Walker observes that "equality of civil and political rights is the birthright of all men."

At the time of the adoption of the Constitution there was not a civilized nation on earth that did not deny this principle. Elsewhere, men were not political equals, nor equals in their civil rights. There were qualifications and barriers set up. Orders of nobility, classes, grades, castes were present even in the most advanced of nations.

In an earlier chapter we have seen how the attempt was made to organize a Southern colony on the basis of feudalism and what a failure it was. The American atmosphere from the beginning was one tending to promote an absolute equality in these matters. Men stood shoulder to shoulder in the subjection of the wilderness as equals. They got back to the fundamental things on these shores and they had no use for the artificial distinctions belonging to a decadent civilization. They were all *men* or they were something else!

The Constitution saw to the preservation of this right of equality by expressly prohibiting the Federal government, or the governments of the states, from creating and conferring titles of nobility, and prohibiting citizens from receiving them or any other hereditary distinctions either from our own government or from other governments.

Under the fourteenth amendment the emancipated slave is protected in his rights as a freedman to the equality enjoyed by others of different color.

The right to corporal liberty—to walk down the street free from molestation, to go wherever, or do whatever one chooses, provided one does not interfere with the rights of another—are also safeguarded in the Constitution itself.

In general, the right was not as distinctively an American contribution as some of the others we have discussed, but there were features of it now recognized almost everywhere which first found expression in this country.

Formerly, it was a favorite device to circumvent the liberty of persons, to seize them on slight pretext, clap them into prison and then leave them. Europe is full of dungeons to this day which bear silent testimony to the prevalence of this tyrannical custom.

Our Constitution safeguards the rights of persons, arrested for crime, against unreasonable searches and seizures; provides admission to bail; and specifies the mode of accusation, as by indictment by grand jury. Furthermore, under our Constitution the accused may be heard by himself or counsel; he may demand the nature of the charge and receive a copy of it; he is allowed to meet witnesses face to face; he has the right to employ compulsory process in order to obtain witnesses in his favor; he is guaranteed a speedy and public trial by an impartial jury in the locality where the offense was committed; he cannot be compelled to testify against himself; and he cannot twice be put into jeopardy for the same offense.

The right to property is expressly recognized in the Constitution, and it is provided in Article V of the amendments that no person shall be deprived ". . . of property without due process of law; nor shall private property be taken for public use without just compensation."

The fourteenth amendment expressly extends these provisions to the states, providing ". . . nor shall any State deprive any person of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law; nor deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws."

The right to property runs back to the Magna Charta itself, and, of course, is not an American contribution, but the American expression in the Constitution is the first instance of its being safeguarded in the supreme law of any land.

One important right which, however, was distinctly American is expressly guaranteed in this manner: "A well-regulated militia being necessary to the security of a free state, the right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed." This constitutes Article II of the amendments.

It was a step a long way in the direction of securing unto the people free institutions. It was almost the final safeguard of their liberties. It has always been recognized in the United States, even in the Declaration of Independence, that the right to revolution is as sacred as any right reposing in a free people. The right to bear arms is but a passive exercise of the right to rebel and overthrow unjust governments. And to have it expressly set out in a written constitution was, for those times, a far step into the future.

In Article III of the amendments, we find a further extension of the rights of humanity against autocratic and tyrannical government. It provides: "No soldier shall, in time of peace, be quartered in any house, without the consent of the owner; nor in time of war but in a manner prescribed by law."

This went a long way towards striking a death-blow to militarism for it was a favorite device of governments founded and sustained on force to quarter by compulsion their soldiers in the houses of the citizenry. Thus the people were compelled to support the soldiery, but to support them against their will. To refuse was to court even greater penalties. The device was often used as an

expedient in stamping out alleged unfavorable attitudes towards the government.

The writers of the amendments to the Constitution were shrewd enough, as a further safeguard of the rights of the people, to expressly reserve all rights to the people that were not expressly granted to the central government. This constitutes the tenth amendment. It has been the rock around which the angry waves of selfish interests have lashed these many years—and in vain. It is an extremely important bulwark of our liberties because it finally brings about the limitation of Federal power.

Another right, not the subject of constitutional attention, but recognized in this country ever since General Oglethorpe first gave it currency, is the right to immunity from imprisonment for debt. In some of the colonies the right was asserted and enforced for a while, but it soon passed away with other hang-overs of an unpleasant past. It has, for over a century, been recognized as incompatible with our institutions.

Realizing the poverty of the country in manufactures and in literature, the Constitution expressly offers a subsidy for inventions and works of art and literary skill, in the form of a provision for patents and copyrights.

This, in reality, means that the government extends to authors and inventors its sole prerogative of monopoly and further agrees to defend and protect the holders of these rights in them for a period of years. This is probably the first instance of a nation going to such lengths. Monopoly has ever been obnoxious to a free and independent people, yet here we have the spectacle of the government not only offering a monopoly, but offering to defend it.

This provision has had a far-reaching effect upon the commercial, artistic and literary progress of the nation.

It has fostered and encouraged an art, literature and an inventive progress second to none in a given period within the history of any two peoples on the face of the earth.

Instead of a caste system being attempted in this country—the keeping of citizens within the class or occupation of their forebears—Judge Cooley points out that under our laws "every person has a right to choose his own employment and devote his labor to any calling, or at his option to hire it out in the service of others. This is one of the first and highest of all civil rights. . . . The right to reside in a country implies the right to labor there." But that right, and the freedom to exercise it as one chooses, was not always recognized even in freedmen and in civilized countries.

A new theory is beginning to be asserted in our American jurisprudence growing out of the one just cited, and that is "the right to work." Thirty years ago it was considered revolutionary to advance such a thought, but today it is recognized as sound economic sense to grant it. The tendency now, in the face of economic pressure, is for employers to exert themselves to keep their factories operating and to run sometimes at a loss because it is recognized as the soundest policy in the long run. And what might have been impossible of speedy recognition as a matter of law, may come to quicker recognition through the avenue of business economics. For sound economic principle is but a short step to statutory enactment.

Since 1910 there has been a remarkable progress in the direction of workmen's compensation and other industrial legislation tending to correct many of the obvious faults of the common law theory of an employer's liability for injuries and loss of life to employees.

The theory upon which workmen's compensation is

predicated is not an American contribution, but many of the modifications in the original idea are distinctly American ideas. The theory originated in Germany about 1880, and was, after serious agitation, adopted in England in 1897. It caused the party in power a great deal of trouble in England, and there were vast changes necessary, not only in public opinion, but in many of our state constitutions, before it could be satisfactorily settled in this country.

It all started back in Germany when the shrewdest politician that ever lived, Bismarck, was beginning that remarkable series of legislative innovations which was to weld the German people so strongly together that even the hosts of civilization were expected to fall before them. Bismarck came in sheep's clothing and in that guise demanded protection for the aged, the sick and needy, even at the hands of the State, if necessary.

He was hailed far and wide as the deliverer of the "oppressed" and the down-trodden. And his theories, which were just one step removed from Socialism, caused a great upheaval in the industrial and political life of the entire world. His legislation was humane, it was just and it was a very desirable thing to do, but these things came out of it merely because Bismarck built better than he knew.

It took us thirty-five years to realize that the Iron Chancellor had, indeed, played the role of a wolf in sheep's clothing. It was not until then that we realized that Bismarck really cared very little about relieving the sufferings of the industrial workers of Germany with his various forms of paternalistic legislation.

What he was trying to do and what he did accomplish in a very remarkable way was to make the entire working population of the German Empire wards of the State. He

wished them dependent as much as possible upon the paternalism of the State so that, when *Der Tag* arrived, they would have to support the State to the bitter end in order to save their various forms of paternalistic benefits which the State had secured for them. The extent to which he succeeded is still written deep in the hearts of all humanity.

Our compensation acts are not paternalistic in form or operation. While we borrowed a great deal from the genius of Lord Salisbury in the formation of our system, the workmen's compensation acts in force on this side of the water are American in theory and practice. In many instances, notably in New York in 1910, they were still so radical in the view of the common law theory of liability, that the state constitution had to be amended by the people to make their adoption possible.

Our workmen's compensation acts are based upon the principle:

First, that all industrial losses of life and limb should be compensated for by society at large.

Second, that the loss of earning power, sustained by a workman through injuries received in the course of his employment, are properly to be considered as costs of production just as the cost of raw material, of wages, of operation, are to be considered as costs of production.

Third, that society has received the benefit of the injured man's production during the period prior to injury. It is only fair, then, that society should share his loss of earning power with him when that agency of his service to society, industry, causes misfortune to overtake him. Such being the case, the cost of this compensation should be added to the product as a cost of production and passed on to the ultimate consumer.

The employer is made the party primarily liable for

the payment of this compensation because he is the one in position to gage its cost and add it to the price of his manufactured product. But his liability as such is not a burden upon industry because he can pass it on to the ultimate consumer—society—and because he is granted the further right to insure his risk and absolutely remove it from his own shoulders.

Thus, at almost a single stroke, the problem of how to care for those who have lost their earning capacity or the support of the wage earner, is solved. Instead of creating this class as wards of the state in this country we, in fact, prevent that very end; for under the common law system experience demonstrated that fully ninety per cent of the cases went uncompensated and in the end became wards of the state, and the ten per cent that did successfully contend with the employer in court recovered damages far in excess of the merits of their cases.

Damages under the common law, when once successfully recovered, were *in full!* Today, the compensation system does not require any employer to indemnify a workman for injuries received. It merely requires the employer *to share the loss with the workman,* as that share may be determined in the law itself.

Under the compensation system, compensation is payable for injuries arising by accident "out of and in the course of" the employment. Some jurisdictions specifically limit recovery to workmen engaged in hazardous occupations which are enumerated by the statute itself, but, in the final analysis, this usually means any occupation in which there is a probability of injury. Other jurisdictions provide that "occupational diseases," that is, diseases arising out of the nature of the employment, are not properly subject to compensation. Some have held that the words "accidental injury," do not include occupational

diseases. But the tendency has been to amend these laws to include occupational diseases, for, clearly within the broad theory upon which the compensation acts themselves are based, they should be compensated.

The happy effect of this system of social legislation has been far-reaching and significant. It has tended to relieve incapacitated workmen and their families from immediate want in an hour of emergency; it has done much to promote a better feeling between capital and labor and to prevent the two resolving themselves into armed camps—an attitude which was not only permitted under the common law, but actually fostered and encouraged.

Another movement to which American jurisprudence and statutory law has lent encouragement and assistance has been the movement to grant full rights before the law in all civil cases to married women.

One of the old jokes arising out of the common law was the maxim to the effect "that man and woman are one, and man is the one!" In other words, at common law no married woman was allowed to hold property in her own name. Whatever she might possess before marriage passed immediately to the husband upon marriage, unless, in some instances, prenuptial contracts providing for its character were recognized.

The right was one of the first steps taken in this country towards the emancipation of woman in the eye of the law. It soon came to be the subject of almost universal statutory law—although denied in a very meagre minority of the states until the end. Now that women are entitled to equal suffrage, they cannot be denied the right to hold property in any state.

At common law, no married woman had the right to contract, or to enter into contracts, except through her

husband, because she had no legal entity and therefore no validity could be given to her contracts. The right to hold property implied the right to enter into agreements concerning it, and this right followed as a matter of course the former one, in many instances.

The right to divorce—that much-discussed American problem—is also of comparatively recent origin, for in the early days of our government the only way in which a divorce could be granted was to apply to the state legislature where the passage of a special act was necessary.

In our early history, divorce was of such rare occurrence that it did not enter into the calculations of the jurists and law-givers at all. Once married, always married. Woman stood in the position of a chattel, almost; at least, she was far from a position of equality even in polite circles.

But as education increased and the complexity of our civilization brought new problems to the front, divorce became such an irritating thing to the legislatures that statutes were provided prescribing the manner in which it could be granted and the courts were charged with the duty of carrying out the provisions of the law.

Today, all states in the Union grant divorces except one. In South Carolina they are absolutely forbidden for any reason. The causes or grounds upon which divorces may be obtained vary, but are expressly prescribed by statute.

It is not our purpose, nor is it possible, in a brief discussion of this nature, to enumerate all of the fine shades of legal interpretations which our law and our jurisprudence has contributed to civilization. We can only suggest a few of the more important phases which have influenced our thought and that of the world.

We have, indeed, rendered more than a passing con-

tribution. We have almost a mania to strengthen and extend that contribution. It is claimed by some critics that we are law-mad; that something like sixty-one thousand laws have been passed in the last five years. Lawyers who have made a study of the matter assure us that there are over seventy-five thousand rules of law more or less in force in the United States today!

We have, it may be, rushed to extremes in some instances, but in the main, we have been anxious merely to safeguard and extend as reasonably as might be, the common rights of humanity. That we have done so is admitted in every corner of the globe.

CHAPTER III

Invention

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN was the first American inventor. He spent more than forty years in active experimentation and during that period contributed an amazing list of conveniences to the public good. It was one of Franklin's principles that he would not profit by any invention which he might make, and he adhered to it rigidly.

His exploit with the kite is famous. In this experiment he proved that lightning is, in fact, electricity, and that power might be drawn from the clouds. He constantly experimented with oil upon "the troubled waters" and proved that the Biblical expression is grounded in scientific fact; that sailors might, in troublesome seas, quiet the water and pass off unscathed.

The most important of his many inventions, in the public eye at least, were the "Franklin stove," and the lightning rod. The former was an iron insert to be placed in the huge, open old-fashioned fireplaces so common in early American days. It generated a great deal more heat and was commonly used until the middle of the last century. His lightning rod is used even today and has doubtless rendered a tremendous service in decreasing the danger from untoward fires, in spite of the great fun that has been made of it in every generation.

It is perhaps not generally known that Franklin was the inventor of the "rocking chair," that typical and time-honored American institution. The first rocking chair, according to contemporary accounts, was a Wind-

sor chair with a side-arm writing shelf, mounted on rockers. There was also an attachment by which Dr. Franklin might fan himself in warm weather and keep off the flies while he read, simply by a slight motion of one foot upon a pedal.

General Washington testifies in his diary that he visited Franklin's home to see "an ironing machine which he called a mangle," and which Washington described as being particularly useful in ironing sheets and other large pieces of cloth not having seams.

Franklin also improved the printing-press so much that "the Franklin press" was to be seen in some obscure print shops as late as 1900. He improved type casting, engraving and paper-making, and designed the first Revolutionary flag. He invented spectacles for himself, and his house in Philadelphia was full of curious devices and inventions to lighten his work and bring more comfort into his life. One of these was a mechanical hand and arm to enable him to take down books from high shelves; another was a chair which enjoyed a seat that might be changed into steps to aid him in getting the book he wished. Another device enabled him to lock and unlock his chamber door from his bed.

He even experimented with his gout and with his health, and continued to abuse himself until his death. In fact, his death was caused indirectly by his habit of experimenting. He had a theory that it was necessary to sit naked before an open window in order to preserve his bodily vigor. Arising from his sick-bed to do this—to sit naked in the draft!—he caught cold, and thus ended his last experiment.

Eli Whitney, in 1794, invented the cotton-gin. At this late date, this seems little more than a simple statement, but it exerted a tremendous influence upon the history of

the country. The cotton-gin was of tremendous commercial significance to the Southern states; it rendered slave labor of real economic importance; it brought untold wealth to the South. Until tariff barriers upset the advantage which it gave, the South continued to increase in wealth and in power and to exert the prerogatives which they entail.

Prior to the invention of the cotton-gin, the separation of the cotton fibre from the seed was a slow, expensive and unprofitable process. It was all hand labor and it limited the amount of cotton which a planter might produce. The cotton-gin multiplied by hundreds of pounds the amount of cotton which one slave might produce for market. Instantly, there was a rush to plant more acres and to buy more slaves in order to take care of them. This *economic fact,* more than any other, caused slavery to become a real issue in the political affairs of the nation. We have already seen what the effect of that was upon history.

The next important invention in the United States was a distinct contribution to world civilization—the steamboat. Robert Fulton, in 1807, offered a device which was to revolutionize the shipping of the world, and which, even today, is the principal means of transportation upon the high seas. In that year the *Clermont* successfully negotiated the trip from New York to Albany. Soon steamers—then crude and unwieldy—were crossing the ocean, bringing the two worlds more closely together. Today, the steamship is the accepted mode of travel on all the seas, and for more than one hundred years the whole world has been in debt to the American inventor.

It is said that Fulton was in Paris when he first conceived his great idea. He carried a model under his arm to Napoleon the Great, then impatiently waiting for

favorable winds that he might cross the English Channel and invade England. The great dictator refused to listen to the lowly inventor, spurning him with scorn! What might the history of the world have been, had he listened? Fulton returned to America and proceeded to demonstrate that his theory and his plan were workable.

In 1827, Walker invented friction matches. This was a convenience hardly appreciated in this age of electricity, but then it meant a great deal. Even down to the last generation the matter of keeping "the home fires burning" was really serious, some member of the family usually being required to stay close to the hearth for that purpose. Matches until a very recent time were very expensive, and even after they came into usage, an effort was made by all thrifty families to conserve them as much as possible.

In 1832, Morse invented the telegraph. This, again, was a tremendous contribution to world civilization. By means of an electric spark transmitted over a wire, man was enabled to speak to other men, no matter how great the distance that separated them. Morse underwent great struggles to carry on his experiments and finally was fortunate enough to secure the aid of Congress. It was not until the Civil War, however, when General Grant made such extensive use of the telegraph, that its great importance was very generally appreciated.

This single invention not only enabled men in the same hemisphere to carry on their business by the sending of rapid messages to one another, but it also enabled men on different continents, through the cable, to transact their affairs without the weeks and months that formerly intervened. Indeed, even to this day, in spite of wireless in its various forms, it remains the chief means of rapid communication.

Two years later, in 1834, Cyrus H. McCormick invented the reaper. By means of this machine, standing grain might be cut and tied in bundles ready for the threshers. Before that time the acreage that might be planted was limited to the hand labor available. Crops had to be cut by hand—a slow and laborious process. The reaper belatedly gave to the North a weapon that tended to offset the advantage given the South by the cotton-gin. Not only that, but it had a great effect upon the rapid settlement of the great plains of the West. It increased manyfold the land which one man could care for, and to this day no basic improvement over it in reaping has been offered.

It has increased the wealth of the world beyond calculation. It has not been a contribution to America alone. Even in the shadow of the ruins of Carthaginian civilization, in the land of the Nile, on the vast plains of Russia, the reaper is to be found. It has revolutionized the centuries-old methods that formerly tied man so closely to the soil.

Someone has said that "necessity is the mother of invention." Nowhere has this fact been truer than in the United States. Our problems presented vast necessities, and vast results have flowed from them. It was not in the temper of the American people, from the very beginning, to be balked by the obstacles which might be presented by the vastness of the country.

In 1836, Colt brought forth the revolver—a weapon designed to aid in the conquest of the West. That it contributed to this end cannot be denied. It added more than that. It gave impetus to the movement for better ordnance in warfare and was the forerunner of rapid firing weapons, which greatly increased the destructiveness of

small-arms fire in war and has resulted in the machine gun of today.

The Colt revolver is justly famous in the "winning of the West." It was a decided factor in that contest, almost an individual affair, and it earned such a reputation for precision that even today it is a synonym for perfection in a small firearm.

In 1839, Goodyear discovered the process for the vulcanization of rubber which has had such far-reaching effects in our national life. It gave us a process for waterproofing garments, and conveniences of many kinds which are important factors in daily affairs everywhere.

Rubber is one of our most important products today. It touches us at more points of the compass, in our daily affairs, than almost anything other than food, known to man. It is increasing rather than diminishing in value. The recent development of the automobile and the pneumatic tire is evidence of this fact.

Rubber not only protects us from the elements, in cloth fabrics and boots and shoes, but it also enables us to ride with ease over our highways. It has made possible the automobile. It has greatly furthered the development of electricity as a servant of mankind; it protects us from danger in many ways.

In 1843, Thurber invented the first typewriter, although it was not until 1868 that Sholes perfected the first really successful typewriting machine. Franklin was the inventor of the first letter-press, which served for many years to speed up correspondence and to take perfect copies of written letters and announcements.

Three years later, in 1846, Elias Howe invented the sewing machine, the first appliance of general acceptance to find its way into the home. It had distinct commercial advantages, too, but the inventor had the housewife pri-

marily in mind when he brought forth his device. It has contributed greatly to the economic welfare of the nation, and was one of the first entering wedges towards the economic emancipation of woman.

Two other inventions were made the same year which were to have a far-reaching effect upon the future welfare of the nation. It was in 1846 that Hoe perfected the first rapid printing-press. Probably no other invention has done more to liberate the masses than the printing-press as we know it today. The Hoe press has been a by-word all these years; it has made possible the wider distribution of knowledge throughout the world; it has acquainted the world with the world; it has brought the day's happenings to the door step within a few hours. It has brought to everyone the advantages and the information formerly enjoyed by the very few.

Next to it in importance was the discovery by Morton of ether as an anaesthetic. It is inconceivable to those of us who live in this day what suffering the disabled and unfortunate human beings were forced to endure a few scant years ago when it was necessary to correct even the ordinary accidents that overtake one. If a limb were to be amputated, the pain and shock must be endured in full consciousness of what was taking place. Morton came forward with a merciful contribution to world knowledge, and he made possible the experiments in anaesthesia which were to be so fruitful in the saving of human life, to say nothing of the suffering which it would spare.

In 1857, Herman brought forward the diamond rock drill which was to be so important in enabling man the more quickly to disembowel the treasures of the earth.

A year prior to this, Woodruff invented the first sleeping car, a crude affair, as was the first Pullman car, to

come many years later—but it was a beginning in the direction of more comfort in long rail journeys.

In 1858, Gardner invented the cable car, which, until the discovery of electricity, was to speed up city travel.

Four years later, when the United States was beginning to consider the Civil War as a serious contest, Ericsson brought forth the Monitor, the first ironclad warship. It consisted of a revolutionary principle—a flat raft-like structure presenting no appreciable surface against which a hostile ship might direct its fire except a turret in the center of the craft which enclosed the battery and which also revolved. This revolving action tended to deflect any shots that might strike it. The essential thing, however, was the ironclad feature. Prior to that time the navies of the world were of wooden construction and unable to deflect or withstand well directed fire. The Ericsson invention "scrapped" the navies of the whole world and brought a new principle of naval construction to the fore.

In the same year, Dr. Gatling invented the repeating rifle which bears his name to this day. He, too, contributed his share to the effectiveness and destructiveness of warfare. His rapid-fire gun worked its changes in warfare; it tended to separate armies more than ever, to hold them farther apart, and was the first step in the new system of tactics followed today which renders warfare largely impersonal. The Gatling gun has been rendered obsolete in the advance of modern science, just as has been the "Monitor," but the essential principle still remains. It has not only caused longer range fighting to be the accepted thing, but it has necessitated larger armies than formerly were considered efficient.

In 1868, when the Civil War was over and vast tracts of new land were being opened up, Slusser invented the

sulky plow—in other words, a plow drawn by horses and provided with a seat for the driver. This plow enabled the farmer to cover more ground in a day at greater ease; it expanded the acreage which one man could plant and cultivate; it lowered costs of production.

The following year, 1869, Westinghouse produced his railway air-brake which facilitated the operation of railway cars, and especially at high speeds. It was a step in advance in the elimination of the great distances in the United States; it added to the comfort and safety of passengers on railway trains. It is said that the first test resulted in the complete demolishment of the train. The railway officials considered it a dismal failure, but Westinghouse was greatly elated, feeling that if the air-brake was powerful enough to destroy a train then the essential principle was correct. All he had to do was to modify its power in order to make its operation feasible. His reasoning has been proved to be correct.

In 1870, Hyatt invented celluloid, a produuct which has been of supreme importance in the manufacture of a multitude of products. It has ceased in these days to be a substitute and has become a recognized necessity in commerce.

A year later, Goodyear perfected the welt shoe sewing-machine which greatly simplified the manufacture of shoes and contributed much towards the reputation which the United States enjoys as being the best shod nation on the face of the earth.

The same year Locke produced a grain binder which, with the McCormick reaper, was to exert a profound influence upon making American agriculture the most productive, at the lowest cost, in the world. The binder was the next necessary step in the harvesting of grain, following the invention of the reaper itself.

In 1876, the year of the Centennial of the nation, Bell invented the telephone, which was to revolutionize methods of communication between people everywhere. It facilitated the speeding up of business and commerce. At first a true luxury, it soon became the most essential necessity in the whole realm of rapid communication. The first telephone was a crude affair, but today it stands as the perfect reproducer of the human voice, carrying it across the continent in the twinkling of an eye, or overseas by means of the radio telephone.

Two years later, in 1878, Thomas A. Edison succeeded in producing an electric light. So important was this, as well as the subsequent discoveries credited to Edison, that this might well be called "the age of Edison." The electric light has made light truly subservient to man; has rendered it possible at the touch of a finger, and what is usually overlooked, has rendered *safe* light possible everywhere at a very trivial cost. While Edison has given the world many other very important inventions, among them the phonograph, or talking-machine, and the storage battery, he will be known and honored in history for his electric light.

In 1884, Mergenthaler invented the linotype machine, which rendered possible the rapid setting of type. Newspapers of huge circulation were now humanly possible, and costs and production were correspondingly lowered and speeded up.

The next most revolutionary invention was in 1903 when the Wright Brothers successfully proved that a heavier-than-air machine could be made to fly. The airplane is rapidly taking its place in the affairs of the world today, and tomorrow will likely find it a necessity of the first importance.

The next invention of world-wide significance was the

wireless telephone by the Bell Company engineers in 1915. It was not until ten years later that it assumed real commercial possibilities, but today the radio is to be found in thousands upon thousands of homes the country over—to say nothing of its importance in shipping, in aviation, in commerce and business.

The United States has contributed to the civilized world countless other inventions, many of them extremely important in world progress; but, in the main, those mentioned above cover the more revolutionary ideas which have made possible the lesser contributions.

We have not failed to do our bit in making the world a better place in which to live. We have, in fact, as the record clearly shows, more than justified our existence in this department of human endeavor alone. We have been called a nation of inventors, and this seems to be within reason when we remember that up to 1922 more than one million, five hundred thousand individual patents had been issued by the national government.

CHAPTER IV

Industrial Organization

AT the time of the adoption of the Constitution of the United States, agriculture was the principal industry. This remained true so long as desirable free lands were available for settlement. It was not until long after the Civil War that industry really received any great development, although it was making progress through invention almost from the first.

During the ascendancy of agriculture as the principal occupation, industry was in the handicraft or family stage. Industrial groups were small; there was a close relationship between employer and apprentice or employee. In the South, the large plantations were largely self-sufficient, manufacturing by hand everything that was used from soap to bricks.

It was not until long after the Civil War that the industrial complexion of the United States began to change, in spite of the fact that invention had continued to give us a long list of machines and appliances calculated to speed up industrial processes.

During this period of industrial expansion, industry grew out of the family stage into the local stage, and then from the local into the national and international stages. There were gigantic combinations of resources, materials and capital which assumed colossal proportions. By the combination of all the elements entering into the manufacture of finished products and by the utilization of every advantage which would speed up production and

eliminate expense, we made possible the production of commodities in huge quantities at slight cost.

We entered the age of huge industrial corporations, when quantity production was the order of the hour, and when great armies of workers were employed to carry forward the industrial conflicts of the day. The control of industry passed from the hands of individuals even, into the hands of gigantic combinations of capital. The banking business was forced to keep pace with the development of industry and passed from small local groups where there was a close association between employer and employee into national and international groups of finance, controlling, in turn, industry itself.

Credit facilities were evolved on as large a scale as industry itself and we saw bankers and financial institutions dominating labor and management, even to the exclusion of the stockholders.

In other words, we were passing from a spirit of democracy in industry to a marked tendency for autocracy and arbitrary power which it was hard, if not impossible, to get at. Wage-earners and consumers both sensed the new conflict and commenced to prepare for it.

The old spirit of cooperation between employer and employee disappeared entirely. In its place came industrial strife and warfare which caused serious upheavals in many industries. There was a struggle of such viciousness that in many instances orderly processes of civil government were entirely disrupted and martial law rendered necessary.

Labor saw that the individual worker was as nothing, when pitted against the great combinations of management and capital that now dominated industry. Labor commenced to organize in order to meet collective economic bargaining force with collective bargaining power.

Their representatives claimed that they were not receiving a fair share in the production of industry, and they demanded representation in the determination of wages and working conditions.

There were strikes and lockouts, boycotts and disorders for several years prior to the World War, as the contestants battled for position and favor. Conditions became so strained that a new theory of right was heard to be asserted and even to be hinted in judicial pronouncement, and that was the right of the public to be considered in all matters of industrial dispute, particularly in the case of basic industries. Affairs came to such a practical standstill that it was increasingly necessary for the Federal government to intervene and to arbitrate as between the parties.

In the case of the transportation industry, the Interstate Commerce Commission and the Shipping Board were created for the purpose of adjusting and regulating differences in a way that would insure the continued functioning of transportation. Labor departments were organized not only by the Federal government, but by the states for the protection of labor in industry. And, in 1912, the democratization of the banking industry was partially brought about by the adoption of the Federal Reserve System.

The conflict between labor and capital continued, however, up to the entrance of the United States into the World War, and almost immediately thereafter ceased. Adjustments in differences of opinion were, of course, necessary in many instances, but they were made by the government, or by commissions appointed by it, and there was no serious disruption of production.

In 1918, President Wilson called together the American Federation of Labor, representing employees, and

the National Industrial Conference Board, representing employers, and this conference mutually adopted a series of principles for the government of industrial conditions during the war period. Among the principles agreed to were the following, which were officially proclaimed by the President:

"There Should Be No Strikes or Lockouts during the War.

"Right to organize.—The right of workers to organize in trade-unions and to bargain collectively through chosen representatives is recognized and affirmed. This right shall not be denied, abridged, or interfered with by the employers in any manner whatsoever.

"The right of employers to organize in associations or groups and to bargain collectively through chosen representatives is recognized and affirmed. This right shall not be denied, abridged or interfered with by the workers in any manner whatsoever.

"Employers should not discharge workers for membership in trade-unions, nor for legitimate trade-union activities.

"The workers, in the exercise of their right to organize, should not use coercive measures of any kind to induce persons to join their organizations nor to induce employers to bargain or deal therewith. . . .

"Hours of labor.—The basic eight-hour day is recognized as applying in all cases in which existing law requires it. In all other cases the question of hours of labor shall be settled with due regard to governmental necessities and the welfare, health and proper comfort of the workers.

"Maximum production.—The maximum production of all war industries should be maintained and methods of work and operation on the part of employers or workers

which operate to delay or limit production, or which have a tendency to artificially increase the cost of production, should be discouraged. . . .

"Living wage.—(1) The right of all workers including common laborers to a living wage is hereby declared. (2) In fixing wages, minimum rates of pay shall be established which will insure the subsistence of the worker and his family in health and reasonable comfort."

The remarkable results which were achieved in industry during the war, due to the spirit of cooperation that existed and the elimination, by truce, of the old differences which caused industrial strife, drove home a valuable lesson. There was a desire on the part of all far-seeing authorities to see this spirit, and the fruits thereof, carried over into peace-time affairs.

On December 1, 1919, President Wilson called together his second Industrial Conference. Membership was composed almost entirely of disinterested, but distinguished members. Among other things, these principles were announced:

"The plain fact is that the public has long been uneasy about the power of great employers; it is becoming uneasy about the power of great labor organizations. The community must be assured against domination by either. . . .

"The causes of industrial unrest are many. Among others they include the rise in the cost of living, unrestrained speculation, spectacular instances of excessive profits, excessive accumulation and misuse of wealth, inequality in readjustments of wage schedules, release of ideas and emotions by the war, social revolutionary theories imported from Europe, the belief that free speech is restricted, the intermittency of employment, fear of unemployment, excessive hours of work in certain indus-

tries, lack of adequate housing, unnecessarily high infant mortality in industrial centers, loss of personal contact in large industrial units and the culmination of a growing belief on the part of both employers and employees that a readjustment is necessary to a wholesome community of their united effort. . . .

"There is, however, a feature of the present industrial unrest which differentiates it from that commonly existing before the war. It cannot be denied that unrest today is characterized more than ever before by purposes and desires which go beyond the mere demand for higher wages and shorter hours. Aspirations inherent in this form of restlessness are to a greater extent psychological and intangible. They are not for that reason any less significant. They reveal a desire on the part of workers to exert a larger and more organic influence upon the processes of industrial life. This impulse is not to be discouraged, but made helpful and cooperative. With comprehending and sympathetic appreciation, it can be converted into a force working for a better spirit and understanding between capital and labor, and for more effective cooperation. . . .

"It should be borne in mind that today, when the sense of the magnitude and danger of social unrest is still acutely upon us, when we have not yet reverted to settled habits of thought and action, when our economic life is still in a state of readjustment, it may be possible to establish ideals and set machinery which the inertia of a later day may defeat. Not with any feeling of panic, not with any hysterical haste, but sanely and sensibly we urge that these reforms be put into effect. And we do so with the belief that they will not only contribute largely toward the elimination of causes of industrial strife, but that they will make for the introduction in American in-

dustry, of those democratic principles which constitute the most precious heritage of the American Citizen."

Two weeks later, a conference of the representatives of organized labor also met in Washington, and, in part, made this pronouncement:

"The great victories for human freedom must not have been won in vain. They must serve as the instruments and the inspiration for a greater and nobler freedom for all mankind. . . .

"Labor understands fully that powerful interests today are determined to achieve reaction in industry, if possible. . . . They seek to destroy the democratic impulse of the workers which is bred into their movement by the democracy of the American Republic. . . .

"Creative power lies dormant where autocratic management prevails. No employer has a vested right to the good-will of his employees. That must be earned as between men. It can be earned only when management deals with workers as human beings and not as machines. There cannot be a full release of productive energy under an autocratic control of industry. There must be a spirit of cooperation and mutuality between employers and workers. . . .

"We call upon all to join with us in combating the forces of autocracy, industrial and political, and in the sublime task of ridding the world of the power of those who but debase its processes and corrupt its functions.

"In all struggles for justice and human freedom, sacrifices have been made. Having made supreme sacrifices to crush militarism and political autocracy in Europe, America's workers will not surrender to political and industrial autocracy at home. In the struggle now before us, we will contest every effort made to fasten tyranny

and injustice upon the people of our Republic. We are confident that freedom, justice and opportunity for a better day and a higher life shall be achieved."

It has already become apparent, we are sure, that a marked change had come over the thought not only of the workers, but of the public as well, as before and after the war. Prior to that conflict, the great objects the workers were seeking were shorter hours, high wages and better working conditions. They did not relinquish these demands during or after the war, it is true, but they were contending in addition for a higher and greater objective —namely, a protest against the autocratic control in industry and a demand for a greater voice in its control by labor.

There was an attempt immediately following the Armistice, on the part of industry, to deal trade-unionism a death blow. There was a brief period of good-feeling and confidence when it seemed possible to cast off the thorn in the side of autocratic management, but this movement was short-lived. As soon as its true purpose became apparent there was engendered excessive bitterness among the workers, and the threatened struggle, with the apparent loss of that production at low cost which had been obtained during the days of cooperation between capital and labor which all deemed most essential—caused the movement to be prudently withdrawn.

The whole country, the thinking part of the country, expected to see a bitter and protracted struggle between capital and labor for supremacy. It was discussed in the public print and efforts were made to find a way to protect the obvious rights of the public, especially in such basic industries as transportation and fuel mining. But the rapid policy of deflation with its attendant economic dis-

turbances produced a sobering effect upon both capital and labor.

In addition, here and there throughout the country, certain far-sighted employers were beginning to inaugurate principles of management in cooperation with employees which pointed an eloquent example to the whole industrial organization of the country. It was observed that while the employers who were still asserting the old right of autocratic control were in trouble, those employers, on the other hand, who had admitted the workers to a fair participation in management and control were in a favored economic position. They were gaining the advantage because they not only had eliminated strikes, but by rendering their workers partners in industry they had succeeded in increasing production to a level consistent with that enjoyed in war-time, and had thereby reduced costs to a point where they were better able to meet the economic distortions of the hour.

This was a new principle in industry, this thought of removing criticisms on the part of employees by making them partners in the enterprise. In some instances, where there had been wide-spread public criticism and distrust of an industry because of autocratic dominance, the same advantage was secured by splitting up the capital stock of the industry and offering it to the public. This tendency was particularly prevalent in certain public utilities where there had been wide-spread public antagonism. It changed public opinion overnight. It worked the same magic in the case of the workers. Having an active share in ownership and management, many of the old points of difference were immediately removed and the spirit of cooperation thus liberated worked profound improvement in many ways.

One of these plans which attracted considerable attention was that adopted by The A. Nash Company of Cleveland. Arthur Nash, the president, came to be known as "Golden-Rule" Nash. Briefly, he divided his profits with his employees on a fifty-fifty basis. There were other benefits and concessions, particularly those made to women employees.

The Bank of Italy, one of the leading financial institutions of the country, particularly in the Pacific Coast States, adopted a profit-sharing plan whereby forty-two per cent of the profits of the business were divided among the employees. The rights and privileges of management were also rotated among the employees, the longest period any one particular post of responsibility could be held being five years, when it must be passed on to someone else.

The so-called Mitten Plan, first proved a success in the operation of the Philadelphia Rapid Transit Company, provides for an equal share in profits and management for labor, after capital returns have been met.

Many other plans and variations were adopted, but all looked to the same end; namely, the closer cooperation and good-will of employees and public.

Professor Lauck says: "These practical achievements will serve as models for the future. It cannot now be denied that industry in the future, to be successful, must be democratic. The insincere systems of employee representation which have already been put into effect in this country—those established to offset unionism or the movement for genuine democracy in industry—must be remodeled in the light of a true intent or of general acceptance of the fundamental principles of democracy. Otherwise their failure is certain. If their sponsors are

wise they will accept unionism as the basis of collective bargaining, and also adopt the other fundamental principles of democracy in industry, such as just and reasonable wages and working conditions, the sharing of cooperative gains with employees, stock ownership and representation on boards of directors by employees, and the elimination of the investment banker by selling new securities direct to employees and customers. Unless they adopt these policies, they will find themselves outstripped in the competitive race for industrial efficiency and productivity."

The extent to which the American movement for democratic organization in industry has spread, may be gained from the following statement made by Mr. William P. Hapgood, President of the Columbia Conserve Company, who has put into effect the principles he contends for in his own business:

"Anyone who is acquainted with industry knows that it is not free. About ninety-five per cent of the people involved in it are virtually serfs. Workers have almost no voice in the determination of their own industrial affairs, those affairs which have a tremendous importance upon their physical and spiritual well-being. So long as this system remains, that is, so long as the great majority of people spend more than half of that part of the day in which they are awake, in a situation which not only does not stimulate them, but which on the contrary deadens them, society is in danger. . . .

"What is the goal for which labor is striving? Labor is trying to get just a little freedom, such a pathetic little freedom. Freedom from the domination from those who own, freedom to direct their own lives, freedom from the involuntary servitude of their mechanical lives, freedom

to do some creative work. The desire for freedom is one of the strongest urges of the human heart, and it cannot be denied. Industry must accept it or perish."

This is a far cry from the sweat-shop of a generation or two ago, yet it is the contribution which the United States has made to industrial organization and to industrial thought. It, too, is in the direction of that spirit of greater liberty which, we have seen, has characterized almost every contribution that has been offered from these shores.

CHAPTER V

Merchandising Practices

ADVERTISING is keeping America in solution. It is keeping our wants ahead of our ability to realize them. And that is one way to combat successfully the so-called evils dogging the steps of a materialistic civilization. And gradually, as a man passes from one want to another, he acquires that experience which leads him out of the material and the mere crass chase for pelf and power into the higher realms of real usefulness and service.

Consider the history of the races dead and gone. When they were young and the rush for material wealth was on —each race was vigorous, reliant and worthy. But just as soon as the leaders succeeded in realizing their wants, in filling their coffers with gold and silver and precious stones—from that point on, the race began to disintegrate and became corrupt.

When that great arm of publicity—advertising—first commenced to be a real force in America, we were at the danger point. Great wealth had become concentrated in a comparatively few hands. We saw great captains of industry retiring from useful effort to enjoy in selfishness the fruits of their labors. Then advertising came in. It began to increase wants, to exploit the fruits of our inventive genius. It overturned ages in a few years and dismissed the habits of centuries with a gesture. It changed our viewpoint towards individual success; it laughed money down. It led the ideal of worthwhile service by the hand and enshrined it in the hearts of men.

Advertising did that, and is doing that. It is stimulating

our wants to such an extent, and more and more our wants are leading us out of the purely material, until now we seldom hear of men of capital, of brains or skill "retiring." And so long as wants are kept ahead of the ability to realize them, a people is safe, even in a highly materialistic civilization.

Advertising, in a broad sense, is not an American innovation. It has been known in some form or other since the dawn of intelligence, certainly since the dawn of literacy. And before that, even, advertising after a fashion was carried on between men and nations.

Throughout the Middle Ages, the favorite form of advertising found expression through the Town Criers, who communicated the news of the hour and such other items of public interest by word of mouth to the people of a given community. Until well after the Revolutionary War this was the commonly accepted mode of announcing the news of the day in this country. People listened for the voice of the Crier at all hours of the day and night, and when he summoned them to the streets and public squares they gave heed to his messages.

With the advent of newspapers and periodicals in this country, there gradually grew up the custom of inserting notices therein of items purely of a personal interest to the party causing them to be inserted. It was out of this custom that advertising as we know it today gradually evolved.

At first these notices were concerned mainly with the arrivals and departures of sailing vessels; the notice of run-a-way slaves and servants, and, gradually, of items of produce for sale. There was little attempt at salesmanship through the printed word—of the ramifications of *publicity* as known and practiced today.

All was very crude, but here was sown the seed of a

mighty force which soon was to influence not only the thought and habits of America, but of the whole world. But it was no more crude than the forms through which it had found expression in the Old World for generations.

It was not until 1869 that the first really successful advertising agency (N. W. Ayer & Son) was launched. In other words, specialists began to appear, who devoted their whole thought and attention to the science of salesmanship through the medium of the printed word, to the influence of the reading public in buying habits quite unheard of under the older conceptions of trade.

And from that meagre beginning has grown up the great system of advertising as we know it today; a system which exerts a profound influence upon the habits of the hour; a system which "makes or breaks" the future of innumerable commodities and products; a system which costs prodigious sums of money each year but which, under the paradox of the American system of business economics, has brought the riches of Midas to the doorsteps of middle-class families for the first time in the world. Costing its hundreds of millions annually, it actually renders available to everyone at less cost per unit the finest material things that Commerce and Industry can produce!

It is distinctly an American contribution. It is a part of the contribution America must, by necessity, have made in order to render her people one in thought and act, in spite of the tremendous distances that separated one settlement from another.

When all is said and done, America's great contributions have been in the direction of the elimination of time and distance. There has been the telegraph, the telephone, the modern newspaper and the periodical of huge circulation, and now the radio phone. Advertising is a

part of all these, the most important contribution of all, because it is not only "news," but education, marketing, higher aspiration and business ethics all in one. Advertising not only creates "wants," but it supplies those wants as well.

The old problems of production and consumption have been largely solved by advertising. The chief problem of the eighteenth century was that of production—everything was done by hand. There was a limit to what a given person might produce. Consequently, the standard of living was low and mere things produced by the human hand were at a high premium.

The age of machinery, which came at the end of the first quarter of the nineteenth century and gradually spread throughout industry, gradually corrected this fault of the old slow method of hand production. Soon production threatened to outstrip consumption, which may properly be said to have been the chief problem of the nineteenth century. Stated in another way, the chief problem of the nineteenth century was to elevate the standard of living in order to increase consumption. The nineteenth century had slipped into oblivion and the first quarter of the twentieth century was nearly spent before the problem was largely solved.

In other words, it was not until advertising came to be a real force in our times that the standard of living of the masses was elevated to the point where consumption was even in a position of keeping pace with production, under the impetus of the machine age. The problem is still not solved in some industries—notably, agriculture. But in the main, the solution is possible through the medium of advertising, as has been proved by too many instances to need recounting here.

Advertising, as we know it today, is more than mere

publicity. It is more than simply telling people the "news" that you have certain goods on sale at a certain place; the old "reader notices," inserted in the seventeenth century journals, are not enough these days. You must not only inform people of the fact that you have commodities for sale, but *you must also arouse the desire for those articles and move the reader to action!* In other words, the great function of advertising today is to make sales—to move the goods from the warehouses and the shelves of the dealers.

The development of advertising under the American impetus has been remarkable, to say the least. Only a few short years ago it was in the crude forms it had enjoyed from the earliest days of periodical publishing. Typography, layout, illustration—were all crude and extremely rude.

It has been only in very recent times that even these have been perfected. Attention is now paid to scale and harmony of type arrangement, to the generous use of white space (under the increasing competition for attention), to the use of judicious slogans and legends to attract attention, to the use of illustrations. More and more the tendency has been to increase the size and quality of the illustrations and reduce the text. Illustrations are made to tell the story, to register the whole function of an advertisement. And in very recent years the use of full color illustrations has been widespread because of the recognition of their greater attention-getting value. And in very recent times, we have seen the use of color photography adopted, as that process has been perfected.

In all this amazing development, the United States has contributed by far the most. Even in the very expensively printed periodicals from other countries, one observes a crudity in typography and layout which we have long

since passed. The American advertiser and advertising expert has full right to qualify to the proud title of Master in the use of printed salesmanship; he has taught the world the use of psychology in print. He makes the silent salesman of cold type alive and vital in the lives of millions of human beings he never sees or meets.

In the field of salesmanship, there has been just as imposing a development, under the tutelage of the American business development. Long ago American business men realized that there was a great deal of potential business to be gotten only through the medium of the direct approach of paid ambassadors. In fact, these "salesmen" were employed long before advertising had come to be much of a factor in commercial supremacy. In those "good old days" of commercial warfare, the spoils belonged to the most aggressive sales force, to those who could "go out and get it."

The recognition of advertising as a distinct force in business-getting was not a signal for the recession in the direction of selling by direct methods. In fact, it was merely a signal for redoubled effort all along the line of the old methods. Sales forces were trained in the new technique of "cashing in" on the favorable opinion created by national advertising; to "follow up" prospects; to use the fine-tooth comb in securing every possible crumb for the larders of the industry represented.

The result has been the training of a nation of salesmen, for every citizen of this great land recognizes that he is a *salesman* willy nilly. As a nation we have become faddists on salesmanship. We are better read on salesmanship than on good government or on the economic problems which so seriously confront us. We are salesmen to such an extent that we are universally charged with an undue anxiety "to get," rather than to enjoy that

which we get. In other words, we know how to get what we are after—we are generally good earners, but we are not nearly so good spenders.

We believe in salesmanship, more than we believe in anything else. We believe that it is the Divine Way of progress. We observe that when the Creator had a scheme for better living to offer suffering humanity He sent us a Salesman in the form of the Man of Nazareth. We need only to have it pointed out to us and we invoke no other gods before us.

We admire no man so much as we admire the man who can "get the name on the dotted line." The great salesman we acclaim. He, and he only, is greatest among us—whether it be in the business of bringing orders to the house, votes to the party, or souls to the throne of heaven. He is great who excels in the art of persuasion, who can, by direct or indirect means, impose his will upon multitudes of others.

Salesmanship in America has undergone tremendous changes since the old days of the jovial, cigar-dispensing drummer. Then, it was largely a personal matter in the rough and tumble of commerce. It was a question of stamina and bull force, or nerve and audacity. Today, it is a question of organization, of psychology, of brain-work and team-work.

Competition has served to refine methods somewhat, just as it has done in the case of advertising, but the refining of methods has not served to lessen effort. Those who think so are doomed to failure and personal disappointment. The greater the refining process, the greater the heat. In other words, the more the science, the more potent the method must be. There is no short-cut to success, no royal road to riches today. Competition heightens the effort necessary, the brains required. And it will

become greater as Time spins her web and runs on to the end of the thread in the bobbin.

There is another ally in the great trinity of American business which is a part of advertising and selling, but not adequately defined by either. It has come to be known as "merchandising," and is, to some extent, separate and distinct from the other two.

It is, perhaps, not much different from Emerson's old definition of commerce; at least, it is the business of getting the goods off the dealer's shelves and into the hands of the consumer. It is the "cashing in" on the results potentially to be expected from the "field" as a result of the general effect produced by advertising, and the local effect to be expected from direct solicitation.

It is, in other words, a great system of distribution which makes possible the success of the other two great arms in the American trinity. It is the science of putting the tangible thing where the customer can get at it. And in this great system of distribution "the dealer" is the key man, the arbiter of last resort.

And since he exerts such tremendous influence in the fortunes of commodities and products that would find favor in the eye of the public, we find that advertising and salesmanship—the two great guns in modern business activity—are coming more and more to be trained in his direction. Indeed, salesmen seldom seek the individual buyer these days; they are trained to concentrate upon the more important dealer, for he represents greater potential sales in the end.

And advertising has come to be directed as much towards "the dealer" as towards the consumer. The whole problem, in the present stage of selling, has been to reach and impress the dealer, knowing that he, in turn, will aggressively go after his own trade locally, And so

whole advertising campaigns and whole sales campaigns have been directed toward this end. Thus, "merchandising" has become dignified with a status as great as, if not greater than, that of advertising and selling in America.

And what is effective in America in this direction is equally effective everywhere. Nowhere else in the world has been such tremendous commercial success attendant upon advertising, selling and merchandising as in America. The United States has taught the world how to overcome the eighteenth century problem of production and how to elevate the standards of living, which was more than the nineteenth century could solve. Now the struggle is to get the consumer's dollar and further to elevate the standard of living.

Out of material things and material prosperity, the United States is pointing the way to larger usefulness and service. She has set men to useful effort in a game more fascinating and more potent for good than any that the world has yet evolved. She has taught men everywhere that "he who would be the greatest among you, must be a servant to all." In the measure that he serves, is his greatness recorded.

When the United States first saw the modern vision, trade was in a barbaric state. Advertising was still in swaddling clothes and no one knew what to expect from the thing. Trade was in its dotage of haggling and bartering—the time-honored method of centuries of merchandising. "Caveat emptor"—let the buyer beware—had been sanctioned by law for generations. It was a case of cheat the other fellow before you were cheated yourself.

Buyers were naturally suspicious and wary. They had to be lured to the counter by other means, by premiums, by the "throwing in" of accessory merchandise, and by

all the tricks of trade which centuries of sharp dealing had evolved. Customers were suckers to be trimmed today before the new crop arrived tomorrow. The Golden Rule was something to observe when you were in trouble and needed help; the idea of practising it voluntarily was something utterly preposterous. The Sabbath Day was remembered to keep *it* holy, and the idea that "the customer was always right" was something that none dared to voice. The one-price system was a distinct innovation none dared seriously to espouse.

It is little wonder that "trade" had fallen into such low repute that most self-respecting men spurned association with it. It was something as loathsome as usury and plain brigandage. It grew out of pirating and no man indulged in it unless forced by grim necessity to do so; and if he did, he was promptly sneered at and despised for his slump from social standing.

The United States has elevated "trade" from this low estate to that of dignity and respect. Her standards of business ethics are so high that no man is ashamed to be a servant in the world of business; indeed, the only man at whom we look askance today is the man who does not do something useful and worthwhile. The standards the United States has set are such that the only man despised today is the man who remains in idleness. Gentlemen work these days, and take their part in the business of the world; the only real social outcasts are the idlers and the do-nothings.

In other words, the United States has set the world of men (and a very considerable portion of the world of women) to work. She has dignified labor and made it the badge of respect, and through business she is civilizing the world at a greater speed than it has ever been civilized before.

CHAPTER VI

The New Business Economics

WE have already mentioned the fact that the greatest problem of the eighteenth century was that of production, and that while increased consumption was the great problem of the nineteenth century, it did not wholly solve it. By increased consumption, we mean the elevation of the standard of living of the masses to the point where it is possible for the increased production to be absorbed and digested without fluctuation and disarrangement of the economic balance.

Indeed, the solution of this problem has become such a startling achievement that the eyes of the whole civilized world have been upon the United States of America ever since it first became apparent that she had solved it. We have been visited, investigated, probed and interviewed until we have, ourselves, lost the thrill that usually accompanies great works.

Fundamentally, the solution of the problem has come as the result of our willingness to overturn the old theories of business economics and to adventure upon the uncharted economic seas. That we have made great discoveries is proved by the continued prosperity of the nation.

We have not been orthodox; we have not clung fast to the old theories. We have been radical to the core; we have scrapped the old viewpoints in a breath-taking manner. We have, it would seem, taken the opposite viewpoint—the extreme, and with disarming regularity proved to the world that the old ideas were erroneous.

It is little wonder that the industrial and business circles of the world have an economic headache when they contemplate the American success.

It seems paradoxical, to say the least. Consider, for instance, how Garet Garrett states one phase of it in a recent magazine article:

"The Europeans' way of regarding wealth would lead them to believe what they assert. They think of possessions as wealth. Gold is capital, foreign investments are assets, and such is wealth.

"Our way of thinking is dynamic. Gold is not capital. What we call capital is some means whereby goods are increasingly produced to satisfy human wants—tools, ideas, methods, power stations, motor cars, conveyor belts; and as for foreign investments, they represent something we have done with goods instead of consuming them ourselves.

"We think much less about wealth than about prosperity, and they are not the same. The measure of prosperity is not what a people may possess; it is what they consume. The per capita wealth of Robinson Crusoe's kingdom was very great. Two men possessed everything. Yet their state of prosperity was very low, because without the engines and tools to multiply the power of their hands they could not produce more than enough to satisfy the wants of simple necessity. All the gold in the world, all the foreign investments in the world, plus unlimited sources of raw materials, would not have increased their prosperity in the least.

"So in the foreign doctrine that the United States got rich in the war one must recognize both malice of fable and disability of view. . . .

"No material part of the spectacle of American prosperity is owing to the war; it is in spite of the war, in

spite of our having loaned away, perhaps forever, enormous quantities of goods that we have not ceased to want for ourselves. It may be that we owe to the war a sense of power that might otherwise have come a little more slowly, a lesson in solidarity, a clarification of the national mind, a new faith in our own values; but it is no such business of the spirit people mean when they say it was the war that gave American's first place in the world."

The American theory, we have said, is in direct opposition to the economic theories of the Old World. In what respect does it differ?

One of the most marked differences has been in regard to the relative attitude of the two schools of thought towards wages. The Old World idea has been that wages are fixed by natural law, that "the poor are always with you" and that there is no moral responsibility for anyone to pay more than a mere living wage; that wages and profits are always antagonistic and that neither can profit except at the expense of the other. In other words, that capital and labor are, by nature, antagonistic to each other and can never bear any other relationship.

Americans have never been willing to accept an apparent obstacle, to allow even a condition to defeat or delay the result that seemed desirable. They have tended naturally to cooperation and to the combination of resources in order to achieve the desirable. If antagonism seems to divide power and delay the result—then join hands and march on! If the opposition was delaying success, all was not lost; join it, and move on!

Antagonisms between capital and labor were seen to be wasteful, to be destructive of progress, whether exemplified in strikes and lockouts, or in the more subtle contraction of wages to labor, its consequent minimum

production with attendant minimum profits to both labor and capital.

Mr. Henry Ford was the first national character to put into effect the theories of Francis Amasa Walker, the American who, more than fifty years ago, said: "Under free and full competition, the successful employers of labor would earn a remuneration which would be exactly measured, in the case of each man, by the amount of wealth which he could produce with a given application of capital and labor, over and above what would be produced by employers of the lowest industrial or no-profits grade, making use of the same amounts of capital and labor."

When Mr. Ford announced, a number of years ago, that henceforth a certain minimum wage would be paid to all of his employees regardless of the character of work done, he fairly astounded even American industry. His minimum wage was considerably in excess of that paid in industry generally for the same character of work. This did not mean that all employees were to be limited to said minimum wage; it meant, merely, that low-grade labor was to be given a greater productive power because the incentive was thereby to be placed upon such labor to increase its productivity. And, in this sense, greater productive power meant also greater consumptive power, for more wages mean a higher standard of living and a higher standard of living means greater consumption.

What was then looked upon as the foolhardy stunt of a visionary has since proved to be the soundest business economics under the new American code. It has tended to increase prosperity because it has increased consumption. The old theory of thrift—the "saving" of petty profits—has likewise gone down under American innovations. We have come to see that wages must not only be in-

creased, and hours of work shortened in order to insure increased consumption, but that "buying strikes" and pinch-penny thrift are antagonistic to these principles. Money must be kept in circulation; it must be wisely expended within reasonable means, if the benefits to be expected are to be derived from the general increased prosperity. In other words, money cannot be expended upon non-productive things if any general good is to come from the increased prosperity. It is an endless chain, and you have no right to break it. If you dam up this stream of general good, you are an enemy of the progress we all desire and need. Therefore, all kinds of inducements are placed in your path to encourage you to part with your money for productive commodities and to consume them as rapidly as expedient.

Mr. Ford also forgot his "lines" when he commenced, upon one occasion, to advertise, "Buy a Ford and *save* the difference." It will be remembered how quickly he changed that when his attention was called to it, to read: "Buy a Ford and *spend* the difference." There, in two sentences, we have the two economic principles in plain language. The old theory was to grasp and to keep; the American theory of the new day is to win and to expend for productive commodities—to keep the circle of industry constantly busy.

The Hon. James J. Davis, in a recent magazine article, has this to say about the newer conception of economics:

"But just as we learned the new economic truth that good wages mean good business, so we have learned another truth applicable to so-called over-production. In these days the enlightened manufacturer, when he sees production rising above his sales, takes a different track. Instead of closing down his works and bringing on the

very fears that wipe out buying almost completely, he aims to speed up sales. He knows that if over-production does exist, one reason for it may be the faulty distribution of his goods. The new economic discovery, therefore, is not to scale down production but to speed up sales.

"I believe this new way of handling the problem of rapid production will serve to make our prosperity more lasting. At least one of the old causes of depression is being discarded, and replaced by a practice that tends to create not fear but confidence. I have known manufacturers who felt that they were producing one kind of goods too rapidly, to turn to another kind of product, and in many cases, to make one that turned out to be far more profitable than the old. This experience supplies us with a valuable hint. It opens up a wholly new field for the exercise of our inventive genius. I mean the search for new public tastes and needs, or the very creation of these. . . .

"Despite the humanitarian blessings of this, there begins to be a danger. In proportion to our increase in population, it should now take one hundred and forty workers to supply the needs which one hundred could supply a dozen years ago. Actually, with the spread of automatic machinery, seven per cent fewer workers supply the nation's needs. In a word, machinery begins to displace the human worker at a rate that may create a class of those chronically unemployed.

"The answer to the problem, as I see it, is in some parallel development of new commodities, new popular tastes or needs, and so new forms of employment. It is time for inventive genius to turn its attention in part toward an almost laboratory study of these tastes and needs, and the very creation of such needs. Twenty-five

years ago anybody would have laughed at the idea that the motor car, a toy for the well-to-do, would make itself a virtual necessity to every active man in the country. But that is precisely what has happened, not only in the case of the automobile, but with other articles not forced into being by popular demand but now regarded as articles of necessity.

"Just as we have hit on two important new economic forces—good wages and sales stimulation—so I have every faith that the inherent energy, alertness, and ingenuity of our people will be equal to this problem when it presses for solution."

We have already mentioned the point that the old ideas as to thrift and saving have come to mean less under the American ideal of business economics than ever before. We quote from Garet Garrett, in a recent magazine article:

"You may say: 'But what people save is money. They put their surplus money in the bank and the bank lends it to others who will use it as capital to create more wealth.'

"By more wealth you must mean more motor cars, more textiles, shoes, garments, radio sets, furniture, better houses, perhaps, with more plumbing and modern conveniences. But as people are now minded to save their money instead of spending it, they will buy fewer of all these things, not more. Therefore why should anyone be so stupid as to borrow the money they have saved and use it to produce more of the things they are not buying? It would not pay.

"So the seeming paradox that people may ruin themselves, or at least greatly reduce their prosperity, by saving instead of spending. It is not a paradox. It is simply true. It is not always true, and it is now true for the

first time in the economic annals of the race because the problem of production has been solved. How to produce enough, even more than enough, is no longer any problem at all. We continue to recommend thrift as a private and public virtue without realizing that when once you have solved the problem of production, then thrift universally and rigorously practiced—the kind of thrift that means doing with less in order to save more—is economically disastrous.

"Why was saving ever a necessity? This is to speak of saving in the economic sense, collective thrift as a national virtue, not thrift as a form of personal providence. The use of collective saving in the economic sense—the use of it in Ben Franklin's time—and in order to create capital means to the further production of wealth. The means were more tools, machines, power, factories, mines, railroads, and so on. The only purpose of increasing these is to increase the production of goods that finally satisfy human wants, all precisely with the end in view that people shall be able to enjoy more, have more, exist in a state of plenty, with no necessity to stint and save and deny their wants. . . .

"It was only a few years ago that the possibility of oversaving occurred to anyone as an idea. Now you may hear it discussed as a problem of the utmost importance. We must mind that we spend enough—consume enough—to keep our existing industrial machine going at ideal capacity, for unless we demand and consume what it is ready to provide, there will be unemployment, from unemployment underconsumption, and the rhythm of prosperity will break. We must be careful at the same time not to increase our power of production faster than we increase our power of consumption—careful, that is to say, not to go on adding to our capital means at the ex-

pense of our current buying power, for that is like plowing more land than you can sow or sowing more than you can reap."

One of the great changes which have come in very recent years, since the World War, has been the rather wide-spread consciousness that in cooperation of capital, inventive skill, management and labor rests the only real solution to business economic problems.

Until the period of transition of which we speak, these elements in production and distribution were in opposing armed camps. They were thought to be antagonistic to each other; war to the bitter end for supremacy seemed the only solution that seriously occurred to anyone. First capital, then labor—with inventive skill (the source of ideas) and management as lesser allies—was on top. It was bitter warfare, and as wasteful as any two ordinary wars of history.

Just here need we put in a word for the inclusion of inventive skill (the source of ideas) as entitled to consideration in the economic scale of things? It perhaps is not as necessary as it would have been a dozen years ago. But capital without inspiration cannot be translated into prosperity; it may, conceivably, represent wealth but in the end it is no more wealth than the gold that lies hidden in Nature's storehouse. It is locked up, frozen, inert —without inspiration, ideas.

Management has, in recent years, come to be accepted as a third important leg in the economic partnership of capital and labor. But management without the directing principle of an idea—a purpose—is impossible. There must be something to manage, something to do, some place to go, before management can function.

Labor, too, is bound to this same law. There is no need for labor, if there is not some intelligent purpose behind

its employment. It, too, must set its hand to the material realization of the *idea* which has attracted the support of capital, or there will be no call for labor, no profit for labor.

So we must admit inventive skill to a place at the economic board. And the newer American conception recognizes now just four legs to this table upon which profit —prosperity—may be supported. They are: Capital, inventive skill, management and labor.

Suppose you place a handful of coins on your table supported by these four necessary legs. The coins are to represent profits—prosperity for all. The table is the joint production of all. Suppose, again, that capital and management combine to knock labor out of the picture. What happens? Your table collapses and down go the coins—profits, prosperity—in a heap. Suppose that labor gets the upper hand and decides to destroy capital's fair return. What happens? Capital becomes disheartened and withdraws its support, and down go your coins —profits, prosperity—again. Suppose management is dishonest and cheats in the business. Capital again withdraws with the same result. Or, it may be that management takes unfair advantage of labor, in the mistaken notion that it is winning some undue return for capital. Labor sags, or refuses to produce its fair share and again down go the coins—profits, prosperity. If inventive skill —ideas—are not furnished, the same result obtains.

It is obvious that there is a four-sided partnership which must be jointly sustained by each of the parties, if a business enterprise is to move forward to profits and prosperity. There is no such thing as one party being entitled to the lion's share at the expense of another. And the realization of this basic fact has been one of the most

heartening and amazing developments of the past decade.

Another development, which is part and parcel of this same fact, is the notion that there really is no such thing as a capitalistic "class," or a labor "class" in American business. The man in overalls in the shop may actually own more shares of capital stock in the enterprise than some of the managers.

In other words, we have come to the point where we are beginning to realize that we are not members of a class, but that we all take on the characters and the attributes of all classes. Labor may be capital and capital should be labor; the inventor furnishing the ideas and the processes and appliances to the business may represent labor, too, and he may also furnish some of the capital upon which the business is transacted.

We have taken on a "community of interest" which is significant of the new business economic day. We are no longer so prone to quarrel over our joint production for we now perceive that we are, in fact, brothers in the day's work.

One of the greatest devices for economic stabilization that have been adopted has been the plan of dividing large blocks of capital stock into small shares in order to encourage as many people as possible to participate in the ownership of a given concern. This has worked wonders in transforming the industrial and economic outlook. Customers are not so easily inflamed against public utility companies when they own a few shares of stock. Employees are more watchful of petty savings for the business when they own a few shares of stock. To them, it is *their* company, then.

Those employers who, because of selfishness or narrow vision, refuse to admit to participation in capital those

who have faithfully served them, are certain to disappear utterly under the weight of more broad-minded competition. Their employees will not stand up to the stress and strain of combat any more successfully than the mercenary hirelings are able to match the embattled freeholders on the battlefield. The organization in which labor and management are also participants in the capital resources will sooner triumph because its interest and its heart is greater in the struggle. The old law of incentive enters here and it continues to play the major part in deciding the issues of the economic battlefield. Thrice armed is that manager who realizes this.

This does not mean that all employees must be given gratis their division of the capital resources of a given concern. Such policy would be farcical to say the least. But there must be a willingness—nay, even an anxiety—to admit all members of the organization to participation. The detail of the actual admission is a matter better settled in each individual case. But the willingness and the possibility to share, to be part of the concern, is often all that is necessary to change the whole attitude of the employees towards the ownership and management. And it is the *attitude* which those in the ranks of the organization take towards it that determines its success or failure.

Ownership itself, however, has undergone a tremendous change in recent years. More and more management is becoming the paramount authority, and management is no more analagous with ownership. In the old days, they were one and the same thing. Ownership—management, could operate when it desired and could close down the works when it willed. It was autocratic, domineering—it, alone, *owned* the right to rule.

That conception of ownership is passing, and has

largely passed. In those organizations where there is a long eye to the future, it no longer has its way; the newer and more progressive conception of ownership is that it is entitled to a share, to its share, in the profits. Labor and inventive skill are to have their share also, as does management.

The capital share-owners of a business nowadays do not have the right to close down a plant when they so desire; the only right they have is a right to a share in the profits. The right to work, the right to a profit for all, is coming to be recognized as paramount to all other rights. It is a mandatory right which management must recognize; a duty which it must perform. And when management performs this duty universally, then will the peaks and valleys of the industrial cycle be removed.

There has been a marked movement in the direction of multiple ownership of capital stock of the great corporations, as we have already noticed. This has meant the division of shares among hundreds of thousands of small stockholders, in many instances. It has meant much more than this.

For one thing, it has meant a marked change in attitude on the part of the public towards the great corporate institutions. It has meant a complete revolution of thinking on the part of the public, as compared with only a few years ago. There was a time, within the memory of all, when the great corporation was something unholy, something to be feared and distrusted. All that has passed largely because of the change of *ownership* of these corporations. Ownership is no longer private, but is now *public*. Therein lies the explanation.

Corporate ownership is not, therefore, now with out the pale of public morality; it is well within the circle of acceptability. The chief obstacle of a decade or two

ago, the obstacle of political expediency, is now removed and much of the economic progress which has been made in that period is traceable to that fact alone.

We are not now engaged in fining great corporations for their efforts in the direction of economic betterment, nor do we witness the spectacle of such fining being applauded by the people. We have come to see that where there is a separation between *ownership* and *management,* especially where the ownership is public and not private, there is a distinct economic advantage in corporate organization. The people do not fear themselves. It is the other fellow, whoever he may be, that they fear. When they realize that they, themselves, own the dreaded monster that seemed so formidable to them in another day, they are not so easily aroused.

It is not necessary, we trust, to point out the advantages of corporate ownership. What is a corporation, anyway?

The idea originated with the Romans. It was simply this: A legal fiction of a *corporate* (body) entity which did not, in fact, exist, but which, at law, did have legal existence. A legal person, as it were. It was devised to multiply the powers of the few citizens of Rome so that they might function, legally, in more ways than they could as physical persons. Certain prerogatives were, by law, limited to Roman citizens. These were limited, also, by law. Hence, the legal fiction of the corporation.

It was originally intended as a multiple ownership proposition, after a fashion. It was not intended to be an extension of the person or the rights of one individual. When it has returned to the functions originally intended, the fears felt for it in our own early days largely disappear.

And yet corporate ownership has made possible multi-

ple production almost beyond the comprehension of the human mind, because it has joined hands with inventive skill in a way never before dreamed of. There are some among us who complain of "over-production" as the author of all of our economic ills, in turn blaming the great corporations, made possible by multiple ownership, for having loosened these economic evils upon us.

It is not so long since that one great economist was proposing that wastefulness in production and in consumption and distribution was the actual economic saviour of the race because it kept us all from starvation! Efficiency, with which we are so unfamiliar, has ever been frowned upon by labor, capital and management. We want to produce and to draw profit, but we are suspicious of the individual or the engineer who comes forward with a scheme for making that very thing possible. Our intuition seems to be better than our desire.

We have seen over-production knock the bottom out of prices, throw labor out of employment, deprive capital of dividends, and earn no salary for management, nor royalties for inventive skill. We have seen it glut the land with products and take bread out of the mouths of our children. These things we have seen, and it is little wonder that we look askance at the author of these ills. In spite of the assertion that the problem of production has been solved, we are not so sure. We see it as a continuing problem, an endless cycle, until the standard of living of all the people has been advanced to a place where it not only overtakes, but permanently supersedes, production. Whether that condition ever arrives is problematical. It should not coincide with anything but the millennium, for mankind would not be ready for it before that time.

The newer distribution of profits will speed the day

when a more general prosperity will be possible; wages and earnings, perhaps, will not be limited so much by *production* in the future, as they will be limited by *consumption*. High wages without corresponding consumption will not solve the problem. Since consumption and not production is the real rub in continued prosperity, we may look for a new system of economics based upon that cardinal consideration.

Indeed, we are turning in that direction even now. We hear much of an agitation for a five-day week. What for? To increase consumption primarily, and, in consequence, prosperity. To decrease production? Hardly. For consumption cannot be increased if production (wages) are to be decreased. The five-day worker can produce in these days as much as the six-day worker has been producing. The added incentive of an extra day to do as he pleases will attend to that. But wages must remain at the same figure, or your incentive fails. No one wants to be *laid off* one day a week on the present basis of payment.

The emphasis now is upon consumption—which is, increasing the standard of living of all and sundry. It is the newest American note. And it indicates even greater prosperity under the newer American conception of business economics.

This new viewpoint evolved by daring American business men is, and will continue to be, vastly important to the whole world. For a better standard of living here sets an ideal, a goal, for industry everywhere—which, in time, will revolutionize the whole world. If the United States had added nothing else but this newer conception of business economics, she would have amply justified her "place in the sun."

CHAPTER VII

Religious Concepts

IN the early days of colonization in America there was a tremendous rivalry between various religious sects to colonize and convert the country and the natives. In many respects, the struggle which finally culminated in the French and Indian War, was a struggle between Catholicism as defended by the soldiers of France, and Protestantism as defended by the soldiers of England. It was not only a struggle for supremacy between two cultures and two interpretations of civilization—it was more pointedly a struggle between two religious concepts.

We have already seen how most of the original colonization was brought about because of a desire to find a haven where certain religious opinions might have an opportunity to flourish without the political opposition of those who subscribed to different interpretations of the proper mode of worship.

The Pilgrims came to Plymouth entirely because of religious desires. And the Puritans were soon spread all over New England. From them sprang a dozen different sects, most prominent to this day being those of the Congregational and of the Unitarian faiths. Roger Williams was the first outstanding dissenter in New England. He was forced to flee into the wilderness and he and his adherents brought about the settlement of Rhode Island.

William Penn founded Pennsylvania as a haven for the persecuted Friends, or Quakers. Maryland was founded primarily as a Catholic commonwealth, when that faith was under a cloud in England. In the South, strong settle-

ments of Scotch Presbyterians were made, while Virginia was the stronghold of the Established Church of England —in other words, the Episcopal Church.

Canada, under the French, naturally became strongly Catholic and so it remains to this day. In fact, under the French, the priests preceded the trappers and the traders as the vanguard of civilization. What the priests took possession of, the soldiery found often hard to maintain. Jesuit fathers roamed the wilderness from the Falls of St. Anthony (Minneapolis) to the lagoons of Mississippi on the South, and from the fields of Arcadia in the Northeast to the villages of Kaskaskia and St. Louis. They were the original explorers of vast stretches of the new world and to them much of the subsequent history of the United States is traceable.

General Oglethorpe founded Georgia as a haven for those incarcerated in debtor's prisons in England. It is doubtful if he was thinking much about religious aspects when his great conception possessed him. But it was to Georgia, his colony, that John Wesley, the founder of Methodism in England, came. Wesley was the originator of one of the most powerful and numerous of all of the Protestant sects, and it is worth noting that he spent considerable time in the United States in preaching his doctrines. It can be said with entire truth, and without belittling his abilities we trust, that in America he made his preliminary forages in the field of evangelism. It was here that he tested his powers and perfected his talents.

The greatest evangelist of colonial times, George Whitefield, toured the colonies prior to the Revolutionary War, arousing tremendous interest and bringing together enormous audiences. Benjamin Franklin recounts at some detail his impressions when Whitefield spoke before an open air gathering in Philadelphia. It is easy enough for

one to grasp the apparent power of the man when it is noted how much he impressed Franklin, who was not usually so moved or so nearly swept off his feet.

It was entirely natural, in an atmosphere which breathed freedom from every side, that differences of opinion should grow up. America was not the place for Orthodoxy to flourish, no matter how sincere an effort might be made to perpetuate it. The Virginia Statute for Religious Freedom dealt the death blow to Orthodoxy in America, and while it persisted in some localities for many years, it has never enjoyed the strength and the universal acceptance it did before it was divorced from the aid of state authority.

It was natural that great revolts in the direction of free-thinking should be expected to occur in such an atmosphere of revolutionary thinking. The typical American has always resented and actively opposed tyranny in any form, whether of things political or of things of the mind. He has perhaps been harsh and bigoted in his own beliefs and anxious to impose them upon his neighbor, but he has resented and fought any attempt on the part of another to assert the same right towards him. The result has been the widest possible divergence in matters of belief and practice. A statute for religious freedom was the only sort of policy under which the nation might have endured.

The Congregational idea soon gained considerable following in New England—the theory being that each congregation was to have the sole authority of church government. The desire was to avoid the abuses of the prelate system so prevalent under the practices of the Established Church in England.

But this was not enough. In another generation in New England, the widest possible turnover in belief had oc-

curred. Unitarianism sprang up. The congregation in matters of church government was not only supreme, but it actually revised creeds and rituals in keeping with the hard-headed thinking so common in that section of the country.

To trace the parentage and the development of all of the multitudinous sects and creeds which have flourished more or less in the United States would be not only impossible, but unnecessary.

It is sufficient to point out that a distant type of free-thinking came gradually to the surface. In time it agitated the public mind more than the great political issues of the hour. It caused violent upheavals and it left its scars. Likewise, it made its contributions to world-civilization. Whether for good or evil, it is not our function to say.

We have already mentioned the missionaries sent by various sects into the lands of the Indians for the purpose of converting them to the particular faith represented. Just how the missions were received by some of the Indians may be judged from a reply made by Red Jacket, a chief, to a speech delivered by a missionary to the Seneca Indians. Among other things, he said:

"The white people, brother, had now found our country. Tidings were carried back and more came among us. Yet we did not fear them. We took them to be friends. We called them brothers. We believed them and gave them a larger seat. At length their numbers had greatly increased. They wanted more land; they wanted our country. Our eyes were opened and our minds became uneasy. Wars took place. Indians were hired to fight against Indians, and many of our people were destroyed. They also brought strong liquor among us. It was strong and powerful, and has slain thousands.

"Brother, our seats were once large and yours were

small. You have now become a great people, and we have scarcely a place left in which to spread a blanket. You have got our country, but are not yet satisfied; you want to force your religion upon us.

"Brother, continue to listen. You say you are sent to instruct us how to worship the Great Spirit agreeably to His mind; and, if we do not take hold of the religion which you white people teach, we shall be unhappy hereafter. You say that you are right and that we are lost. How do we know this to be true? We understand that your religion is written in a Book. If it was intended for us as well as for you, why has not the Great Spirit given to us, and not only to us, but why did he not give to our forefathers, the knowledge of that Book, with the means of understanding it rightly? We only know what you tell us about it. How shall we know when to believe, being so often deceived by the white people?

"Brother, you say that there is but one way to worship and serve the Great Spirit. If there is but one religion, why do you white people differ so much about it? Why not all agree, as you can all read the Book?

"Brother, we do not understand these things. We are told that your religion was given to your forefathers and has been handed down from father to son. We also have a religion which was given our forefathers and has been handed down to us, their children. We worship in our way. It teaches us to be thankful for all the favors we receive, to love each other and to be united. We never quarrel about religion.

"Brother, the Great Spirit has made us all. He has made a great difference between His white and His red children. He has given us different complexions and different customs.

"To you He has given the arts. To these He has not

opened our eyes. We know these things to be true. Since He has made so great a difference between us in other things, why may we not conclude that He has given us a different religion according to our understanding?

"The Great Spirit does right. He knows what is best for His children; we are satisfied. Brother, we do not wish to destroy your religion or take it from you. We only want to enjoy our own.

"Brother, you say you have not come to get our land or our money, but to enlighten our minds. I will now tell you that I have been at your meetings and saw you collect money from the meeting. I can not tell what this money was intended for, but suppose that it was for your minister; and, if we should conform to your way of thinking, perhaps you may want some from us.

"Brother, we are told that you have been preaching to the white people in this place. These people are our neighbors. We are acquainted with them. We will wait a little while and see what effect your preaching has upon them. If we find that it does them good, makes them honest, and less disposed to cheat Indians, we will consider again of what you have said.

"Brother, you have now heard our answer to your talk, and this is all we have to say at present. As we are going to part, we will come and take you by the hand, and hope the Great Spirit will protect you on your journey and return you safe to your friends."

Two men have been largely responsible for the drift from Orthodoxy in the United States. They were Thomas Paine and Robert G. Ingersoll. The former might properly be challenged by some as having been "an American," but we think such a view of the matter to be beside the point. Although born in England and grown to maturity there, it was in America that he found himself and

gave utterance to those remarkable powers of political observation which did such tremendous damage to the foes of the colonies.

After the Revolution, he left these shores and hurried to England, thirsting for new worlds to conquer. He came very nearly causing a political revolution in staid Old England through his book: "The Rights of Man." Forced to flee for his life, he went to France and served in the councils of the Revolutionary party there. He incurred the enmity of Robespierre because he refused to vote for the execution of King Louis XVI, declaring on the floor of the Revolutionary parliament that "he would kill the monarch, but save the man."

Marked himself for slaughter, he was thrown into prison and escaped with his life only through the fall of Robespierre himself. It was while in prison that he wrote the book which has since brought down upon his head the combined power of Orthodoxy everywhere, "The Age of Reason."

It is worthwhile to note what his purpose in writing this book was, as set out in a letter to Samuel Adams. He wrote the book because "the people of France were running headlong into atheism," and he "had the book translated and published in their own language to stop them in that career."

This may surprise many people who have not acquainted themselves with Paine's beliefs in this particular, or who have confused the various words such as "atheist," "agnostic," "infidel," and the like, that are commonly applied to free-thinkers in religion. Paine was neither an atheist nor an agnostic. An atheist is one who does not believe in the existence of a God, a Supreme Being; an agnostic is not necessarily an atheist, but one who does not pass judgment either pro or con, merely

saying: "I do not know." Paine was an infidel to the theological conception of Jesus of Nazareth and the systems of religion founded upon his teachings by the various creeds and sects, but he was not an infidel against God. Many people have assumed, or learned by hearsay, that he was a hopeless unbeliever in any higher power. But this is not true.

In the first few paragraphs of his book he states his belief in these words: "I believe in one God, and no more; and I hope for happiness beyond this life. I believe in the equality of man; and I believe that religious duties consist in doing justice, loving mercy and endeavoring to make our fellow-creatures happy."

The thing that brought down upon his head the combined calumny of the whole Christian world was his statement that he rejected all the then known creeds, specifying them by name. He added: "My own mind is my church." He took pains to go through the Bible with a fine comb, as it were, and to point out all of its inconsistencies and "mistakes," and with his "ax" he made the "trees" to fall on every hand.

He was a true rebel, and he gloried in the tumult and the din that he caused. He had none of the tact that those who are accepted by the world must have. He took the rebel's delight in felling trees, a figure he applied to himself, and in daring the opposition to set them up again.

"It is necessary to be bold," wrote Paine. "Some people can be reasoned into sense, and others must be shocked into it. Say a bold thing that will stagger them and they will begin to think."

But he was not attempting to set up a new order of belief, or to impose his own beliefs upon others. He had the saving grace of a sense of humor. He was content

merely to "be bold," to "say a bold thing" in the hope of staggering "them."

"I do not mean to condemn those who believe otherwise. They have the same right to their belief as I have to mine. But it is necessary to the happiness of man that he be faithful to himself. . . . It is impossible to calculate the moral mischief . . . that mental lying has produced in society."

Speaking of Jesus of Nazareth, he wrote: ". . . but Jesus Christ founded no new system. He called men to practice the moral virtues, and the belief of one God. The great trait in his character is philanthropy. . . . Nothing that is here said can apply, even with the most distant disrespect, to the *real* character of Jesus Christ. He was a most virtuous and amiable man. . . . He preached most excellent morality, and the equality of man, and he preached also against the corruption and avarice of the Jewish priests; and this brought upon him the hatred and vengeance of the whole order of priesthood. . . .

"(The Christian church) has set up a religion of pomp and revenue in pretended imitation of a person whose life was humility and poverty. . . .

"Do we want to contemplate (God's) power? We see it in the immensity of creation. Do we want to contemplate His wisdom? We see it in the unchangeable order by which the incomprehensible Whole is governed. Do we want to contemplate His munificence? We see it in the abundance with which He fills the earth. Do we want to contemplate His mercy? We see it in not withholding that abundance even from the unthankful. . . .

"Whether we sleep or wake the vast machinery of the universe still goes on. Are these things and the blessings they indicate in the future nothing to us? Can our gross feelings be excited by no other subject than tragedy and

suicide? Or is the gloomy pride of man become so intolerable that nothing can flatter it but the sacrifice of the Creator?"

His indictments of the then existing religious conceptions were summarized as follows: "First, Belief of a word of God existing in print, or in writing, or in speech, is inconsistent in itself for the reasons already assigned. . . .

"Secondly—The Creation we behold is the real and ever-existing word of God, in which we cannot be deceived. . . .

"Thirdly—The moral duty of man consists in imitating the moral goodness or beneficence of God. . . . Everything of persecution and revenge between man and man, everything of cruelty to animals, is a violation of moral duty. . . .

"I trouble not myself about the manner of future existence. I content myself with believing, even to positive conviction, that the power that gave me existence is able to continue it . . . and it appears more probable to me that I shall continue to exist hereafter than that I should have had existence, as I now have, before that existence began."

Today, these beliefs would hardly excite a ripple of interest, but in the day when they were first fired upon a startled world, they caused great bitterness and hatred. It seemed as if the antagonisms of the whole world had been centered upon one man. Orthodox pulpits thundered against him in every quarter of Christendom. He was slandered, reviled, lied about; his personal habits were made to appear particularly sinister and pernicious.

The price Thomas Paine paid for the utterance of his religious opinions was the loss of the esteem and reputation he had enjoyed as a revolutionary patriot in three

countries. He was particularly despised in the United States; and his unfortunate quarrel with Washington did much to turn all men against him.

He spent his last years on a farm near New Rochelle, New York, which the state had presented him in recognition of his services during the Revolution. His house, "Huguenot House," is still standing and is preserved as a memorial to him.

The great work which Thomas Paine did was to initiate the liberation of the mind from superstition, fear and a blind acceptance of Orthodox theology without question. He sought to do nothing else. And for the most part, his efforts ended in failure because Orthodoxy was able to have the last word in the argument—at the moment.

It was not until champions arose to defend him and to work in the direction of his cause that the dream he had in mind began to be realized.

Thomas Jefferson, it must be remembered, was enlisted in the same cause. In September, 1800, he wrote this memorable line to Benjamin Rush: "I have sworn upon the altar of God eternal hostility against every form of tyranny over the mind of man."

Charged with atheism in the bitter campaign of that year, he wrote: "As to the calumny of Atheism, I am so broken to calumnies of every kind from every department of government, Executive, Legislative and Judiciary, and from every minion of theirs holding office or seeking it, that I entirely disregard it. It has been so impossible to contradict all their lies, that I am determined to contradict none; for while I should be engaged with one, they would publish twenty new ones.

"Had the doctrines of Jesus been preached always as pure as they came from His lips, the whole civilized world would now have been Christian.

"To the corruptions of Christianity I am indeed opposed; but not to the genuine precepts of Jesus Himself; I am a Christian in the only sense He wished anyone to be; sincerely attached to His doctrines in preference to all others; ascribing to Himself every human excellence; and believing He never claimed any other."

Again, he writes: "The greatest of all reformers of the depraved religion of His own country was Jesus of Nazareth. Abstracting what is really His from the rubbish in which it is buried, easily distinguishable by its lustre from the dross of His biographers, and as separable from that as the diamond from the dunghill, we have the outlines of a system of the most sublime morality which has fallen from the lips of man; outlines which it is lamentable He did not fill up."

Ingersoll, in his lecture "Personal Deism Denied," declared: "Whoever attacks the prevailing religious opinion of his time must, in his turn, expect to be attacked. We haven't yet outgrown the barbarism that argument can be answered by personal abuse. The religious world today has not yet outgrown the belief that you have to answer every argument not by showing that it is bad, but by showing that the man who makes it is bad. It makes no difference whether the maker of an arithmetic turned out to be a rascal or not, we should still have to believe that ten times ten is a hundred. I expected to be attacked and I have not been disappointed. I had always supposed religion taught men to love their enemies, or, at least, treat their friends decently, but I never knew of a minister who loved me, or who could forgive me. In return, I only want them to act so I won't have to forgive them. I don't pretend to love my enemies for I find it hard work to love my friends, and if I have the same feelings towards my enemies as towards my friends, I have no humanity in me. I

deny that any man is under obligations to love his enemies. I believe in returning good for good and for evil, Confucius' doctrine, exact justice without any admixture of revenge. All I ask of the Christian world is simply to tell the truth, but that is a good deal more than they will ever do. There was a time when a falsehood from the pulpit smote like a sword, but it now has become almost an innocent amusement. Lying is now the last weapon left in the arsenal of Theology. They say I am in favor of too much liberty, but I am in favor of justice, liberty, society. You cannot make men good by slavery; there is no regeneration in the chain. You can't make a man honest by tying his hands behind him. Good laws don't make good people, but good people make good laws. There is no reformation in force or in fear. You might scare a man so that he would not do a thing, but you could not scare him so that he would not want to do it. All the laws in the world won't change the disposition of a human being. . . .

"I am simply in favor of allowing the literature of science the same rights exactly in the mails of the United States as is allowed to the literature of superstition. I despise beyond the power of speech the man who would read or circulate a book, the tendency of which would be to leave a stain on the fairest of all flowers, the heart of a girl or boy. . . . If any Orthodox clergyman will read to his congregation certain passages in the Bible that I will select, I will pay him one hundred dollars in gold. There wouldn't be a lady left in the church and if a man stayed, it would be to chastise the man for insulting the woman; I believe in keeping the family pure. . . . Nearly everybody is afraid to express his thoughts on the subject of God. They imagine there is some kind of a being up yonder who would be filled with wrath at some poor hu-

man being who dared to express his best thoughts. Can you injure this God? No. Why? Because he is infinite. What do you mean by that? Conditionless. How can you injure a man? Only by changing his condition. If there is a God who is conditionless, you can't possibly change his conditions because he hasn't any; therefore, you can't interfere with him in any way. You can't commit a single sin against him; therefore, you need have no fear.

"But all these hundreds of years the clergy have been telling the people there is such a crime as blasphemy. There is a personal God up there that made the world. He made you and you ought to go down on your knees and thank Him. Thank Him for what? Ought the beggar to thank Him, who is starving in the midst of plenty? Ought the man who is born under some despotism and has to toil hard year after year yet never sees a decent dress on his wife, nor takes a decent meal? Ought the woman whose husband is a drunkard? Ought the poor invalid who is a slave to some hereditary disease? Ought the one who is born deformed? Ought the millions of poor slaves to thank God? Let us be honest! Ought the black man to thank God for having made the white man mean enough to hate him because he was black? Ought the poor widow who lives in misery and destitution? Ought the man who is forced to enter the army of a despot against his will? If you credit God with everything that is good, let us keep a double set of books, so as to keep the accounts straight on the other side and debit him with everything that is bad. . . .

"I read in a paper a sermon by the Rev. Dewitt Talmadge about 'Dreams,' that God still appears to men in dreams. Just think of it! An infinite being catching some poor fellow asleep and going at him. According to this story there was a poor old woman who had the rheuma-

tism, and another woman nearly as poor that had not got the rheumatism, and the woman without rheumatism used to wait on the other and take care of her.

"All at once the one without the rheumatism died. Then the other old lady said, 'Where am I going to get anything to eat?' That night God left his throne after having given directions about winding up the sun and moon, and came to this old woman in a dream. He took her out of her house and carried her to where there was a large mountain of bread on the right hand and a large mountain of butter on the left hand. When I read that I said to myself, 'What a good place to start a political party!' God said to the poor woman, 'All these provisions belong to your father; do you think that he will allow one of his children to starve?' And the reverend gentleman says that the next day a man was in some mysterious way moved to go to the old lady, and seeing her destitution, he took pity on her and took care of her until she died. Is it possible there is a Being who interferes with the affairs of this world, and interfered to feed that poor woman? Then why doesn't he feed thousands and thousands of others? Why show her mountains of bread and butter and allow thousands and thousands to die of famine in other parts of the world? Look at that famine in China that might have been prevented by a slight change in the wind. If God had changed the wind that would have changed the direction of the clouds, and they would have gone over all of that parched-up district, and emptied themselves upon it and there would have been plenty. But God didn't change the wind and the clouds emptied into the sea.

"What would you think of a gardener who had an immense barrel of water in his garden, and when the ground got parched and the flowers and fruit were all drying up from the drought, took a pail of water from the barrel,

carried it around the garden and emptied it into the barrel again. That is what God did to China when he allowed the clouds to empty themselves into the sea. Has God ever interfered in the affairs of this world? This is an all-important question for upon it depends whether we have any human rights at all. If there is an infinite Being who does everything to suit himself, we have no rights and can't have any. Let him go on and do what he likes, we needn't trouble ourselves because we can't alter his plans. No one ever interfered to prevent slavery in any country —at any time or in any place.

"No one ever interfered to prevent any other form of human oppression or wrong. Hence you can't start a religion without a miracle. You must show that the facts of nature have been changed. Hence, they have always proved that point, that there is a God who interferes in the affairs of this world. But admit that he is infinite and it matters not whether you pray to him or not. It makes no difference what you do. It is like trying to lift yourself by the straps of your boots; it is no good, yet you get good exercise from it. So it is with prayer."

This is a fair sample of the argumentative style of Ingersoll upon the theme which gave him his greatest fame. Some of his most beautiful passages were delivered upon other themes, but in his lectures on theology, the above example is as good as any.

Ingersoll was of the combative temperament. He was even more of a fighter than Paine, Jefferson or other early American free-thinkers. He carried the fight to the enemy personally. He was not afraid to meet them face to face. He gloried in the arena of public strife and he traveled up and down the country on the public platform until his death, giving blow for blow.

It is to Ingersoll that we owe the more complete libera-

tion of the mind, so far as religious matters are concerned. He made it possible for men to speak and to write according to the dictates of their conscience with greater freedom than ever before. He gave life to the pronouncement of the Constitution.

We owe a vast debt to him this day. He has liberated the pulpits of the land, as much as he has liberated the common mass of the citizenry. He has blown the cool air of sanity into the minds of humanity; he has put out the darkness of superstition; he has made men unafraid of the day that is here and trusting, as they should be, of the night that is soon to come.

Yet he is hated and reviled, even as was Thomas Paine, and as was Thomas Jefferson in his day. He has his enemies who would frighten us away from his logic and prevent us from finding out for ourselves what it was that he really came to suggest to us.

As a word-painter, he stands supreme. Many of his word-pictures will endure as long as the language is remembered. We have already quoted in Chapter VII of Part I, his great picture of war, as delivered at Indianapolis in 1876. It is considered by competent judges as his best.

However, some of his other efforts more nearly reveal the sympathy and the heart of the man. His indictment of Napoleon I, at a time when every man of ambition in the whole world was seeking him as a model, is typical. It has been quoted again and again, and the interpretation he paints of the man is coming more and more to be the accepted evaluation of the "restless man." Ingersoll saw behind the tinsel and the brass, behind the pomp and the glory—and it all was revolting to a man of his finer sensibilities:

"A little while ago, I stood by the grave of the old

Napoleon—a magnificent tomb of gilt and gold, fit almost for a deity dead—and gazed upon the sarcophagus of rare and priceless marble, where rest at last the ashes of that restless man. I leaned over the balustrade and thought about the career of the greatest soldier of the modern world.

"I saw him walking upon the banks of the Seine, contemplating suicide. I saw him at Toulon—I saw him putting down the mob in the streets of Paris—I saw him at the head of the army of Italy—I saw him crossing the bridge of Lodi, with the tricolor in his hand—I saw him in Egypt in the shadow of the Pyramids—I saw him conquer the Alps and mingle the eagles of France with the eagles of the crags. I saw him at Marengo—at Ulm and Austerlitz. I saw him in Russia, where the infantry of the snow and the cavalry of the wild blasts scattered his legions like Winter's withered leaves. I saw him at Leipsic in defeat and disaster—driven by a million bayonets back upon Paris—clutched like a wild beast—banished to Elba. I saw him escape and retake an empire by the force of his genius. I saw him upon the frightful field of Waterloo, where Chance and Fate combined to wreck the fortunes of their former king. And I saw him at Saint Helena, with his hands crossed behind him, gazing out upon the sad and solemn sea.

"I thought of the orphans and widows he had made—of the tears that had been shed for his glory, and of the only woman who ever loved him, pushed from his heart by the cold hand of ambition. And I said I would rather have been a French peasant and worn wooden shoes. I would rather have lived in a hut with a vine growing over the door, and the grapes growing purple in the kisses of the Autumn sun. I would rather have been that poor peasant with my loving wife at my side, knitting as the day

died out of the sky—with my children upon my knees and their arms about me—I would rather have been that man and gone down to the tongueless silence of the dreamless dust, than to have been that imperial impersonation of force and murder, known as 'Napoleon the Great.' "

He summed up his real beliefs in these words: "I do not pretend to tell what all the truth is. I do not pretend to have fathomed the abyss, nor to have floated on outstretched wings level with the dim heights of thought. I simply plead for freedom. I denounce the cruelties and horrors of slavery. I ask for light and air for the souls of men. I say, take off those chains—break those manacles—free those limbs—release that brain! I plead for the right to think, to reason, to investigate. I ask that the future may be enriched with the honest thoughts of men. I implore every human being to be a soldier in the army of progress.

"I will not invade the rights of others. You have no right to erect your toll-gate upon the highways of thought. You have no right to leap from the hedges of superstition, and strike down the pioneers of the human race. You have no right to sacrifice the liberties of man upon the altars of ghosts. Believe what you may; preach what you desire; have all the forms and ceremonies you please; exercise your liberty in your own way, but extend to all others the same right. . . .

"As far as I am concerned, I wish to be out on the high seas. I wish to take my chances with wind and wave and star. And I had rather go down in the glory and grandeur of the storm, than to rot in any Orthodox harbor whatever. . . .

"In the republic of mind, one is a majority. There, all are monarchs and all are equal. The tyranny of a majority even is unknown. Each one is crowned, sceptered and

throned. Upon every brow is the tiara, and around every form is the imperial purple. Only those are good citizens who express their honest thoughts, and those who persecute for opinion's sake are the only traitors. There, nothing is considered infamous except an appeal to brute force, and nothing sacred but love, liberty and joy. . . .

"My creed is to love justice, to long for the right, to love mercy, to pity the suffering, to assist the weak, to forget wrongs and remember benefits—to love the truth, to be sincere, to utter honest words, to love liberty, to wage relentless war against slavery in all its forms, to love wife and child and friend, to make a happy home, to love the beautiful in art, in Nature, to cultivate the mind, to be familiar with the mighty thoughts that genius has expressed, the noble deeds of all the world, to cultivate courage and cheerfulness, to make others happy, to fill life with the splendor of generous acts, the warmth of loving words, to discard error, to destroy prejudice, to receive new truths with gladness, to cultivate hope, to see the calm beyond the storm, the dawn before the night, to do the best that can be done and then—to be resigned."

It was but natural that the United States should give evidence of marked radicalism in religious matters. Free-thinking in politics and governmental organization; free-thinking in social attitudes and relationships; free-thinking in almost every department of human endeavor, was the accepted order of society on these shores. This was due to the ideals and the purposes which gave America birth; due to the spirit upon the land from the very beginnings, and the determination in the hearts of those who dared the wilderness, to have done with all the old fetters which had hindered, or which seemed to hinder, a fuller measure of progress.

On the affirmative side, the United States has made

some very important contributions to religious thought and endeavor. The most outstanding of these, perhaps, is Christian Science, a system of theology and therapeutics developed by Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy, of Boston.

Mrs. Eddy claimed to have discovered the principle of Christian Science in 1866, as a result of intensive study of the Bible. Her denomination accepts the Bible as the inspired Word of God.

Christian Science is difficult to explain, but its fundamental principle is God—the true nature of God. It denies the existence of matter as a reality; material things are but the manifestations of the mortal mind of man. God is the only true mind, and man is of his spiritual image and likeness. Sin, poverty, disease—all evils—are errors, having no reality in fact. The healings of Christ were not miracles, but in accordance with divine law.

The first church was erected in Boston in 1879, and the denomination has had a rapid and extensive growth all over the world. Seldom has the world seen a system of religion which has made a greater progress. While many may deny its principles, the influence it has exerted has produced tremendous effects. It has brought back a more spiritual mode of thought in reaction against the more materialistic tendencies in many of the older sects.

The *Boston Evening Transcript,* in discussing the Christian Science Church editorially, said: "It is the only world religion, so far as we can now remember, that had its rise in an English-speaking country, and is the only new one that has been created for centuries.* Wonderful spiritual forces must have been set at work to accomplish this marvelous result. Somewhere in it must be germs of truth. Otherwise its story would be utterly inexplicable. No

*The editor of the *Transcript* apparently forgot Bahaïsm.

other recent cause has had such tremendous territorial extent, either in this country or in the world. All these things must be conceded by those to whom Christian Science is utterly enigmatical or anathema. These cannot understand the theory of its application, but they must admit the beneficent results that often come from this treatment and they recognize the satisfaction which Mrs. Eddy had a right to feel over the triumph of her cause. Few founders of a religion have been so rewarded in beholding the tangible success of their labors. Most of these founders died in ignominy and defeat."

The Church of the Latter Day Saints (Mormon) was founded in 1830 by Joseph Smith at Fayette, New York. In this year he published his book: "The Book of the Mormon People," said to be a translation of inscriptions on certain gold plates shown him by an angel.

The book was an account of the migration of King Zedekiah of Jerusalem to America, where his followers became the ancestors of the Indian tribes. Mormon was the pious Christian chief who saved the red men from idolatry.

Mormons believe in the Trinity, in the atonement of Christ and in future punishment. They believe that Zion will be restored and that baptism should be practiced. The chief tenet of their faith, not asserted until after they had settled in Utah, was polygamy. This was practiced until 1890 when the authorities, to avoid further clashes with the Federal government, abolished it. The Mormons are said to number over five hundred thousand followers. They are a thrifty, industrious and upright people, and have been largely responsible for the development of Utah and other semi-arid districts of the West.

The most significant contribution of all, however, that the United States has made in the direction of applied

religion or ethics, has been the widespread adoption of "religion in business."

There was a time when trade and commerce were something to despise. Their ethics were those of piracy and brigandage, and those who engaged in either trade or commerce were looked upon not only with suspicion, but loathing and disgust. So deep-rooted was the feeling that it came to be almost second nature to assume that no man could be so engaged and be honest and honorable.

The United States, has, in recent years, caused a complete reversal in public opinion along these lines. We have come to see that business is the great civilizer, and no more significant development has been found anywhere in the history of the world than in the high type of morality and business ethics now universally accepted and very generally followed in business everywhere.

Out of it has grown the ideal of "service," a distinctively American expression of business morality. "He profits most who serves the best," is a credo finding wide acceptance among literally tens of thousands of leading business men all over the world. "Service above Self" is another ideal which has made its mark.

In other words, American business men have put the Golden Rule into action and have come to consider it a part of their daily work-a-day world. They have come to see that any transaction which does not benefit both parties to it is immoral; they have seen, with Emerson, that no man can cheat another without cheating himself.

In place of the sharp-dealing which only two or three generations ago was considered essential in business, we now have the universal dictum: "The customer is always right!" Every reputable business institution today sails under this ensign: "Satisfaction guaranteed, or your money back!"

Less than half a century ago, men were remembering the Sabbath day to keep it holy, and were not so mightily concerned as to the rest of the work. Then, anything might go; but now they see that all days are holy days and that true morality cannot be segregated into one day a week, but that it must be a part of each and every thought and transaction throughout the week.

In the former days, haggling was the order of the hour. Sharp-dealing, lying, deceit—all flourished under the sanction of the "Caveat emptor" dictum of the law, itself. "Let the buyer beware!" And if the buyer found he had been bested in trade, his only recourse was to take advantage of some other luckless fellow.

All this has been overturned. We have a spirit of confidence and trust in business today; a spirit of service and helpfulness; a code of morality that has done more to give us the day we know than any development in material civilization within the memory of man. And the changes it will bring upon the world, and the ways of the world in the future, are now beyond our comprehension.

CHAPTER VIII

Architecture

IT was in 1492 that Columbus, "the brave Admiral," first touched the shores of San Salvadore and the New World. It was a time which, viewed from this distance, was heavy with years and decadence. The world was all but dead with reaction and ironclad conventions of thought and attitude.

But for a woman's intuition, a woman's faith, the intrepid adventurer from Genoa might never have proved his startling theory; a world might have lain undiscovered for generations to come. It was a time of smugness and settled conviction; a time when dry-rot was eating the heart out of civilization.

Yet in architecture alone were changes taking place, was progress swelling into bud and daring to show promise of bloom. The Age of the Gothic was definitely settling into the long night and the first rosy rays of the Renaissance were beginning to pierce the horizon.

By this we mean that there was a so-called rebirth of art as expressed in architecture, a return to the classical principles which had been ignored for nearly five hundred years—particularly a return to the principles expounded by Imperial Rome. The Renaissance sprang up with a mighty surge on the fair plains of Italy and so great was the impetus it received at the hands of such enthusiastic Italians as Brunelleschi, Alberti, Peruzzi, Bramante and Angelo that its influence spread over every nation of Western Europe, and finally disappeared on these American shores.

There was a Renaissance in France and a Renaissance in England, to which we looked full many a year for our artistic and architectural inspirations. It is not necessary to enumerate all of the ramifications of that movement, other than to point out that it was Sir Christopher Wren, with his Georgian style, who lifted his puffed-out cheeks to the waning light and finally put it out.

The United States, until a very recent time, was strongly under the influence of old-world architecture. It must be remembered that our shores were settled by a various people, drawing their ideas and ideals from practically every race in Western Europe. New England was settled in the main by Puritans. Virginia and the middle colonies were settled by other Englishmen, but very different in ideals and viewpoint from their northern neighbors. It was here that the Cavaliers and the aristocrats came to find sanctuary and to plant in new soil the ideals of life which had been thrust out by the Puritans in England.

New York and portions of New Jersey were settled by the Dutch; the Carolinas by the Highland Scotch and the Irish; Pennsylvania by the Friends and the Swedes, as were portions of Delaware. Georgia came at a much later date, almost at the tag-end of colonial days, and was largely a colony of impoverished Britons rescued by General Oglethorpe from debtor's prisons and penal institutions for a new start. Sprinkled in between these there were scattering settlements of almost every other race and creed in civilized Christendom.

Naturally, these people brought with them the habits of life that they were accustomed to enjoy. Architecture is a distinct expression of a strongly individualistic race; each distinct people has, in time, evolved its own expression on the subject.

It is but natural that we should see these settlers, still foreign in habit and thought, building here as they had been taught to build in the Old World, limited only by the materials and the skill found on these shores.

And these limitations were to work tremendous influences almost from the start. Our materials were native and we had no architects, no artisans in building materials. The ideas and ideals of the Old World underwent modifications almost from the start. Compromises had to be made, adaptations incorporated; and it is in these compromises and adaptations that new tendencies are first to be found, as a rule. If it were not so, progress would seldom be made, even in so important a subject as architecture.

It is a mooted question whether the log cabin was the first typically American expression of architecture. It has, in fact, been proved that a type of house preceded it which was distinctly mediaeval in appearance—namely, huts built of staves and saplings, filled in with wattles daubed with clay—taking the form of peasant cottages and huts on the other side of the water.

The log cabin was not necessarily a distinctive form of architecture. It was merely another evidence of the influence of the materials at hand. It enjoyed its greatest popularity in those districts where timber was most plentiful. Naturally, it was not known in regions where forests were not found.

We know that the Pilgrims at Plymouth first built log cabins, the fireplaces being built of logs also, heavily chinked with clay. These were soon burned down over the heads of the occupants—John and Priscilla Alden having four or five cabins burned over them in the course of their lifetime before they came to live at the Alden House at Duxbury. And Captain Myles Standish—he,

too, knew how treacherous an abode the true log cabin was! It was not until stone came to be used in the chimneys and fireplaces that any measure of security from this dread menace was found.

But in localities where other building materials were more plentiful, the same type of habitation, architecturally, was erected but employing the most common building material. In Pennsylvania and even in Richmond, Virginia, stone was used, as attested by several cottages remaining to this day.

In the plains country, even within fifty and sixty years of our day, sod houses were erected, no other building material being available. And in the Southwest, adobe bricks and walls were used by the Spanish under the tutelage of the Indians.

As quickly as possible, these early crude habitations gave way to more permanent dwellings. In New England, frame houses made from hand-hewn materials which were large and commodious in contrast to the restricted quarters of the cabin were erected. These might be protected from the elements by shingle walls or by hand-hewn siding, as the case might be. The essential quality was not so much the type of material used, or the type of architecture—these were by-products of the necessity of the hour. The essential quality was the extreme simplicity of design, the almost utter absence of design, which really gave them their greatest charm. Utility, practicability, was the main consideration, and in sacrificing everything else to this single consideration real beauty was achieved.

In the South, where clay was at hand and slave labor rendered cheap the making of brick, that building material came into great popularity and was widely used. In Pennsylvania, stone was more plentiful and naturally came

into use for the more permanent houses which followed the first flush of necessity after settlement.

In regard to brick, it should be pointed out here that most of the old brick houses of colonial times, regardless of the type of architecture employed, were built of brick made on the place by slave labor. It has truthfully been pointed out that if all the houses and barns said to have been built of brick imported from Europe actually had been, there are not today ships enough to carry them! The favorite story is that the brick was used as ballast in the ships coming to these shores in colonial times. But one may put it down safely that very, very few of the old buildings were actually built of imported bricks.

There has been an attempt in recent years to give color to the assumption that there was a marked difference in Colonial architectural styles in America, said difference being based upon geographical lines. There is slight justification for this in fact.

There is a difference in architectural styles, growing out of this period, in our minds today, but that is due to the adaptations which modern architects have made. In the eighteenth century no such differences would have been found by the traveler in America.

He would have found differences in materials and in some minor details, but, in the main, there was less difference in American architecture in the eighteenth century from one end of the country to the other, than exist in a given community today. It has truly been said that one could walk out of the drawing room of a Charleston merchant into that of a New York merchant in those times and have been unable to note the difference.

In the eighteenth century, London was the sole fountain-head of cultural and artistic values from one end of the colonies to the other. While the houses of England

might exceed in grandeur and magnificence and scale many of the colonial mansions, there were portions of the country where, even architecturally, the colonies were superior to the Mother Country.

The so-called styles of eighteenth century Colonial architecture which are so popular today really owe slight allegiance to true colonial types. They are of a more recent parentage and belong to our own day.

Take the so-called Dutch Colonial type of house, as an example. The first use of it which I have been able to discover was a plan published by the *Ladies' Home Journal* in July of 1897. It embodies all of the approved elements of the "Dutch Colonial" so popular in these more recent times; the clapboard and shingle siding, the wide gambrel roof comprising the second story, coming down low and often forming a front and a rear porch.

The "Dutch Colonial" as we know it today has no counterpart in colonial history; it certainly is not the type of house built by the Dutch in Holland. And, if it has any counterpart at all I am inclined to the belief that the plan mentioned above is it—certainly more than any other of historical significance.

While there were differences in the exterior detail of true eighteenth century houses, and differences in materials according to locality, in interior plan and arrangement Colonial houses from Maine to Georgia were very much alike. In the North there was a severity of exterior line, while in the South more freedom was taken and a tendency to slightly more ornamentation is noted. Here the tall columns and the ever-prevalent portico are found.

There was, however, real beauty in the so-called Colonial house, and its beauty consisted chiefly in its proportions. The Georgian Colonial, the best examples of which are to be found in the Middle States—Pennsylvania,

Maryland and Virginia—is the Colonial at the height of its perfection.

Sir Christopher Wren was the fountain of this exquisite architectural expression. It went down under the influence of that versatile patriot and man-of-all-interests, Thomas Jefferson, who introduced the Classical revival that endured until the horrors of Civil War turned the current of thought in other directions.

The Georgian came in about 1720 and lasted roughly until the end of the century, reaching its zenith at about 1750. The plan is familiar even to those who are not particularly interested in architecture. The length of the house faced the highway, and the entrance was into a central hall of generous size and proportions with the stairway, also broad and generous, to the rear. Under the stairway was the rear door, as the hall went directly through the center of the house. On either side of the hall there were two rooms of symmetrical arrangement.

The uses of these rooms varied. At Gunston Hall, home of George Mason in Virginia, the first room on the left of the hall was used as Mason's study and library. The room to the rear on the left side was the master's room. Across the hall to the rear on the right side was the dining room, while the room to the front on the right was the drawing room, or parlor.

In other houses, we find two of the rooms, usually those on the left, used as drawing rooms. On the other side of the hall, the room to the rear was the dining hall and the room to the front was used for the reception parlor, family living-room, and the like.

At Federal Hill, "My Old Kentucky Home," built in 1795 near Bardstown, Kentucky, the front room on the left is a drawing room; the room to the rear is a guest bedroom; the front room to the right is the dining room

and the room to its rear, while of the same size, served as a sort of assembly kitchen or butler's domain where the food cooked in the adjoining kitchen to the rear was finally prepared and inspected before being placed upon the table.

The actual use of the rooms depended a great deal upon the habits of the master of the house. If he were of a studious turn and interested in books and affairs of importance, a study, library or office was certain to be found on the main floor. George Washington had its study to the rear-left of the main hall, it will be remembered. Andrew Jackson's "Hermitage," although of a later period, follows mainly the Georgian interior arrangement. His study and office was in the form of an addition to the master's bedroom which was to the right-front of the main hall (but not directly opening into it).

At Waynesborough, home of "Mad Anthony" Wayne, near Paoli, Pennsylvania, we find the drawing rooms divided, one on either side of the hall and to the front. While there was considerable freedom in the location of the various necessary rooms, all downstairs rooms in the Georgian plan were usually of identical size.

Another feature which is noticeable is that, almost without exception, the dining room was to the right of the hall, and in almost every instance to the rear-right of the hall. This is the only room which seems to have been definitely fixed as to location by custom.

Upstairs, much the same arrangement of rooms obtained, although this often varied greatly, depending upon the usage to which the rooms were to be put. Usually the same hall divided the house from front to rear, although extra rooms might be incorporated by the simple expedient of making them smaller.

On the third floor, the plan was usually abandoned en-

tirely, the main anxiety seeming to be to work in as many bedrooms as possible. The halls were small and poorly lighted, and, alas, some of the bedrooms had no outside air or light at all! These were generally used for servant quarters or for the lodging of strangers and inferior guests, with which every estate was overrun in the "good old times" between the French and Indian War and the Revolution.

As prosperity came, the servants were moved to outside quarters, with the exception of necessary house-servants and the space given over entirely to the accommodation of guests. Witness the third floor at Mount Vernon, and the third floor at Mount Pleasant, home of the ill-starred Benedict Arnold in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia. Also the third floor at Grouseland, home of William Henry Harrison, at Vincennes, Indiana.

Another feature of the Georgian house, in the interest of greater safety from the ever-present menace of fire, and greater beauty in architectural line, is found in the placement of fireplaces. Instead of being in the center of the house, with the house built around it as it were, they were placed at the ends. An example of the former style is found in the birthplace of Noah Webster, of dictionary fame, near Hartford, Connecticut. Here the great chimney group is some sixteen feet square at its base and affords a secret stairway in which the family might find refuge in case the Indians burned down the house!

Quite as interesting as the pleasing proportions of the Georgian house, are the doorways. One of the finest remaining to us is that of Mount Pleasant, with its classical and unbroken pediment. Westover, in Virginia, is another famous old doorway with a grotesque broken pediment, but not nearly so fine, in my judgment, as the one at Mount Pleasant.

Bulfinch brought in the fan light, changing the Adam semi-circular light to one of elliptical scheme. Fan lights and side lights were unknown before the Revolution, although some architects seem to be unaware of this fact!

There were, of course, other details in which the constant progress of time may be traced even in the Georgian house, but they are too numerous and too trivial to interest us here. The point is that few houses, even of the same period and time, were exactly alike. The influence of Sir Christopher Wren marked them all, it is true, but the local builders and designers were searching for the variations so dear to the hearts of all—yet, at the same time, showing a conservatism that is admirable. For designs evolved slowly and there was a hesitation to launch out upon the uncertain seas that is really fine to note.

Just how much we owe to Thomas Jefferson for the absurd and rather amusing excursion America made into the Classical, will always remain a mooted question. Jefferson has been attacked in many of the domains where he reigned by default for so many years. One of these was the realm of architecture. Just how much of the Classical Renaissance in America is Jefferson and how much is Clerisseau, or Latrobe, will always be a matter of argument. Jefferson, himself, admitted concerning the Virginia State Capitol, which is claimed as his greatest architectural achievement and was the forerunner of the Greek revival in this country: "The drawings of the façade and other elevations were made by Clerisseau, one of the most correct architects of France and author of the 'Antiquités de Nimes.' " It is claimed by his most ardent biographers that Jefferson merely wished to give the authority of a great architect to his own designs, in making this admission! But it has been observed that the Sage of Monticello made grievous mistakes when, years later,

he came to draw the plans for the buildings at the University of Virginia, so that the aid of Clerisseau must have been obtained in the earlier excursion.

One cannot, however, visit Monticello, or "the University" nearby, without coming away completely under the spell of the man, patrician of the bluest blood, yet the most pronounced democrat this country ever produced. Whatever the imperfections of the individual buildings may be from a strictly artistic standpoint, they are not so likely to be apparent to you or me—they are reserved for keener eyes and more technical minds; and we must remember, whether the work was that of Clerisseau, Latrobe, or Jefferson, it was Jefferson who gave it the stamp of his approval, no mean stamp in those days, one hundred years ago and more, when he was the country's foremost citizen. It was his interest and his approval, in the end, which committed infantile and uncouth America to the Revival, absurd and deplorable as it may seem at this date.

And it was entirely natural that America should have her fling in the direction of the Greek. Wasn't Greece, ancient Greece, the only example in all history, of pure democracy that the world had ever seen? Many of our ideals in politics and government were derived directly from her; the dream of statesmen from that day to this has been to solve the riddle of democratic government. What mattered it if Greece had failed, had broken down under the very system that men have aspired to set up? And since there was such a great admiration for her political excursions, why not an admiration for, and an acceptance of, her architecture. The two seemed to go together.

I really believe the venerable Sage of Monticello was inordinately proud of his architectural achievements, for

when I stood before his tomb at Monticello, I noted just three items were engraved on the stone that marks his grave. They were: Author of The Declaration of Independence, The Virginia Statute of Religious Freedom, and Founder of the University of Virginia. Not a word about the ambassadorship to France, the presidency, or the governorship of Virginia (a sore spot)! And, of the founding of the University of Virginia—what is there to see except the buildings?

He not only conceived the University, but he planned the buildings and went each day, old as he was, to superintend their construction. When he was incapacitated, he watched their progress from Monticello Hill through a telescope, the same telescope which had enabled him to elude capture by Tarleton's dragoons in the dark days of the Revolution when he was Governor.

As we have said, the Greek Revival followed the Colonial, and it was in its heyday from 1820 to 1860. Latrobe followed close on the heels of Jefferson and Clerisseau, with his Philadelphia bank, the United States Capitol at Washington, his cathedral in Baltimore and his second United States Bank in Philadelphia. Robert Mills was a pupil of Latrobe and his most famous work was the Washington Monument, commenced in 1836. He also designed the Treasury Building in Washington and a whole group of Custom Houses over the country.

William Strickland was also a pupil of Latrobe. One of his best buildings was his last, the State Capitol at Nashville, Tennessee, work on which was halted by the Civil War and not completed until after his death.

The period from 1860 to 1880 in architecture has been called "the parvenu period," and that seems as good a characterization as any. At times, though, one finds it

impossible even to give it the dignity of that slighting title.

We have noted in a previous chapter that it was a period of great dignity and ostentation, of crass pride in the showy and ornamental. Men were somehow sensitive of the secret springs of their natures and attempted to bury all under a crass materialism that glittered much. Somehow it seemed to be thought that this was sufficient to ransom the depths to which morals and art had sunk.

This age, and its successors, has been lumped off as the Mid-Victorian, as if the simple and homely queen were somehow responsible. What formerly was a badge of quality and distinction has come in our day to be something to sneer at and to eschew.

We can say this for the Mid-Victorian—it was solid and four-square to the ideals of the day. Its ornamentation, on the exterior at least, was largely an afterthought, a desire to relieve somewhat the heavy severity of line and altitude. It took the form of "gingerbread" and absurd scrolled decorations which quite betray the house to this day. Windows were great, cavernous depths covered by heavy-lidded shutters and ponderous draperies which quite stifled the life out of the day. Doors—black ebony doors—were recessed in entrance alcoves, like eyes sunken in their sockets, and the whole was capped off with flat, high-arched roofs not at all unlike the bonnets elderly ladies wore in those days. This was all part and parcel of the day when iron deer and hounds and rabbits were sprinkled over the lawns, in a futile effort to give some semblance of life to the scene.

The whole effect was ponderous, decorous and hideous! It lasted longer than it should, but not quite so long as the Colonial or the Greek Revival. The times were, in spite of their manifestations, a trifle bit more lively, civi-

lization was moving a bit faster. But *Der Tag* in American architecture had not yet arrived.

Just as this Mid-Victorian age was beginning to recede, almost before its recession was perceptible, Mr. Edward W. Bok launched a campaign in The Ladies' Home Journal which was to bring about a complete renaissance in architecture in America, particularly as applied to small-house architecture.

The most important contribution he made was to arouse widespread interest in many new styles which relieved the monotony of the old and which taught Americans that harmony and beauty might be had even in the small house. He commissioned architects to bring to the American public motifs from the Old World, feeling that since the tradition had been to draw from the old, such borrowings should be adapted to American conditions.

Soon he had stimulated interest in the "Dutch Colonial," the "English," the "Norman French," the "Swiss Chalet," and other adaptations with American requirements in mind.

His most important interior contribution was to eliminate the old front parlor and to restrict the size of houses to fit the lessened demands of the times. He taught us that comfort and attractiveness were not impossible even in the very small house; that it was senseless waste to feel that one must have a big house with two or more unused rooms, in order to be thoroughly comfortable and happy.

Under the Victorian régime we really had two houses under one roof—the house where we lived as a family, and the portion of the house where we received our guests. The one was severely utilitarian in scope and furnishing; the other was burdened by an over-ostentation and a lavishness of furnishing and decoration that was

quite absurd. This latter portion of the house, usually given over to parlors and guest rooms, was seldom used by the family and was kept under lock and key except on those rare "state" occasions when "company" was to be entertained.

This marked and unnatural separation of utilitarian from the attractive and presumably comfortable was unfortunate. It served to separate the two in our minds and to build up the fiction that, somehow, they were foreign to one another.

Mr. Bok's campaign happily corrected this mistake. It removed the broad line of demarcation that formerly separated the two. It brought into our thinking the consciousness that there is really no separation between the utilitarian on the one hand and the comfortable and the attractive on the other—that they can be as one. The effect of this has been to put the test of comfort and attractiveness so thoroughly in mind that today they color and tint our whole attitude towards our homes. Comfort and attractiveness are the first and often the sole tests we apply to every piece of furnishing and every bit of fabric going into their decoration.

During this period and down until the World War there was a drawing upon all of the architectural lore of all the peoples of the world, in a search for something that would fit the needs of America. We were no longer limited to definite modes and styles. All were available. There was nothing in the present, in the ancient or medieval times that might not be drawn upon. It was a period of great freedom from "schools," from restraint of all kinds other than the needs of America herself.

And just such a period is needed in any time and in any art before individuality begins to assert itself. Always there is a preliminary period when there is a slavish ad-

herence to the old and to precedent; a period when imitation is the height of fashion.

After this there comes a time when there is a ruthless scuttling of the old ties, when the slavish following of old schools and practices is ignored and the challenge to launch out upon the uncharted seas of the particular art is accepted. Oftentimes it is accepted in a spirit of thankfulness and joyful daring that brings quick results.

All these years, in the world of architecture, America had been feeling her way, had been searching for the one definite ideal which was to be her contribution to world civilization. And it came shortly after the World War in the modern skyscraper—distinctively and eternally American in form and spirit.

It came to her, fittingly enough, from the brain of an adopted son, as so many of her sons have been, Eliel Saarinen of Finland.

Tallmadge thus describes his conception of skyscraper architecture: "The principle back of the Saarinen system lies, I should say, in the expression of the upward growth against a composition of rectangular masses. This effect is produced in the first instance by the elimination of all cornices and other horizontal accents, and by the insistence on vertical elements in the shape of piers which begin at the base and continue upward until they pierce the skyline; in the second, by step-offs or set-backs, which, aside from complying with the law, give a pyramidal effect to the building, and allow the greatest subtlety to the arrangement of the masses. The modern skyscraper is essentially a study in form, whereas the skyscraper of yesterday was a study of surface and academic proportion. This insistence on form links it more or less to modern painting, particularly that of the cubist category. The complete expression of its skeleton of steel is perhaps

no longer insisted upon, as it is assumed that everyone now knows of it, and no longer needs to be told."

The American Radiator Building in New York City by Raymond Hood was the first to embody the new ideals. This building is not only a beautiful expression of the modern skyscraper, but it was also a pioneer in the use of color for the purpose of accenting the upper portions of the building. It is comparatively small, as skyscrapers are now built, but it is sufficiently large to prove the value of the new method in plan and design.

The tendency now, while following the essential features of the earlier examples, is more and more towards the distinctly pyramidal, so that a Babylonian effect is produced in some of the larger buildings, such as the New York Telephone Building, and the Book Tower in Detroit.

The modern skyscraper, huge, tremendous, inspiring, is in keeping with the spirit of the times. It is America in her most characteristic mood. There may be a certain bluffness about the modern skyscraper, but it is, none the less, challenging, interesting, impressive—even beautiful!

It is America's offering in the ancient art of architecture. And some of her examples might well be numbered among the wonders of the modern world.

CHAPTER IX

Contributions in Literature

ASK the first American you meet what contributions we have made to literature and the chances are you will be met with the retort: "Literature? Why, we haven't any literature! You must look to the English, the Italians, the French, the Germans, or the Russians for a literature. We are too young, and too money-mad, to have had time to develop a literature."

This is a glib estimate, not borne out by the simple facts. As a nation, young though we manifestly be, we have made a tremendous contribution to world civilization in our literary efforts and ideals.

It has been true in the past, and it will quite possibly be true in the future, that literature, in the final analysis, determines the place of a given nation in history. Things of the material world have a way of passing with time; they slip off into nothingness—crumble and waste away. But the hopes and aspirations, the faith and the dreams of a people written in imperishable parchment, have a way of floating on down the stream of eternity.

We cannot down the written word, if it carries an appeal to the heart or the imagination. It is the most imperishable thing we have, even more durable than the rocks and crags. A historical event itself, paradox though it be, lingers in our hearts and minds only in proportion to the life given it by the pen.

We have been from the first, it seems, a nation of scribblers. America represented romance and adventure. In our earlier discussion we found sturdy and daring

souls coming to these shores, and we noted that they were not averse to publishing books and pamphlets concerning their adventures here, and the marvelous wonders they had seen.

Edward Winslow wrung from the barren soil of Massachusetts, and the drab and hectic first years of the Pilgrim sojourn there, a manuscript which was eagerly read in England in 1622.

Prior to that time, Captain John Smith had published his history of the new world, adding for color and interest his hair-raising escapes from the savages. While we may seriously doubt most of Smith's highly-colored stories, they served a good purpose and were, in the main, not untrue in color. The pity of it is that Captain Smith did not write on the other side of the medal and tell some of the things he and his rather unruly men did to provoke the children of the forest to frenzy. But Smith, for all his rough and tumble ways, was something of a literary craftsman and knew which foot to put forward and how to keep reader-interest where it belongs.

We soon passed through a dreary period of theological publications, where Cotton Mather and others ably demonstrated that no man can be so insufferably dull as when he puts pen to paper "with serious purpose" and quite ignores his sense of humor.

The diary habit has been more than characteristic of all educated Americans. Cotton Mather, George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, John Quincy Adams and Ralph Waldo Emerson—with Henry David Thoreau thrown in for good measure—were all faithful slaves to their daily confessional with the pen.

Countless thousands of ordinary diaries and journals, with packets of letters without number, have been a rich storehouse of material concerning the dreams, the hopes,

and the habits of the people who rescued them out of the ink-bottle. They have supplied us with the lights and shadows, the dimness and the darkness of a people struggling upward to something better.

And the background for a great literature was here. America was new; she was free and might be had for the asking. Opportunity was equal to all and her virgin lands, her uncounted resources, her majestic mountains and rolling prairies, her mighty rivers and lakes—her magnitude—touched even the simplest heart with ambition to achieve greater things.

In weighing the literature of a people we naturally turn first to the poets—the singers. They seem closest to the common heart of humanity. They are nearest its aspirations and longings.

POETS

William Cullen Bryant was the first real American poet. Although he was born in 1794, soon after the United States became a free nation, there were two poets before him who, according to some critics, are entitled to recognition. They were Joel Barlow and Philip Freneau, both satirists and newspaper scribblers whose work is no longer remembered. They did, however, exert a profound influence during the Revolutionary War.

Bryant was more a man of affairs than any poet before his time. He taught us that the poet need not necessarily be alone and apart from the rest of mankind. While the world is a material world, a world that values little that which it cannot see or feel or touch, he went into this world and mingled with it successfully throughout his long life.

He was of his own generation and was accepted by it, another particular in which he departed from the usual course of great poets. It is true that his poetry was, for

the most part, heavy and sonorous, but in this it was merely reflective of the times.

His "Thanatopsis" and his "To a Waterfowl" will have a prominent place in our literature as long as it endures. Both spoke the American philosophy because ours has been a land of hope and aspiration, of faith and simplification.

Perhaps it was the voice of youth that spoke so solemnly in his closing lines of "Thanatopsis," but it was a voice reflective of the ideals and thoughts of the times. And the closing stanza of his "To a Waterfowl" expressed the fatalistic faith of the American people: "*He,* who from zone to zone, Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight, In the long way that I must tread alone, *Will lead my steps aright.*"

And it was Bryant who first wrote: "Truth crushed to earth shall rise again."

Edgar Allan Poe looms large on the literary horizon not only of America, but of the world. It is said that he is more sincerely appreciated on the other side of the water than he is here. That is because we have been denied a real acquaintance with him due to the sentimental and slushy type of biography which has deluged us every time we have tried to get acquainted with him. We are just beginning to get the true perspective of the much-abused mystic, Poe.

He was neither fiend nor weakling. He was much more than these. He was a strange combination of mathematician and poet—practical and visionary, and he was destroyed personally by the interacting of one nature against the other. Neither could predominate and he suffered the tortures of the extremely sensitive soul because of that conflict in his own nature.

Perhaps some would not call him a poet, but would

find a place for him elsewhere in our literature, but it seems to others that the infinite beauty of some of his poems has not been surpassed. He was a master of sound, of taste, and of color. Go to his "Bells" and listen to their voices! The chimes of the bells, the clang of the bells, the groan of the bells and the moans of the bells!

And his "Annabel Lee," like the love poems of the ancient Greeks, carries the sob, the catch in the breath, that goes with great personal sorrow. In spite of its tragic note, it carries a simple beauty unexcelled in all our literature. There has been an attempt to make mystery of it, but it is nothing more than an effort on the part of Poe to explain the agony of his heart for the loss of his girl-wife, Virginia:

> "The angels, not half so happy in heaven,
> Went envying her and me—
> Yes!—that was the reason (as all men know,
> In this kingdom by the sea)
> That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
> Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee."

It was out of this great personal grief that he produced another poem which will ever be associated with his name, "The Raven." The fact that all were published before the actual death of Virginia has mystified and confused some. But her incurable illness had already doomed her to an early grave, and Poe's vivid imagination caused him to suffer that tragic event over again and again many times before it actually occurred.

Theodore O'Hara was growing up during the years Poe's tragic life was coming to an end. It was O'Hara who contributed two poems that will live in our literature, "The Bivouac of the Dead," and "A Dirge for the Brave Old Pioneer," The opening stanza of "The Bivouac of the Dead," quoted below, is inscribed over

the entrance to the National Cemetery at Arlington, and also over the Confederate Cemetery at New Orleans:

"The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo;
No more on life's parade shall meet
That brave and fallen few.
On Fame's eternal camping-ground
Their silent tents are spread,
But Glory guards, with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead."

And another American of this period, William Haines Lytle, is almost forgotten, although his ode of Mark Antony, "I Am Dying, Egypt, Dying," will be remembered and known to all who love the classics of literature.

Hairy-chested Old Walt Whitman was then sauntering up and down our country, daring to woo the Muse in a new manner, but seemingly not caring how rudely he might shock his generation. His "Leaves of Grass" at first attracted scant attention. Whitman had expected it would start a conflagration, and when the *fire* seemed in danger of going out entirely, he was not above fanning the dying embers himself. He wrote anonymous attacks upon his own book and succeeded in getting them published. Before long the furore he had expected broke about his ears and he was the center of a mighty controversy as long as he lived; indeed, at times, it took on the form of persecution itself.

"What think ye of Whitman?" demanded John Burroughs of every poet crossing his path. "Tell me what you think of Whitman, and I'll tell you what kind of a poet you are—what measure of fame will be yours!" Then Burroughs hastens to add that Whitman is the one real poet produced in the whole Christian era.

This is, perhaps, a salty morsel for the average person

of literary turn. Indeed, a great many people are bored to drowsiness by Whitman's queer lines. They find no beauty, no form, scant substance, in his unorthodox scribblings. Instead of poems, they find only the record of thinking out loud, of jottings, of meaningless gropings.

Yet the very strength of Whitman lies in the fact that he is unorthodox and unhampered by the usual literary fetters. He is not a poet of form; in fact, he is not a poet at all in the ordinary acceptance of the term. He is rather a true prophet, a herald of the whole cosmos, a singer of the universe. It is his acceptance of the universe and every part of it; his glorification of even the details we often shrink from; his great, majestic sweep and breadth of vision—that feed and startle the mind.

He was a writer with a deadly purpose—and a staunch, eternal faith in his own ability to fulfil that purpose. He sought to catch and interpret the virility of democracy, perhaps to lead it to its own goal. And he had the true poet's vast sympathy for those who struggle and contend, mute and helpless, in the grim arena of life. He wanted to help, to give himself and his bubbling, exhilarating faith to all:

"Come, I will make the continent indissoluble;
I will make the most splendid race the sun ever yet shone upon;
I will make divine magnetic lands,
With the love of comrades,
With the life-long love of comrades.

I will plant companionship thick as trees along the rivers of America, and along the shores of the great lakes, and all over the prairies;
I will make inseparable cities, with their arms about each others' necks;
By the love of comrades,
By the manly love of comrades.

For you these, from me, O Democracy, to serve you,
ma femme!
For you, for you I am trilling these songs,
In the love of comrades,
In the high-towering love of comrades."

He was the first American author to dare to approach openly the subject of sex, and this not only got his book read but brought down upon his head the angry lashings of a pinched and bigoted age. His "I Sing the Body Electric," first published in 1855; his "A Woman Waits for Me," published a year later, and "From Pent-Up Aching Rivers," in 1860, caused him never to be forgiven by his own generation.

He was not only hairy-chested himself, but his manhood was hairy-chested and his womanhood a far look into the future for his time. He shook the prudery of the day with all his might, and in the doing of it there was something of the showman in his manner. He knew what to do to start a controversy and in this he blazed the way for all literary press-agents.

His is essentially the voice of maturity—strong, virile, throbbing maturity. There is nothing of the beardless youth in Whitman. He does not grope for life—he is life!

His chief fame, however, with the great mass of our citizenry, came when he wrote his "O Captain, My Captain!" upon the assassination of Lincoln. It is probably the only orthodox poem Whitman ever wrote, and compared to his other work, it is rather mediocre, and yet it is the only one to gain any degree of acceptance with the vast majority of American readers.

Longfellow, perhaps, has the chief popular reputation of the poets of the period. He lives because he addressed himself straight to the heart of childhood; he knew how

to tell a story that would appeal to the schoolroom. His "Evangeline," "Myles Standish," and "Hiawatha" are examples of this art. But there was more to Longfellow than this.

His "Psalm of Life" reveals even a greater power, and his "Hesperus," later changed to "The Evening Star," the only love poem he ever wrote, is one of the really fine pieces in all literature. And there is another, not so well known now as it was a few years ago, which deserves to rank with the world's best: "The Arrow and the Song."

Longfellow was primarily a technician; he was not a great craftsman in concept or plot. He was more a translater into current language. His secure hold upon posterity is due to the fact that he is firmly entrenched in the schoolroom.

Whittier was the American Burns, he sang such sweet songs of the rustic life. Some of his poems reveal the secret melody of an aching heart fully as much as do those of Edgar Allan Poe.

His "Maud Muller," his "Amy Wentworth" and his "Sea Dream" all reveal this mystic heart-ache that subtly touches and attracts all. We catch it in the following lines:

"Thou art not here, thou art not there,
  Thy place I cannot see;
I only know that where thou art
  The blessed angels be,
  And heaven is glad for thee.

I could not look on thee and live,
  If thou wert by my side;
The vision of a shining one,
  The white and heavenly bride,
  Is well to me denied.

But turn to me thy dear girl-face
  Without the angel's crown,
The wedded roses of thy lips,
  Thy loose hair rippling down
  In waves of golden brown."

It is worth remembering that Whittier's literary career was launched entirely as an aid to him in politics. He, like many others of his time, used his ability with the pen in furthering his interest in political issues of the day. He was an ardent Abolitionist and it may properly be said that his real interest in literature was not aroused until after the Civil War had forever settled the issue of slavery.

The critics have not thought highly of Whittier, but the fact remains that he will have a place in our literature. His "Maud Muller" is frankly despised by them, but it touches the magic wand of Might-Have-Been to the heart of every reader, and it will endure. His "Snow-Bound" likewise appeals to all who have the rustic background—and who has not in the United States? It is, perhaps, the really great and typical American poem. His "Barbara Frietchie" is one of the two or three poems of permanent value produced in the whole Civil War period.

In the same period and company, Oliver Wendell Holmes loomed large. His novels were very ordinary, and while many of his sketches and essays delighted a former generation, they are not much read today. He will be remembered in our literary history for two or three poems. The first one, "Old Ironsides," was a fierce appeal to national pride and accomplished its purpose of saving the frigate, "Constitution," from being dismantled. This poem was written within the year after he left Harvard and it established his reputation. His "Wonderful One Hoss Shay" may, perhaps, gradually be forgot-

ten but it delights and amuses multitudes even today. The one poem of real value which Dr. Holmes produced is unquestionably, "The Chambered Nautilus":

"Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea."

We have been a rural people. And the literature that in the past has won great acceptance among the rank and file, has been rural in flavor and background. James Whitcomb Riley has been called the poet of childhood, but this is not true. He was not the poet appealing to the child of today in the sense that Longfellow presents an eternal interest to school children. Riley gave them nothing but odd snatches of a life with which they are not, in the main, familiar.

He finds little romance in the lives and times with which to invest his subjects, and such coloring is not supplied unless the reader out of similar experiences is able to supply his own. Riley's appeal is not to the child, but to the adult child—to the child of Long-Ago who is sitting in the chimney-corner musing over, and living over, the events of a day that is fast disappearing from our common experience.

He was essentially the apostle of those good folks who will not give up the idea that "the good old days" held all that was sweet and sturdy and worthwhile. He applauded those who are forever looking back, and he aided them in bringing back the days that have vanished beyond recall.

But he will have his share of fame as long as rural life remains, as long as men pause on life's highway and, like Lot's wife, insist on looking back to the days that are gone.

His "Illileo"* should be better known. I value it more than any of his more familiar rustic subjects. It is real artistry; real poetry. Riley himself valued it highly and it is known that it never failed to move him deeply, when he recited it:

"You whispered low, Illileo—so low the leaves were mute,
And the echoes faltered breathless in your voice's vain pursuit;
And there died the distant dalliance of the serenader's lute:
And I held you in my bosom as the husk may hold the fruit.

Illileo, I listened. I believed in you. In my bliss,
What were all the worlds above me since I found you thus in this?
Let them reeling reach to win me—even Heaven I would miss,
Grasping earthward!—I would cling there, though I clung by just a kiss!"

Joaquin Miller has been as much of a puzzle to some of our critics as Walt Whitman. But the conviction is growing that he has written the great American poem—his "Columbus."

Wild, weird, eccentric, queer—a poseur and a mountebank beyond doubt, he still sang melodies into his lines that no poet on these shores has yet equaled.

As he wrote to his mother in the dedication of a volume:

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"And oh! the voices I have heard!
Such visions where the morning grows—
A brother's soul in some sweet bird,
A sister's spirit in a rose.

And oh! the beauty I have found!
Such beauty, beauty everywhere;
The beauty creeping on the ground,
The beauty singing through the air.

The love in all, the good, the worth,
The God in all, or dusk or dawn;
Good-will to man and peace on earth;
The morning stars sing on and on."

The great poet is he who has the widest sympathy and understanding for his kind. Joaquin Miller had that catholic sympathy, as we verily see in his justly famous lines, often attributed by an ignorant world to another:

"In men whom men pronounce as ill,
I find so much of goodness still;
In men whom men pronounce divine,
I find so much of sin and blot,
I hesitate to draw the line
Between the two when God has not."

Was he not a great poet who could write: "The bravest battle that ever was fought; Shall I tell you where and when? On the maps of the world you will find it not; It was fought by the mothers of men. . . . But deep in a woman's walled-up heart—Of woman that would not yield, But patiently, silently bore her part—Lo! there in that battle-field. No marshaling troop, no bivouac song; No banners to gleam and wave; And ho! these battles they last so long—From babyhood to the grave! . . ."

In the second poem he ever published, he flings this challenge to all mankind:

"Is it worth while that we jostle a brother
Bearing his load on the rough road of life?
Is it worth while that we jeer at each other
In blackness of heart?—that we war to the knife?
God pity us all in our pitiful strife."

Then, later in the same poem, comes that famous stanza, quoted by thousands who do not know that Joaquin Miller wrote it:

"Look at the roses saluting each other;
Look at the herds all at peace on the plain—
Man, and man only, makes war on his brother,
And dotes in his heart on his peril and pain—
Shamed by the brutes that go down on the plain."

And in his poem to Peter Cooper came that famous couplet, found now and then on almost every tongue that cares at all for the real values of this life:

"Aye, wisest he in this whole wide land,
Of hoarding till bent and gray:
For all you can hold in your cold, dead hand
Is what you have given away."

Possibly no figure in our literary history has had more discouragements thrown into his path than Joaquin Miller. His perseverance and patience, in the face of adversity, are a matchless example to every soul struggling for success:

"Aye, I built in woe, God willed it;
Woe that passeth ghosts of guilt;
Yet I built as His birds builded—
Builded, singing as I built."

What did he build?

"Come! For I, by steep and stone,
Have built such nest for you, Juanita,
As not eagle bird hath known! . . .

Dear, I took these trackless masses
Fresh from Him who fashioned them;
Wrought in rock, and hewed fair passes,
Flower-set, as sets a gem."

This tall, eccentric miner gave the world at least one poem which will live as long as this continent is washed by the two oceans. For Joaquin Miller was the genius who penned the justly famous lines entitled "Columbus":

Behind him lay the gay Azores,
Behind the gate of Hercules,
Before him not the ghost of shores,
Before him only shoreless seas.
The good mate said: "Now must we pray,
For, lo, the very stars are gone;
Speak, Admiral, now what shall I say?"
"Why, say, 'Sail on, sail on, sail on and on.' "

"Brave Admir'l, say but one good word:
What shall we do when hope is gone?"
The words leaped liked a leaping sword:
"Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!"

Emerson, while not essentially a great poet, has given us a number of poems that have taken a permanent place in the world's literature. His "Snowstorm," his "Each and All," his "Concord Hymn," especially are worthy of note. The latter contains the famous lines which will be remembered as long as the United States itself has a place, or a memory, in the world: "Here once the embattled farmers stood And fired the shot heard round the world."

John Burroughs, like Emerson, was not a poet but he has given us at least one poem which has gained wide acceptance. His "Waiting" is the poem in question, and we quote the first two stanzas:

"Serene, I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind nor tide nor sea;
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,
For lo! my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays—
For what avails this eager pace?
I stand amid the eternal ways
And what is mine shall know my face."

There was John J. Ingalls, editor, orator and statesman, who wrote the much-quoted "Opportunity"—certainly a definite part of our literature; and Judge Malone, with his equally famous and appreciated answer, which begins: "They do me wrong who say I come but once. . . ."

Sam Walter Foss was the author of the widely quoted poem, "The House by the Side of the Road," the last stanza of which is known to thousands who ordinarily care little for poetry:

"Let me live in my house by the side of the road—
It's here the race of men go by.
They are good, they are bad, they are weak, they are strong,
Wise, foolish—so am I;
Then why should I sit in the scorner's seat,
Or hurl the cynic's ban?
Let me live in my house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man."

Thomas Buchanan Read's poem, "Sheridan's Ride," gives point to the contention that historical events even depend upon the pen for their place in history. This poem fixed for all time in our military history the romance and the glamor of that episode, and, perhaps, has caused it to assume an importance out of proportion to the facts.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox was the forerunner of that lusty

and energetic tribe of syndicate versifiers who turn out their daily grist. Most of it is mere verse, but one of her poems, at least, will survive. It is her "Solitude," starting off with the justly famous lines, "Laugh, and the world laughs with you; Weep and you weep alone. . . ." In this same class may be mentioned the otherwise rather mediocre Edgar Guest, whose "It Takes a Heap o' Livin" . . ." is widely quoted by the masses.

Among our latter-day poets few, if any, rank higher than Edwin Markham, who may be said to be the sole survivor of the "grand days" in our poetical literature. Markham is not only a great poet, but he looks the part; he has kept alive the traditional manner of the man of letters. His "The Man With the Hoe" is one of the really great poems in the language, and it exerted a tremendous influence in the newer conception of industrial and social responsibility which the United States has come to accept for her very own. His "Lincoln, the Man of the People," contains the greatest dramatic climax found in all modern poetry:

> "And when he fell in whirlwind, he went down
> As when a lordly cedar, green with boughs,
> Goes down with a great shout upon the hills,
> And leaves a lonesome place against the sky."

The contribution of American poets has not been obscured in more recent times by the poets of any other country. Indeed, there is more interest today in the art of versification and more followers of it, perhaps, than ever before in our history.

Among the more modern American poets who have earned a high place in our literary history, we may mention Amy Lowell, whose free verse and polyphonic prose brought a new note into English rhythm; Allan Seeger, whose "I Have a Rendezvous With Death" was one of

the greatest war poems written during the World War; and Joyce Kilmer, whose poem "Trees" is perhaps the most widely quoted English poem produced in the present century. The opening lines, "I think that I shall never see A poem lovely as a tree," are known to almost all who read English.

As for our contemporary poets, we are too close to them to give a fair estimate of their work. Perhaps it is not claiming too much, however, to say that it would be hard to find, in any other one country today, three poets whose work surpasses that of Edwin Arlington Robinson, Robert Frost, and Edgar Lee Masters.

And what about a host of other young poets, such as Vachel Lindsay, Carl Sandburg, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Dorothy Parker, and William Ellery Leonard, to mention only a few? What other country can be said to surpass ours in the freshness of vision, in the boldness of experimentation, and in the freedom of expression, as exemplified in the best work of these poets?

ORATORS

Oratory is the most primitive form of racial expression. Even in this day, when there is a thick veneer of civilization spread over us, it ranks next to poetry as being nearest the emotions of the masses. This statement is made in the face of the assumption most of us make that oratory has passed into the limbo of forgotten arts. No people on the face of the earth today are more committed to public speaking or offer a greater encouragement to the development of the art. It has recently been said that more than 28,000 public speeches are being delivered each day the year around in the United States.

Oratory is a definite part of the literature of any people. In primitive peoples it is the highest art. It is not

strange, then, that we should have developed a rich storehouse of treasures in this field, for we are young and new as a people; life among us has been primitive until very recent times, and the habit of the stump and the forum is still firmly entrenched.

Patrick Henry was the first really great American orator. We have already noted how his "Give Me Liberty" speech was one of the greatest to be found in all oratory and probably produced a greater effect than any oration delivered up to that time.

The next really great orator was Red Jacket, a Seneca chieftain, whose orations are widely quoted even today. His speech in "Defense of Stiff-Arm George," and "Reply to Mr. Cram," a young missionary, are extraordinary examples of his ability.

John Marshall's "Speech on the Federal Constitution," delivered before the Virginia Convention in 1788, is one of the great speeches in our political literature, for it carried the day against Patrick Henry and brought Virginia into the Federal Union. It is a good example of Marshall's style, somewhat slow in getting under way, but glistening with marked ability once he was under way.

Alexander Hamilton qualified also as being a real orator. He had a handsome appearance on the platform but his effect was marred by a vehement style which often operated against him. His speech in the New York convention, however, was a real triumph, carrying that body against its will.

When oratory is mentioned, one naturally thinks of Clay, Calhoun and Webster, the three great contenders in the United States Senate for so many years. Clay was undoubtedly the most popular of the three, but none of his speeches has attained a great place in history. He was the first great stump-speaker and as a political advocate

has had no superior unless it might be William Jennings Bryan.

Webster was not the true orator; he was more of an elocutionist—he declaimed his pieces. That he had tremendous ability cannot be doubted, but the true orator appeals to the emotions. Webster awed the intellect. In this respect Calhoun was even his superior, for his "great, deadly mind" ruthlessly trailed to the end any idea it attacked. But Calhoun has left us no memorable speeches; he had no ability to appeal to the emotions.

John Randolph of Virginia was another real orator of the period, but since he served in the lower House he has been obscured by the greater fame of his senatorial colleagues. Randolph is noted chiefly for his exasperating and biting sarcasm, delivered with the utmost coolness of manner.

Wendell Phillips and Rufus Choate belong to the same period—the latter, perhaps, the best all-around advocate and orator of the middle period of our national history.

Robert G. Ingersoll was without a peer as a political orator and lecturer in his time. Some of his lectures remain classics in our literature. His description of his visit to the tomb of Napoleon the Great is classic, and widely quoted. We have previously quoted his great speech to the Grand Army of the Republic at Indianapolis, in which he paid his tribute to the soldiers. It is one of the finest passages in all literature. One of the great qualities of Ingersoll's orations is that they read well, even minus the magnetism and the force of the speaker.

Lincoln was a very artful speaker. He did not have, to any marked degree, the talents of the usual great orator, but he did contrive with true art to enlist the emotions of his audience just to the point where he could appeal to their sober common sense. In this, he stood supreme as

an advocate and orator. His "Gettysburg Address" is usually considered his best, and has been accepted in all parts of the English-speaking world, at least, as a model of perfection. His "Second Inaugural Address" is one of the important state documents in our history and did much, not only to win the Civil War because it drew tight the issue, but to heal its wounds when that conflict ceased. As a debater and advocate, Lincoln ranks among the world's greatest. His debates with Douglas are still widely read.

Chauncey M. Depew long held a high place in popular esteem as an eloquent and witty public speaker, but he has contributed nothing of lasting value to our oratorical literature. Perhaps the nearest approach to it was his speech in 1888 at General Grant's birthday anniversary celebration.

As a wit and after-dinner speaker, Mark Twain undoubtedly stood without a rival. His speech on "New England Weather" is a fair example. It is said that the funniest speech he ever delivered was his first—before a mock session of the Nevada Legislature when he gave an imitation of the governor delivering his message.

Among the real orators of the pulpit of this period were Beecher, Brooks, Talmadge and Moody, who exerted a profound influence upon the thought and ideals of their time.

The outstanding public orator of the last generation, however, undoubtedly was William Jennings Bryan, "the Boy Orator of the Platte." His famous "Cross of Gold" speech before the Democratic National Convention in 1896 overturned history and won him his first nomination for the presidency. From that moment, almost until his death, by the force of his ability as an orator he maintained leadership of a large and varying following. For

thirty years he was "front page news"; for more than thirty years, he went up and down this country delivering lectures and speeches, maintaining his leadership through his eloquence alone. He occupied public office but two years during this period, he had no favors to bestow, no rewards to give in return. It is the most remarkable influence ever seen in our life.

Aside from his political speeches, his lecture on "The Prince of Peace" is his outstanding effort. It will doubtless be read and remembered for many years to come.

Henry W. Grady of Atlanta was an orator still widely remembered throughout the nation, although he died in 1889. His oration on "The New South" has won a permanent place in our literature.

Undoubtedly, one of the greatest speeches in recent times was the address of President Wilson before Congress in 1917, when he asked for a declaration of war against the German Empire. It will rank as one of the most valuable of American state papers.

Hardly a man in public life has ever reached any position at all without contributing some share to our oratorical literature. We have been a nation of public speakers; it has been the chief avenue to public influence and acceptance. It is from this rich storehouse of treasure that the United States can turn to produce a record that cannot be excelled by any modern people.

PHILOSOPHERS

Doctor Benjamin Franklin was, without doubt, the first real literary celebrity which this country ever produced. Not only that, but he was the first all-around American. He had the scribbler's habit from the first.

How well he succeeded is evidenced by the great popularity of his "Poor Richard" sayings. This character,

in the plane of the mass of people of that time, whose unique and homely sayings had such a sensible, yet humorous, turn to them, became an international favorite even in the author's own lifetime.

Franklin was an opportunist and a stylist. While he has enjoyed a great reputation as a practical philosopher —as the father of American business philosophy, perhaps—he did not contribute anything new to philosophy. He was clever and adroit in borrowing from others. He knew how to take a common and homely truth and give it a new twist. He was a slogan writer par excellence.

The suspicion lingers to this day that he was much more interested in Doctor Franklin, and in his reputation, than he was in the things he wrote. He was so adroit and clever a politician that he made it a rule of his life never to express an opinion on anything! Apparently, if he had convictions and ideals, he was not willing to assert them.

This is the sort of man who always mingles in the rear guard of the crowd—the center of attraction, making a great noise, doing much joking and pushing and shoving —but keeping a weather eye on the main drift and now and then shoving lustily in that direction for effect. He is not, on close analysis, the real leader type. He is a leader of the followers, bravely charging at the head of his admirers over fields that have already been won.

His "Autobiography" is an American classic. This is partly due to the details it yields of an interesting man's life, partly due to his practical view of the world, and partly due to the amazing confessions it gives of his own private shortcomings. Franklin, the politician, even leers at us out of these pages. He is shrewd enough to tell just enough to make us think he has told all—which he never does, no matter how daring or careless his page may seem to be. Like Old Walt Whitman he knew instinctively

what pieces would get his book read and what would keep it alive.

The most valuable portion of his "Autobiography" is his confession of his life-long battle to win virtue through practical and matter-of-fact methods. He discusses his weaknesses and gives in detail the system he used in order to check his faults daily. It was the kind of record a shrewd merchant would adopt for the purpose of keeping his accounts and posting his transactions daily. Franklin applied the double-entry system to his *morals*. Obviously, he got on in the world and the inference is that since the system sent Franklin far, it will send the rest of us far. The effect it has had on thousands of young men in this country cannot be calculated.

But as a real, sincere philosopher he did not qualify. He, himself, reveals the inner viewpoint when, about to visit Italy, he wrote: "If I can find some new formula for the making of a Parmian cheese, I shall be happier than to examine all the inscriptions on all the monuments ever erected!"

George Mason and Thomas Jefferson were on the scene as Franklin was limping off, and each contributed a great deal to our political philosophy—the direction in which the United States first attracted the attention of the world. Whatever our thoughts may be concerning the matter, they furnished the material—the rich deposit of material—upon which Fourth o' July orators have drawn these many years.

Mason was the author of the corner-stone of our theory of republican government; namely, the idea for the separation of the executive, legislative and judicial branches of the government and their function as checks upon each other. He was the author of the first written constitution upon this continent; author of the ideas em-

bodied (and some of the very phrases) in the Declaration of Independence, and author of the Virginia Bill of Rights, the first charter of human rights to be laid down on this continent. He contributed more to the political thinking of the country than any other man that ever lived.

Jefferson set to paper the Declaration of Independence. It was not, by any means, original and it is a bit unfair, perhaps, that he should be given so much credit for it. But it is easily qualified to rank as one of the foundation stones of philosophical literature. It takes first rank in political writings. His "Anas" is also worthy of reading. It consists mainly of a record of his service as Secretary of State in the Cabinet of General Washington. Neither diary nor biography, it reveals much of the inside history of what happened, and the causes of those happenings, when the party system was shaping itself.

Alexander Hamilton and James Madison, although they later came to be on opposite sides of the political fence, contributed much to our political philosophy in their papers urging the adoption of the Federal Constitution, now known as the "Federalist Papers." They reveal a resourcefulness and a style unexcelled in political writings anywhere.

Henry David Thoreau was doubtless the first typically American philosopher. He was born in 1817, in Concord. His background was Yankee and his Puritan blood gave him a strange mixture that explains much of his career. Emerson, who knew him better than he knew himself, aptly characterized him: "He was bred to no profession. He was never married. He lived alone. He never went to church; he never voted. He refused to pay a tax to the state. He ate no flesh; he drank no wine. He

never knew the use of tobacco, and though a naturalist, he used neither trap nor gun."

He was distinctly a leader of those few souls who dare to go their own way and to chart their own course. The revolutionary strain was so strong within him that he might easily have been a more troublesome character in history, but his Puritan strain held him to a high moral purpose, and he made little fuss in his own time. He came not to destroy but to justify and to restore the old science and art of living.

His creed was to awaken those about him. Awake! he cried with all the savage note in his nature. Be free! Simplify, simplify your business of living! Gain time, the precious fruit of life, so that you may "saunter" and transact your business with the "celestial empire"—follow the whims and longings of the inner man in peace.

In his "Walden," the best known and most valuable of his writings, we catch a fair glimpse of him in this blunt charge: "I have no doubt that some of you who read this book are unable to pay for all the dinners you have actually eaten, or for the coats and shoes which are fast wearing or are already worn out, and have come to this page to spend borrowed or stolen time, robbing your creditors of an hour!"

This was the answer he flung back into the teeth of those who poked fun at him for going into the woods and living alone in a cabin built there with his own hands, in order to escape the annoyances of a buzzing civilization. Better life reduced to its lowest denominator than a superabundance purchased at the price of freedom. "Talk of a divinity in man!" he rails. "Look at the teamster on the highway, wending to market by day or by night; does any divinity stir within him? His highest duty to fodder and water his horses! What is his destiny

to him? . . . Does not he drive for Squire Make-a-Stir? How godlike, how immortal is he?"

When he fancied that he was being laughed at for the coarse clothes he wore, he gave us a chapter on the subject of clothing. Both barrels were loaded to the muzzle with his uncomfortable truth and biting sarcasm. "No man ever stood lower in my estimation for having a patch in his clothes, yet I am sure that there is greater anxiety, commonly, to have fashionable, or at least clean and unpatched clothes, than to have a sound conscience." And again: "We know but few men, a great many coats and breeches. . . . I say, beware of all enterprises that require new clothes!"

He was just as uncomfortable reading on the subject of shelter. He built his cabin at Walden Pond at a cost of twenty-eight dollars and twelve and one-half cents. He observed that this was less than the rent on a stuffy student's room cost him at Harvard. Then, he turns his attention to his neighbors, saying: "I think that I speak within bounds when I say that, though the birds of the air have their nests, and the foxes their holes, and the savages their wigwams, in modern civilized society not more than one-half the families own a shelter."

Again, he said: "While civilization has been improving our houses, it has not equally improved the men who are to inhabit them. . . . On applying to the assessors, I am surprised to learn that they cannot at once name a dozen men in the town who own their farms free and clear. . . . The farmer is endeavoring to solve the problem of a livelihood by a formula more complicated than the problem itself. To get his shoestrings, he speculates in herds of cattle. With consummate skill he has set his trap with a hairspring to catch comfort and independence and then, as he turned away, got his own leg in it."

With a fine bit of rhetoric, he likens many of his neighbors to the fakirs of India, chained as they are to forty acres of land, or pushing a big barn forty by seventy down the road of life ahead of them.

"We are determined to be starved before we are hungry," he said. "Men say that a stitch in time saves nine, and so they take a thousand stitches today to save nine tomorrow. . . . It would be glorious to see mankind at leisure for once. It is nothing but work, work, work. I cannot easily buy a blank book to write thoughts in; they are commonly ruled for dollars and cents."

When he was asked if he were not afraid to live in the woods all alone, he put this telling shot down in reply: "I believe that men are generally still a little afraid of the dark, though the witches are all hung, and Christianity and candles have been introduced!" And then he paid his respects to social intercourse: "Society is commonly too cheap. We meet at very short intervals, not having had time to acquire any new value for each other. We meet at meals three times a day, and give each other a new taste of that musty old cheese that we are. We have had to agree on a certain set of rules, called etiquette and politeness, to make this frequent meeting tolerable and that we need not come to open war. We live thick and are in each other's way, and stumble over one another, and I think we thus lose some respect for one another."

He was ever the agent of the "celestial empire," and however much he became enthusiastic over Nature, he always had one eye cocked on the other world. Like most naturalists, he sought to draw inferences from the things he observed, but he often drew the most hopeless of fallacious analogies—when his imagination soared, or his keenly-tuned ear was unduly charmed by the music of his sentence.

Under date of August 25, 1843, Emerson enters this note in his journal concerning Thoreau: "Henry Thoreau sends me a paper with the old fault of unlimited contradiction. The trick of his rhetoric is soon learned; it consists in substituting for the obvious word and thought its diametrical antagonist. He praises wild mountains and winter forests for their domestic air; snow and ice for their warmth; villagers and wood-choppers for their urbanity, and the wilderness for resembling Rome and Paris. With the constant inclination to dispraise cities and civilization, he yet can find no way to know woods and woodmen except by paralleling them with towns and townsmen. Channing declared the piece is excellent: but it makes me nervous and wretched to read it, with all its merits."

Two years earlier he had written in this same journal: "I told Henry Thoreau that his freedom is in the form, but he does not disclose new matter. I am very familiar with all his thoughts—they are my own quite originally dresst. But if the question be, what new ideas has he thrown into circulation? he has not yet told what this is which he was created to say."

But, in 1838, he had written: "My good Henry Thoreau made this else solitary afternoon sunny with his simplicity and clear perception. How comic is simplicity in this double-dealing, quacking world. Everything that boy says makes merry with society, though nothing can be graver than his meaning. I told him he should write out the history of his college life, as Carlyle has his tutoring." And, in 1839, on the first of August, he wrote: "Last night came to me a beautiful poem from Henry Thoreau, 'Sympathy.' The purest strain, and the loftiest, I think, that has yet pealed from this unpoetic American forest. I hear his verses with as much triumph as I point

to my Guido when they praise half-poets and half-painters."

Emerson himself is read, not because of his literary style, but in spite of it. He is read for the pure gold of his incisive thought—because he preached a philosophy of which the world was in sore need. The pity is that we sometimes have to spend a lifetime finding out just what he meant, but if we are as persistent in our search for truth as he was, we come out in the end just where he did.

He ever stood for individualism, and to this individual world he gave his famous law of compensation which has done much to render modern society efficient and orderly. He taught us to adopt the price system in our daily affairs—this great business, that public office; this power, that promotion; this duty, that responsibility; this charity, that wealth—all have their price as well as the coat on our backs or the groceries we consume.

Emerson teaches us that we cannot escape our debts under this law, and he drives home the truth of it with remorseless logic. When we begin to work on that basis —to know that we are paying for everything we get, every fancied privilege or right, in current coin—we begin to stand to the scratch and face the music as men. We commence to measure up, to fulfil the destiny that is within us. When no avenue of escape lies open, men commonly wage the really superb fight.

We acquire a new sense of obligation, not only to ourselves but to our fellow-men. We cannot take advantage of our neighbor unless we cheat ourselves—and if we cheat ourselves we have injured every life touching our own. We have started a run on the social bank and only time can count the losses.

He gives us this example in his "Compensation": "The farmer imagines power and place are fine things.

But the President has paid dear for his White House. It has commonly cost him his peace and the best of his manly attributes." Later: "A man cannot speak but he judges himself. With his will or against his will he draws his portrait to the eye of his companions by every word. Every opinion reacts on him who utters it. . . . You cannot do wrong without suffering wrong." On borrowing: "The borrower runs in his own debt. . . . There arises on the deed the instant acknowledgment of benefit on the one part and of debt on the other; that is, of superiority and inferiority. The transaction remains in the memory of himself and his neighbor; and every new transaction alters, according to its nature, their relation to each other."

His theme, his religion, his passion, his eternal subject, was prudence. It colors and tints and shapes everything he ever touched. It is his purpose, his excuse for utterance. He strove manfully to bring it to everyone within the hearing of his voice, and he lifted his voice with all the power his lungs possessed. Thus he speaks of it in his essay on prudence: "Prudence is the virtue of the senses. It is the science of appearances. It is the outmost action of the inward life. It is God taking thought for the oxen." Later: "Prudence does not go behind nature, and ask, whence is it? It takes the laws of the world whereby man's being is conditioned, as they are, and keeps these laws, that they may enjoy their proper good. . . . Do what we can, summer will have its flies. If we walk in the woods, we must feed mosquitoes. If we go fishing, we must expect a wet coat. . . . We are instructed by these petty experiences which usurp the hours and the years."

In his journal, at the age of forty, he wrote: "We rail at trade, but the historian of the world will see that it was

the principle of liberty; that it settled America, and destroyed feudalism, and made peace and keeps peace; that it will abolish slavery."

No truer prophecy has ever been written. Business is the great civilizer; business it is that is putting the Golden Rule into practice, and, in time, will bring about the overthrow of war. It has already accomplished the other points in his notation.

His "Compensation" pointed the way for business to go, to bring its triumph the nearer. And he taught us the good business principle that on the great clock of Time "there is but one word—NOW!"

Sometimes, he despairs and jots down in the inevitable journal: "Alas for America, as I must so often say, the ungirt, the diffuse, the profuse, the procumbent—one wide ground juniper, out of which no cedar, no oak will rear up a mast to the clouds! It all runs to leaves, to suckers, to tendrils, to miscellany. The air is loaded with poppy, with imbecility, with dispersion and sloth.

"Eager, solicitous, hungry, rabid, busy-bodied America attempting many things, vain, ambitious, to feel thy own existence, and convince others of thy talent, by attempting and hastily accomplishing much; yes, catch thy breath and correct thyself, and failing here, prosper out there; speed and fever are never greatness; but reliance and serenity and waiting.

"America is formless, has no terrible and no beautiful condensation."

Later, in the same month (in 1847) the subject was still in his mind, for he wrote: "Irresponsibility of the American; no conscience; his motto, like Nature's, is, 'Our country, right or wrong.' He builds shingle palaces and shingle cities; yes, but in any altered mood, perhaps this afternoon, he will build stone ones, with equal celer-

ity; tall, restless Kentucky strength; great race, but though an admirable fruit, you shall not find one good, sound, well-developed apple on the tree. Nature herself was in a hurry with these hasters and never finished one."

Another one of the simple souls who stands among the elect in things literary in America, was John Burroughs. "It is a good thing for our people that you have lived," wrote Roosevelt. He wrote well. Burroughs rendered a vast service to nature-lovers, and his kindly influence is going to increase and become more important as the years go on.

His sturdy, honest voice was first raised at a time when our Western civilization was saturated with a crass materialism. The lust for speed, quantity, and sensationalism had our life by the throat and was strangling it. We were running after false gods, forgetting that we were rooted body and mind to the soil. A race of nature-fakirs was perverting the public thought.

Burroughs was not a man to be hurried or stampeded. He was not a sensationalist; he had a strong degree of caution which tempered his natural enthusiasm. He abhorred the craze for speed; he had no egotistical itch to bury his observations as a naturalist under a style that defied understanding. The plain, honest reporting of Nature's ways, as he saw them, was enough to challenge the attention, intrigue the mind, and satisfy the soul. He never dipped his pen in his inkwell to confuse or to deceive. He wrote to clarify, to translate into plain farmer-English, to render available to everyone these great forces and truths. You do not need a dictionary or a glossary of mythology to understand him. He did not deal in mystical allusion as did Emerson, nor did he, like Thoreau, confuse at times with fallacious analogy. He was not an agent of the "celestial empire," but a reporter with a pas-

sion for honest utterance and truthful rendering of his accounts.

And because of his very honesty and unaffected clearness of style, he stands at the very forefront of all of the naturalists this country has produced. You never read a page of Burroughs without learning something, and you are never in doubt as to what he means. He did not write merely to write, but he dipped pen in ink because he had something to say, and he dipped it again and again to be sure that you might understand what he had said.

Reporter that he was, faithful recorder of details and facts, Burroughs was not a man without a philosophy of life. He, too, read his signs in the daily events that took place under his eye in field and forest. He saw a purpose behind it all, and, while he was not averse to speculation, he was too honest to venture beyond the realms of actuality.

In his "Accepting the Universe," he says: "A world without evil would be an impossible world—as impossible as mechanical motion without friction, or sunlight without shadow. The two worlds, the organic and the inorganic, constantly interact. The former draws all of its elements and its power from the latter, which is passive to it, and goes its way in the inexorable round of physical laws, irrespective of it. Viewed as a whole, the evils of life inhere in its elements and conditions. Air, water, fire, soil, give us our strength and our growth; they also destroy us if we fail to keep right relations to them. We cannot walk or lift a hand without gravity, and yet, give gravity a chance and it crushes us, the floods drown us, fire consumes us! Could we have life on any other terms? Could God himself annul these conditions?"

In another place, he says: "There can be no perfect world. But there can be one more and more livable, more

and more in harmony with those laws that promote our well-being. . . . All religions and ethical systems grow out of our egoism. We plant ourselves in the middle of the universe and say it is all for us. We make gods in our own images, we invent a heaven for the good and a hell for the wicked, and seek to keep down the brute within us by a system of rewards and punishments. We improve our minds and souls as we improve the fields; we make them more fair and fertile, but we do not eliminate Nature; with her own weapons we improve our own relations to her—we promote *our* good, but we are still Nature's. . . . Our fate is inevitable. There is no escape. Whose else could we be? We cannot get off the sphere; if we could we would still be a part of the All. Our elaborate schemes to appropriate or propitiate the Eternal, to stand well with Him, to gain heaven and avoid hell, are devices of cunning Nature to spur us on the road of development. . . . The beautiful myth of the Garden of Eden and the fall of man is full of meaning. Surely it was a good devil that put man in the way of knowing good from evil and led to his expulsion from a state of innocent impotence."

He saw no difference between the Providence that protects the trees and the Providence that protects or sustains man. He did not believe that the air was made for man to breathe, or the water for him to drink, or the food for him to eat, but that the use of these elements was due to a gradual adaptation to their existence. He asked if the last were made for the shoe or the shoe for the last? If the land-locked harbors for the shipping or the shipping adapted to the harbors? If the winds for the sails or the sails for the winds?

He was no pessimist. He saw beyond and through the individual tragedies and calculated the good to the whole

—the universal and eternal beneficence of Nature. In one of his prefaces, he said: "The heart of Nature is sound. I feel toward the great Mother somewhat as a man does who takes out a policy in an insurance company; he believes the company is solvent and will meet its obligations. I look upon the universe as solvent and worthy of trust."

How well he lived this may be gathered from one more quotation. It is taken from his "The Summit of the Years": "The longer I live the more my mind dwells upon the beauty and the wonder of the world. I hardly know which feeling leads, wonderment or admiration. . . . I have loved the feel of the grass under my feet, and the sound of the running streams by my side. The hum of the wind in the tree-tops has always been good music to me, and the face of the fields has often comforted me more than the faces of men. I am in love with this world; by my constitution I have nestled lovingly in it. It has been my home. It has been my point of outlook into the universe. I have not bruised myself against it, nor tried to use it ignobly. I have tilled the soil, I have gathered its harvests, I have waited upon its seasons, and always have I reaped what I have sown. While I delved I did not lose sight of the sky overhead. While I gathered its bread and meat for my body, I did not neglect to gather its bread and meat for my soul. I have climbed its mountains, roamed its forests, sailed its waters, crossed its deserts, felt the sting of its frosts, the fury of its winds, and always have beauty and joy waited upon my comings and goings."

In this, he was the literary twin-brother of Henry David Thoreau. But where Thoreau was a man of violent extremes and rushed wildly about in his search for emphasis, Burroughs quietly and serenely planted himself

in the middle of life as most of us live it—and pointed the way with a steady finger. The cry of both was to simplify, to eliminate, to reduce the impedimenta of civilization. The one went back to the wilderness of the savage and sought to eliminate almost all at one stroke; the other merely went outdoors and proved that we need to give up very little of the real fruits of civilized life to hold and enjoy close communion with old Mother Nature.

Each had his place, and the fact that there was such a difference in method in them does not tend to disprove their real literary relationship. The one was the John the Baptist crying in the wilderness, preparing, as it were, the way for the more universally known and accepted man-with-a-message! And Burroughs was Nature's first real apostle.

Among more recent philosophers we may mention William James, one of the leading exponents of Pragmatism in the world; Hugo Münsterberg, a pioneer in psychology; John Dewey, who, next to Bertrand Russell, is perhaps the sanest exponent of the scientific spirit in present day philosophy; and Santayana, Spanish by birth, but American by adoption, whose work is unequaled among philosophic writers of the present day in its combination of pagan beauty, healthy materialism and sound scholarship. These men form a quartette of modern thinkers the equal of which it would be hard to find in any other one country, if indeed, in all the other countries combined.

HISTORIANS

The United States has not lacked for historians to record for the benefit of posterity the progress the nation has made. Among these may be numbered at least two

presidents of the United States—Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson.

The first great historian of the United States was George Bancroft. For many years he was actively interested in politics, and served in the Cabinet of James K. Polk as Secretary of the Navy. Bancroft was responsible for the establishment of the Annapolis Naval Academy. His "History of the United States" is still widely consulted by those interested in the story of our country from the discovery of America down to the adoption of the Constitution.

William Prescott has attained fame as an early historian, although he interested himself in the history of Spain and her conquests in the New World. His achievement is all the more remarkable when we remember that he was practically blind and had to depend upon others to do research for him. His "Ferdinand and Isabella" probably has the greatest permanent value, although he is best known for his "Conquest of Mexico" and "Conquest of Peru," both of which have long since lost their value as historical reference works.

Perhaps the most popular historian of the United States is John Clark Redpath, whose "History of the United States" has passed through many editions and has been widely distributed.

Of sectional histories published, Theodore Roosevelt's "Winning of the West" is outstanding. It will remain in usage for a good while to come. His "Naval War of 1812" is not so popular, nor does it deserve to be. Captain Mahan's is much better.

The best history of the United States has undoubtedly been written by Woodrow Wilson. It will take a high rank in future years among the work of historians the

world over. And along with it will be rated also his "Congressional Government."

Among more recent historians and biographers, we cannot afford to overlook Willem Hendrik Van Loon, the author of "The Story of Mankind"; Dr. Will Durant, whose book "The Story of Philosophy" is more biographical than philosophical, to be sure, but is excellent biography nevertheless; Carl Sandburg, whose "Life of Lincoln" places him in the first rank of biographers just as his verse places him in the first rank of contemporary poets; and Ida M. Tarbell, who has done so much during the past quarter century to arouse interest in the life and times of Abraham Lincoln. Miss Tarbell has achieved a lasting place in her chosen field, and it is very likely that future generations will turn more and more to a recognition of her outstanding work.

NOVELISTS

As a literary form, the novel is perhaps the highest. It has about it elements which seem to come only with maturity. And it is in keeping with this thought that we observe that the novel has just come into its own in the United States.

James Fenimore Cooper was the earliest American novelist. He gave us our first taste of romance on these wild and untried shores. He made good his boast that he could write a better novel than those of his day. We admire him for his ability to tell a good story, especially about the warfare of the Indians; but we are not quite so enthusiastic when we contemplate his quarrels, and see his absurd pride in his craftsmanship as a literary man. But he gave us "The Last of the Mohicans," and we must remember that it was Cooper who rescued the

American Indian to literature and invested him with that romance which the Indian enjoys even to this day.

He gave us Uncas, the Hawkeye, and Chingachgook —even Magua—the whole galaxy of "Western" characters, and in their usual formula. And no story with a typical American background has ever been as popular, with the possible exception of Owen Wister's "The Virginian."

His "Leatherstocking" series fixed the Indian and the pioneer forever as traditional American characters. He wrote likewise of the sea and produced the "Red Rover" series of sea stories which were very popular.

Cooper was a facile and rapid writer and ground out his works with the regularity of Sir Walter Scott. His work suffered from his speed and there are many inconsistencies, mistakes and impossible situations which the reader must overlook. Indeed, Cooper himself must have been aware of his weakness as a craftsman because he was so sensitive on the point. He was entirely too deadly, to friend and foe, and too thin-skinned to endure criticism. He loaded his guns to the muzzle and ever kept a stern hand on the lanyards. Once his broadsides were discharged at his critics they were found to be covered with ink, and Cooper, himself, somewhat the worse for wear.

Nathaniel Hawthorne was the next outstanding American novelist. His "House of Seven Gables" and "The Scarlet Letter" are his two best works. He valued the former as his best work, even above the latter, but the world has not been willing to admit that "The House of Seven Gables" was anywhere near the consummate work of art that "The Scarlet Letter" is. Indeed, some critics rate "The Scarlet Letter" as the greatest novel ever written.

Next to Hawthorne, in point of time, came Harriet Beecher Stowe. Few American writers have exerted as profound an influence upon the history of the country as did Harriet Beecher Stowe," with her "Uncle Tom's Cabin." This book fell like a thunder-clap upon the country March 20, 1852.

For more than thirty years the country had argued over the slavery question; the politicians had carefully nursed the growing anger of their respective sections of the country in the early days of the agitation, and then as excitedly worked to stave off a collision. Compromise followed on compromise, in the holy name of expediency —and then a book, a novel, fell in their midst to confound all their plans.

Harriet Beecher Stowe accomplished more with her story than all the "first minds" of the nation had been able to do. Through the sympathy, the passionate sympathy which she aroused all over the civilized world for the negro slave—whether her portrait be true or not is beside the point—she drew tight the moral issue of slavery and she aroused a hatred of it in the North that gave a great impetus to the anti-slavery movement. Indeed, her book, coupled with the fanatic reaction to the execution of John Brown, did more to make slavery an issue in the Civil War than the election of Lincoln himself.

Within a year after its publication, over three hundred thousand copies had been sold. It was the topic of conversation everywhere; anger was aroused, the slumbering indifference of most of the North was galvanized into life, and mutterings were heard everywhere.

Reason may be reached in weighty arguments, in the careful splitting of minute *hairs,* but sometimes a deadlock can be suddenly broken by an appeal to the heart,

an appeal to the sympathy. This was just what "Uncle Tom's Cabin" accomplished. It swept away every other consideration, except the unanswerable conviction that slavery was a moral wrong and ought no longer to be tolerated. It was the greatest bit of propaganda ever seen in literary history.

Its tremendous influence may be judged by its traditional popularity even today. "Uncle Tom's Cabin," as dramatized, is still the outstanding favorite play in many sections of the United States. It has probably had a longer "run" than any play ever written; it has doubtless reached many times the audience any other novel or play has reached.

Following the Civil War, the novel may be said to have come into its own as a literary vehicle. It was in this period that William Dean Howells and Henry James ushered in the school of realism, which swept aside the romanticism of the "Hawthorne school" and brought us face to face with sections of life at hand as they really existed.

It was the beginning of a new development in the novel in America, if not in the world; a development that we have not yet seen grow to its full stature.

"The Rise of Silas Lapham" is probably Howells' best work, although his first novel, "Their Wedding Journey," possesses an idyllic charm not found in his subsequent work.

Henry James did not attain anywhere near the following that Howells did, although neither could be said to have been "popular" authors. They were rather writers for the discerning few, leaders of the leaders. Both profoundly strengthened the realism movement they inaugurated and did much to make a definite place for it in our literary values.

There was soon a revolt, however, against the vogue; and Mary Johnstone, Winston Churchill, Thomas Dixon, Jr., F. Marion Crawford, and others, led to a revival of interest in the romantic tale and the historical novel.

The novels of Churchill were especially popular at the turn of the century. His "The Crossing" is a classic of the migration to Kentucky of English settlers from the Atlantic seaboard. It has all the glamor of Cooper's "The Last of the Mohicans" for those who love American adventure and romance, and it is much better done from an artistic standpoint. His "Richard Carvel" gives us all the coloring and lights of the romantic colonial period in Maryland, and is particularly shrewd in the way it deals with the Revolutionary War.

Churchill revealed himself a real master of this form of writing and when he departed from it, he lost much of his following. His "Inside of the Cup," for instance, has not exerted the influence, or gained the acceptance, his earlier work did.

Mary Johnstone's "To Have and To Hold," a historical novel of the days at Jamestown, follows the usual formula of such works. It gives one a better understanding of the trials and problems peculiar to that settlement, and the dramatic episode of the ship-load of *wives* sent to the rather disorderly settlers in the backwoods, is turned to good account.

F. Marion Crawford's most popular novel doubtless was his "The White Sister," but his "Zoroaster," "Whosoever Shall Offend," and "The Children of the King," were well-known to another generation. Crawford, himself, considered his "Casa Braccio" as the best of his forty and more works. His trio on Italian life among the nobility: "Saracinesca," "Sant' Ilario," and "Don Orsino"

are considered his strongest work. He, too, insisted that the novel should be an "intellectual, artistic luxury" and did not believe in the "novel with a purpose." His further insistence that the novel be "clean and sweet" would doubtless label him as hopelessly old-fashioned in these days.

In the same period, another novelist was proving that the novel might be used "with a purpose," and at the same time securing tremendous personal following. We refer to General Lew Wallace and his two best known novels: "Ben Hur" and "The Prince of India." The former book was written as the result of an argument General Wallace had with Robert G. Ingersoll. It owed its popular attention, however, to the interest General Grant took in it and the appeal he made to the public concerning it.

It has become a classic, in a way, and has been exceedingly popular as produced for fifty years on the legitimate stage. It is a great story, told in the old manner, and doubtless ranks next to "Uncle Tom's Cabin" as a propaganda novel, and for the following secured. Wallace's "The Prince of India" is a better bit of craftsmanship, but it has been overshadowed by his great success, as has his "The Fair God," a story of the conquest of Mexico.

Valuation of one's contemporaries is dangerous. Enthusiasm is eroded by time, and perspective can be gained only by succeeding generations. Nevertheless, the work of three contemporary novelists is having an impress on the literature of the world, and the effect of their departure from older standards has been notable.

First and foremost is James Branch Cabell, whose imprint on the literature of America will probably re-

main for a long time to come. Here grim and powerful satire are woven into the fabric of mellow philosophy, irony cunningly mixed with art, iconoclasm tempered with humor. Cabell is no less a sham-hater than Sinclair Lewis, but the former's method of attack is for the renewal of the credo of the converted, while Lewis' is plain proselyting of a patently evangelical type. The success of Lewis started an avalanche of his type of literature. It is still swinging by at a great rate, cutting great gashes in smugness, and the period of literature will be felt, even though Lewis and his works may drop out of sight. To succeeding generations, however, who will study the history of American literature, Lewis should appear as the progenitor of an important movement. On the other hand, Cabell will stand forth a distinctive figure, who successfully combined power and art.

The third of the group is Dreiser, the meticulous. Theodore Dreiser, lax in style, and whose English is not to be too closely scanned, nevertheless has pioneered in motivation-analysis, in painstaking research into the anatomy of the American psyche to call forth great emulation. The "Dreiser school" is loosely referred to by enthusiasts, but this is more of a theory than an actuality. However, Dreiser must be counted among the contemporaries whose novels are among the most important currents in the stream of American story-writing.

SHORT STORY-WRITERS

The United States not only gave the short story, as a literary form, to the world but she has led in its development from the first. It was Poe's keen, critical instinct which pointed out the difference between the tale, as exemplified by Washington Irving's "Rip Van Winkle,"

and some of Hawthorne's earlier work, and his own production of the first real American short story, "Berenice," which definitely gave the new form to American literature.

Some attempt was being made in the same direction in France at about the same time. While there were spasmodic efforts in other countries, the short story came to the world, as we know it today, largely through American genius and largely through the personal genius of Edgar Allan Poe.

Poe not only wrote the first true short story, but he also was the inventor of the detective story. It is said that he was so proficient in this field that he anticipated every plot situation conceivable and that the detective story-writers who have followed him have merely presented, in new guise, his artistic conceptions.

Originally, the conception of a short story was that of any short narrative, and so there is some difficulty in classifying the work of some of our earlier writers. Many critics now admit that Irving's "Rip Van Winkle" is entitled to be so classified because it is more than a mere tale. Edward Everett Hale's great short story, "The Man Without a Country," is another case in point —although it seems to qualify in its essential points without so much question.

"The Man Without a Country" is one of the great classics which the United States has contributed to world literature. It is a tremendous plea for patriotism, love of country, fidelity to the home-land. Young Nolan, an officer in the American navy, had fallen under the personal spell of Aaron Burr and at his trial had impetuously exclaimed: "Damn the United States! I never want to hear her name mentioned again!"

He was court-martialed and as punishment, his wish was granted. For half a century, he was condemned to sail the high seas, being changed from ship to ship, and never permitted even to hear the name of his country from lips of friend or foe. The real artistry displayed by Hale is in the manner in which he handles his material; the vividness with which he makes his story seem real fact; the ability with which he conveys the impression that Nolan was actually aboard well-known ships of the period, without actually saying so.

"The Man Without a Country" conveys a single, definite impression—thereby fulfiling the first essential of a real short story—with tremendous effect. It will be one of the outstanding stories as long as our civilization endures, or it is remembered at all.

Poe's "Gold Bug" is another early American short story that will survive. It was the forerunner of detective stories in this country. Those who imagine that Poe was a trifler and an idler should go to this story and attempt to unravel its amazing mass of detail, unaided by his solution! It reveals a consummate patience for detail that few craftsmen have displayed in any country.

Bret Harte, Mark Twain and Alfred Henry Lewis have all contributed many short stories with the old West as a background, that will permanently fix the romance of the period and its comedies and tragedies in literature. One of Bret Harte's masterpieces is "Uncle Jim and Uncle Billy," the partners in Cedar Camp. Alfred Henry Lewis' "The Man from Red Dog" is better known and typical of that writer's best.

Frank R. Stockton contributed much in the advancement of the short story art. His "The Lady or The Tiger" was a great hoax, and the first with a surprise

ending to attract any great amount of attention. It is imitated to this day, a real tribute to its acceptance. One of his other great stories is "The Widow's Cruise," but it is not as well known as his great hoax.

Mary E. Wilkins-Freeman was a great artist. She was the equal, if not the superior, of the better known O. Henry. Her most popular story was "The Revolt of Mother," but she turned out at least twenty stories that were equally good. One of these was "The Shadow on the Wall," a story which will be remembered by the real lovers of the short story as long as is her name.

Richard Harding Davis contributed the gentleman-of-adventure character to fiction in a numerous collection of short stories, most of which were identified with American adventures in Central America and the other frontiers of Anglo-Saxon civilization. They belonged to the hectic period of exuberant nationalism that followed the Spanish-American War. It is doubtful if they live more than a year and a day, although his "Van Bibber's Man Servant" may be an exception.

Jack London's sole bid to immortality among short story-writers doubtless will be one of his first stories, the first to win him fame—"The Call of the Wild." This was perhaps the first of the dog stories which have continued to be so popular and attractive to the reading public. London was the mentor of the writers of the Northwest, such as James Oliver Curwood, and Charles G. D. Roberts, who did so well with his animal stories. The latter, perhaps, will be the sole survivor in literary history of the trio, although all gave us rousing adventure and knew the knack of holding us at fever pitch.

The master of them all, however, was O. Henry, whose ability as a plot-maker has not been excelled by

any short story-writer the world over. He was also a master of color and atmosphere. He knew how to interpret, in vivid manner, the aims and aspirations, the longings and heartaches, of the under-privileged. And he used this ability with telling effect. Some of his stories are gems of diction and style.

HUMORISTS

In the field of humor, whether applied to the short story or the novel, the United States has no apologies to offer. She has produced an illustrious company of fun-makers, some of whom the whole world acclaims.

Mark Twain stands without a rival in this realm. For thirty years he was a world citizen, his goings and comings important news in every part of the civilized world simply because of the recognition of the greatness of his art.

It is difficult to say what his best work was, whether some of his shorter pieces, some of his humorous lectures, or his book-length pieces. Critics, however, seem to agree that his greatest craftsmanship is shown in his "Joan of Arc." Mark Twain was not only fun-maker and humorist—he was more than that.

He had a philosophy of life and he wound it up in his clowning and he forced you to take his pill along with his sugar coating. And that is why he is read and loved today. And his ability as a descriptive artist was very great; indeed, we read him quite as much for his descriptive powers as we read him for his fun.

He understood the American love for boisterous fun and he knew how to tickle the funny bone also. His eternal theme was what he called "the damned human race," and he never got over trying to hold it up before itself and shake some of the meanness out of it.

Before him there were Petroleum V. Nasby, and Artemus Ward, whom Lincoln is reputed to have read at Cabinet meetings, much to the consternation of Seward and others. They are but names to us today because they were merely fun-makers. They had no message, and they do not read nearly so well as we have been told they did, once we come to examine them.

Following their day, the country was taken up with Josh Billings, who owes his chief fame to his epigrams and "horse sense." He is much quoted today, even by a generation that knows him not. Then there was Bill Nye, whose "Comic History of the United States" still convulses schoolboys all over the land. Bill Nye, like Ward and Nasby, was primarily a lecturer and entertainer, and it is not surprising that his fame is fast fading out. But he added his mite to the humorous literature of the world and cannot be ignored.

Eugene Field was a great play-boy. He is quite as famous for his horse-play and his practical jokes as for anything else. He was the first of that race of so-called humorists known as "Columnists," and he seems to have set up all of the limited boundaries of that field. His "Gingham Dog and Calico Cat" is, perhaps, his best bit of nonsense verse.

Ellis Parker Butler added two definite bits to our literature, serious or humorous, when he produced "Pigs Is Pigs," and his humorous article a few years ago entitled, "Goat Feathers." The former has convulsed nearly two generations of readers, and the latter was a severe indictment of procrastination—a common shortcoming the world over.

CONCLUSION

There have been other American writers—hundreds in fact—in all of the literary forms customarily followed

the world over. But we have demonstrated that the United States has nothing to apologize for in her literary contribution to world civilization.

It has long been a favorite pastime, on both sides of the Atlantic, to poo-hoo at the literary attainments of the United States. This is not only true of our generation, but of the whole period of our national history.

Yet the fact remains that the United States has made as important a contribution to world literature to date as any other nation on the face of the earth. The American people could be wiped from the face of the earth tomorrow and the place of the United States in world literature would be secure.

No poet of any nation of the past, with the possible exception of Shakespeare, can compare with Walt Whitman, "the Good Gray Poet." Hawthorne is certainly as great a novelist as any nation on the other side of the water has produced. Mark Twain is without an equal as a humorist anywhere in world history, and Patrick Henry and Daniel Webster compare favorably with any orators among the ancients. Indeed, it is extremely doubtful whether any orator ever accomplished a greater triumph than Henry did at St. Paul's Church, Richmond, with his "Give Me Liberty or Give Me Death" speech.

Poe and O. Henry have contributed more to the art of the short story than any other two men in the history of the world. The one laid down the boundaries of the art itself, and gave us the detective and mystery story in addition. The other brought us the importance of plot, in all of its refinements, in addition to an intimate understanding of the laws of atmosphere and dialogue.

In drama alone, it may be conceded that America has not produced a writer of the very first rank. Our dra-

matic history cannot show a single Æschylus or Shakespeare or Goethe or Ibsen. And yet, among the dramatists of the present day, who can be said to surpass our own Eugene O'Neill? Although Mr. O'Neill is still a comparatively young man, he has already done more in the way of experimenting with new dramatic forms than any other dramatist living today; and, aside from his experimentations, his actual achievement can stand in comparison with that of any other living playwright.

In literature—in practically all of the literary forms—the United States has more than contributed her proportionate share.

THE United States is more than a record. It is an impulse, a mighty surging tidal wave that has suddenly swept into the civilized world and left its mark on every interest, on every institution, on every concept of thought.

It is a spirit, a faith, a cause.

It has been no accident. It has been the fruit of endless toil, boundless faith and enthusiasm, eternal vigilance.

There will be more to the record, if we are as true to its ideals in our generation as those who have gone before were in theirs . . .

. . . if we hold high the torch!

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